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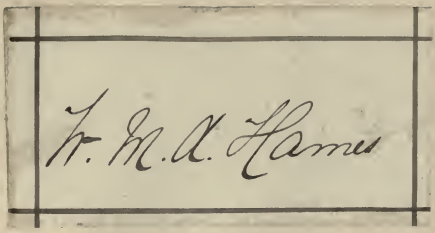

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BY DR. MERRY.

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THE MERRY AND ENTERTAINING COMPANION.

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

MR. BROWN. Pray, Jane, what on earth is the reason I am kept waiting for my breakfast in this way?

JANE. Please, sir, the rolls isn't come, and there's no bread in the house.

MR. BROWN. Now, upon my word! How can you annoy me with such trifles?

No bread? then bring me some toast. [*Exit Jane in dismay.*

I thing I see him! Ragged dressing gown; beard two days old; depressed dickey; scowling face; out at elbows, out of sorts, and—out of 'toast!' Poor thing! Don't it make my heart ache? How should he be expected to know that bread was the forerunner of toast, without a wife to tell him?

Bachelors never cut their 'wisdom teeth!' It is astonishing how people can make themselves merry at their expense. I consider their case calls for the deepest commiseration. It is not toast they want—it is a wife! Toast will naturally follow, and in fine order too! But, bless your soul! the poor creatures don't know half the time what ails them. They have a general undefined feeling of discomfort which they cannot account for; never can find their winter or summer clothes when they want them; moths eat up all their woollens; the washerwoman ruins their flannels, letting them soak in the water; scorches their Sunday dickey, and irons off their shirt-buttons; stockings get mis-mated; if you pulled off their boots you would find they were—'Odd Fellows!' Silk neck-ties want hemming; when they run their arm into a coat-sleeve, it gets

tangled in a ragged lining; lose their portemonnaies, because the day-light shines through their pockets; fingers all peeping out of their gloves; miss half their duds, moving from one boarding-house to another; chambermaids thumb their nice books with greasy fingers, use all their Cologne, and make acquaintance with their head and tooth-brushes; let all their letters and notes—every thing but their tailors' bills—stay down stairs a week before they are delivered.

Poor things; they feel themselves perfect cyphers, every time they see a family man go strutting past, like chanticleer with his hen and chickens! Afraid to ask a woman to have them, for fear she will say 'No!' Ain't their sufferings intolerable?

Maryland Wit.—A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage the other morning, when he was accosted by a political opponent, with 'I say, master, what are you doing here? you can't vote, you're not *natural-eyes'd*.' The joke was taken in good part, and created general merriment

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Misconception.—The following conversation is said to have taken place between Mrs.——, of Boston, and her maid: 'Leah, bring me some water with the chill taken off.' 'Yes, ma'am, directly.' 'Leah, what on earth keeps you?' 'I've been looking ever since for the chill, ma'am, and I can't find it.' This reminds us of the boy sent to boil some eggs soft; when questioned as to what detained him, he answered, 'Rot the things, it aint no use, they won't bile soft. I've been at 'em more than an hour, and the more I bile 'em the harder they gets.'

A Gentleman, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought together, was told, 'I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long: they approach each other very menacingly.' 'I am afraid of it myself,' replied the gentleman, 'for a great many words have passed between them already.'

Useful Hat.—'Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at,' said Sam, 'but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever, its lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it.'

THE VALUE OF A WIG.—A Southern paper relates the following story of an officer of the army, who, having lost his hair during an illness contracted at New Orleans, provided himself with a handsome wig before starting on a late campaign in Florida. In an engagement with the Seminoles, he was wounded, and fell to the ground, where he lay without the power to rise. The red enemy, who wounded him, came up for his scalp. The officer feigned to be dead, and breathed as low and softly as possible. The Indian stood over him, drew his knife, passed it fearfully and quickly round the head of his victim; and then, with a 'whoop!' bounded with his bloody trophy into an everglade. The officer afterwards got back in safety to his camp, and relates with much glee the story of the loss of his——*wig!*

A RAILWAY RHYME.

There was a little milliner,
Whose name was Charlotte Dunne,
Though there was nought of ill in her,
She loved a bit of fun.

And on an Easter holiday,
With mind all free from care
(Though 'twas a melancholy day),
She went from Euston Square

By train; in which beside her sat
A man who seem'd polite,
Talk'd, smiled, and looked quite wisely at
Another opposite

* * * * *

Onward, onward sped the train
O'er hill, and dale, and moor;
The wind sped after it in vain,
And could not get before.

The whistle sounded long and shrill,
A tunnel now they near'd,
Which near a lofty snow-clad hill
Its dismal entrance rear'd.

Young Charlotte saw her *vis-a-vis*
Rise slyly from his place,
And by her side, right closely, he
Sat with a smiling face.

Thought she, 'These men look for a treat
Unless I judge amiss,

And think 'twill be an easy feat
To snatch a stolen kiss.'

So when they in the tunnel got,
She changed her place unseen;
Yet neither of the men did wot
But she was still between.

Then soon a dismal cry arose
And raised a great alarm;
For each had knock'd his neighbour's nose,
And done him grievous harm.

Right fearfully they both did swear,
And swift their chatter ran,
When each of them became aware
That he had kiss'd a man!

* * * * *

The train soon pass'd the tunnel through,
And came again to light—
Exposed their faces all in view—
It was a sorry sight!

With swollen nose and watery eyes,
Each vow'd in right good sooth
He would the other well chastise,
And beat him without ruth.

The train soon to a station came,
At which the lass got out,
And, having much enjoyed the game,
Said, with a pretty pout;—

'Good night, kind sirs; to you I wish
A very pleasant ride;
And counsel you, when next you fish,
To see how runs the tide.

'Let this to you a warning be—
As to each loving spark—
If girls won't kiss you when they see,
Don't try it in the dark!'—*Diogenes.*

Bad Spelling.—A gentleman wrote Dr. Francis the following note:—'Dear Doctor,—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little horse. Please write what I shall do for them.—J. P.'

We annex the answer:—'Dear P., For the cold take half a pound of sugar candy. For the little horse, buy a saddle and bridle, and ride him out of town the first time we have pleasant weather. Yours. Dr. F.'

A DIGRESSION.—The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, 'That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument.'

THE BASHFUL MAN.

AMONG the various good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am that unfortunate kind of being over stocked with the one called bashfulness: for you must know, I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of 'The Bashful Man.'

The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me formerly avoid that social company I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in; till at length becoming possessed of an ample fortune by the death of an old rich uncle, and vainly supposing that 'money makes the man,' I at last determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, adjoining to that I purchased: he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Friendly's, at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance;' and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality: impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw.

At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude. and made my new-

learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in ME is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men CAN judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her Ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood ink-stand, on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief.

In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins, to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture

when I trod upon his toe, firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, 'where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.'

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application: one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters: for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete, To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which the accident caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a 'goblin' damned.' The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I FEEL on the occasion, they will spare a BASHFUL MAN, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you'll excuse the haste in which I retire.

HUME.—Hume was once crossing a temporary bridge, which connected the new with the old town of Edinburgh, when it unfortunately gave way, and he fell into the swamp. He called loudly for assistance, when an old woman hastened to the spot; but perceiving who it was that thus invoked aid, she refused to give him any assistance, on the ground that he was an Atheist. 'Oh no, no,' said the philosopher, 'I am no Atheist, I assure you, good woman, you are quite mistaken.' 'If you are not an Atheist,' returned she, 'you can say your belief; and if you cannot do that, I will be no aid to save an infidel.' Mr. Hume finding no other person approaching to his assistance, distinctly repeated the apostles' creed, and having convinced the good woman of his Christian education at least, was charitably afforded that relief, which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

'CATO, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes towards the south in the winter'?—'Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de 'clemency of de norf, and so am 'bliged to go to de souf, where he 'speriences warmer longitude,' was the philosophic reply.

WHEN THY RINGLETS ARE STREAMING.

Oh! 'tis thus when thy ringlets are streaming
Thou'rt ever most lovely and bright:
And while merrily, merrily beaming,
Thine eye, love, is laughing in light.
Oh! 'tis thus when thy heart seems o'erflowing,
And each thought is as fond as 'tis free;
Like sunbeams form'd only for glowing,
Oh! 'tis thus thou art dearest to me.

Let them sparkle 'mid diamonds who may, love,
True beauty requires not their aid;
Oh! to me 'tis a far sweeter ray, love,
Which reflects from thy ringlets or braid.
The world! what's the world, should it smile, love,
The world! who could think on't with thee?
Away, let it praise or revile, love,
Thou'rt a world in thyself still to me.

Oh! 'tis thus when thy ringlets are streaming,
Thou'rt ever most lovely and bright;
And while merrily, merrily beaming,
Thine eye, love, is laughing in light.'

A Doctor lately went to bleed a dandy, who languidly remarked, 'Oh, doctor, you're a great butcher!' On which the doctor rejoined, 'Yes, and I've been sticking a great calf.'

Mother. — 'Thy gown's not long enough, nor near.'
Daughter. — 'True's thy remark, my mother;
But then it will be long—too long—I fear
Before I get another.'

MARRIAGE.—A RECEIPT.

A new 'Family Cookery Book' is about to appear. We give a capital receipt for a 'Dish for two,' called 'Marriage.' Catch a young gentleman and lady. The young gentleman will be best raw, and the young lady quite tender; set the gentleman at the dinner table; take a bottle of wine, claret is good, port is better, a little dish of champagne will give it a briskness; let him soak in this mixture for a couple of hours; if no signs of boiling, try another bottle. When getting red in the gills, take him into the drawing-room; if in winter, set him at the fireside by the lady, throw in a dash of green tea, of about three cups to each, and let them simmer together; if in the summer time, place them in a current of air, as near the window, and as much out of sight as you can; stick the lady all over with flowers, and place them near the piano, and keep stirring them till the lady sings. When you hear the gentleman sigh, it is a good sign; as, whether winter or summer, they are sure to be growing warm. Then take them off, and put them in a corner of the room on a sofa, near a chess-table, if possible; leave them together simmering for the rest of the evening. Repeat this for three or four times, taking care to keep them as close to each other as you can. Great care must be taken about the degree of heat; if too warm, they will explode and fly off; if too little, they will turn into a jelly, or perhaps an ice. The best heat is the moderate, regular, and constant. The length of time during which it is applied must be according to circumstances. For a gentleman and lady under five-and-twenty, three months, three weeks, or three days, sometimes are sufficient; but, in every instance there must be great precaution to avoid a broil. A certain quantity of the Queen's coin put in during cooking will have great effect in keeping up the heat; the dish will look remarkably well if garnished round with bank paper; it may then be served up at table, and make an excellent meal for two. Care should be taken that no vinegar is used, as the dish is remarkably apt to turn sour.

'AHEM! Ephraim, I heard something about you.'—'La, now, Miss Sophrina, you don't say so.'

'Yes, indeed, that I did, and a great many said it, too.' 'La, now, what was it, Miss Sophrina?'

'O, dear, I can't tell you,' (turning away her head).—'O, la, do now.'

'O, no, I can't.'—'Oh, yes, Miss Sophrina.'

'La, me, Ephraim, you do pester a body so.' 'Well, do please to tell me, Sophrina.'

'Well, I heard that—O, I can't tell you.'—'Ah! yes, come. now do,' (taking her hand).

'Well, *I* didn't say it—but I heard that—'—'What?' (putting an arm around her waist)

'Oh, don't squeeze me so—I heard that—that (turning her blue eyes full upon Ephraim's)—that—you and I were to be married, Ephraim!'

THE BARBER AND CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Young Nick, within a barber's shop,
A chimney had been sweeping,
And having done his swarthy job,
Again was downward creeping.
While tying up his bag of soot,
The waggish shaving blade
Exclaim'd, 'may I presume to ask,
What was your father's trade?'

'What trade?' quoth sweep, 'why to my shame
And chagrin, be it spoken—
My father was a barber, sir,
How cursedly provoking!
I might have been a barber, too,
And his own sphere have played in:
But did not like to say the truth,
A business so degrading!'

A SPIRIT PERPLEXED.—*Medium:* All is now ready; what question do you wish to put?—*Widow*: Why, ma'am, I must explain that I gave to my dear departed one (he was many years younger than myself) £200 to pay off a claim; and now he's gone they've had the audacity to apply again for the money! Pray, therefore, ask my dear Augustus, what he did with the receipt?

'WHAT is a rebus?' innocently asked a lovely miss of a black-eyed lad. Imprinting a kiss on her breathing lips, he replied, 'If you now will return the compliment, that will be a re-buss?' She was satisfied with the information.

AMERICAN RETURN.—'The English will never get back their gold from America,' said a disputant on the commercial crisis; 'How could they expect it,' observed a Yankee, 'the English know we have not a *Sovereign* to send.'

A CERTAIN REMEDY.—In a small village near Preston resides a worthy itinerant vender of tea and coffee, whose 'better half' had been in so precarious a state of health, that her husband as well as the doctors well nigh despaired of her convalescence. At length, however, after all other sanative means had failed, the good man thought he would try what he could do either by way of killing or curing. He arrived at home one evening, after his day's journey in the country, and drawing his chair to the fire, close to his wife, he accosted her as follows:—'Jane, love, ar to any better?'—No, William, I dinna think I am.' 'Well, Jane, it's loikely ar time's short i' this world together.'—'Ay, William, I think t' same.'—'Well, Jane, I never did deceive thee, and I'll not naa. I met wi' a woman to-day i' Brotherton, just like thee, and I towd her tha was ill, and likely to dee, and hoo hod just suit me, and hoo said as soon as tha be deed I moon let her know, and hoo'd ha me.' Jane was aroused by this announcement, and starting from her seat, declared 'She'd never dee to suit him nor hor.' From that time she continued to improve in health and strength daily.

THE CHARGE OF AN AMERICAN JUDGE.—Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Now murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering which constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter it must be murder. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. One man cannot commit *felo-de-se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder I say is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it if you like.

THERE happened to grow up between Patrick and a bragging down-easter, a very fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals and insects, in this and the 'ould counthry,' when Mr. O'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the 'baes were as big as a sheep.' 'Very well,' interrupted Icabod, 'how big are the hives?' 'As big as yourn, be jabers!' 'Then how do the bees get into their hives?' Paddy scratched his head, and after a few moments' reflection, replied, 'O that's their look-out!'

'ARE you an Odd Fellow?'—'No, sir: I've been married for a week!' 'I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?—'No, no; I belong to the order of Married Men.' 'Mercy, how dull! Are you a *Mason?*' 'No: I'm a carpenter by trade.' 'Worse and worse! Are you a *Son of Temperance?*'—'Bother you! no; I am a son of Mr. John Gosling.' The querist went away.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorn able candour, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer, (we translate the incident from the French journals for the benefit of our home-made attorneys,) and thus addressed him:—'Monsieur, I come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love, to marry me in spite of himself; how shall I proceed?'

The gentleman of the bar had of course a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment; then, being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly, 'Mademoiselle, according to our law you already possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover.'

'And that will suffice, Monsieur?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition, which is, that you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with you affections.'

'Very well, Monsieur. I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day.'

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to rest herself, questions her with the most lively curiosity. 'Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?'

'Oh! all goes on swimmingly. I have passed a half-hour with my intended. I have been seen to go up stairs and come down again. I have four witnesses who will affirm this under oath.'

'Capital! capital! Persevere in your design, Mademoiselle; but mind, the next time you consult me you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render happy in spite of himself.'

'You shall have it without fail.'

A fortnight afterwards, the young person, more *naive* and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within, than she flung herself hastily into a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavoured to re-assure her; and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlace her garments.

'It is useless, monsieur,' said she, 'I am much better.'

'Well, now, do tell the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse?'

'Are you very impatient to know it?'—'Exceedingly so.'

'Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself!' said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. 'I love you; I have been three times *tete-a-tete* with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany us to the magistrate,' gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a-day;
I frankly answer, *only once*,
And mean, just what I say.

You seem perplex'd, and somewhat hurt,
But wait, and hear the rhyme:
Pray, how can one do more than once
What one does *all the time?*

One of the 14th was singularly lucky in what appeared a chance mode of saving his life, in one of the actions in which the regiment was engaged. The drum beating to arms before he had finished his dinner, he thrust a piece of bacon, too precious a morsel in such precarious times to be wasted, into the breast pocket of his coat After the battle was over, he discovered a bullet in the bacon, and ever afterwards, when thankfully recounting the tale of his miraculous escape, he used to say that he was doubly fortunate, for that he had 'not only saved his bacon, but that his bacon had saved him.'

Division of Time.—'Murphy,' said an employer the other morning to one of his workmen, 'you came late this morning; the other men were an hour before you.'—'Sure and I'll be even wit 'em to-night, then.'—'How, Murphy?'—'Why, faith, I'll quit an hour before 'em all, sure.'

A Letter Writer.—'I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?'—'Arrah, honey, an' isn't it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, that I'm writing a loud letther.'

Carrying a Message.—'John,' said a man to his Dutch servant, 'go to Mr. Robin's house and tell him that if there is any law in the land, I will prosecute him. Tell him not to bring his dog here, for the animal is rabid; and that if he comes here in my absence to scold, and bawl, and pick quarrels, I will send for Mr. Jarvis and have him taken care of.' John went and delivered his message—'My master says that you sha'n't bring your dog to his house, for he is a rabbit, and if you go there in a bow to pick squirrels, he will send you to the barber's and take your hair off.'

The Price of Possessions.—A friend from childhood of Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzick, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris: the marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, the goodness of the table, always adding, 'Oh! how happy are you!'—'I see you are envious of what I have,' said the marshal; 'well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had; come into the court, I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own.....What! you won't!—Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you found me.'

Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. 'I am no judge of colours,' replied Milton, 'but I dare say you are right, for I feel the thorns daily.'

Friendly Advice.—Never lend an umbrella, or your name to a bill: the chances are the one will not be returned, and that the other will.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE ON RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—Sir Isaac Newton wrote a book upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the Book of Revelation; in one of which he said that, in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated—namely, 1260 years—there would be a mode of travelling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, the knowledge of mankind would be so increased, that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this, and said: 'Now look at that mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems that, in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased, that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!' exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?—*Rev. J. Craig.*

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

I vow I'll go, and it shall be so, and I've said it, Master Snip—
This very day, come what come may, I'll have my railway trip,
There's Mistress King has been to Tring, and thinks herself so knowing—
I'm tired of waiting your debating, and it's time that we were going.

Well, Duck, though I never did dabble in foreign parts,—Law, Ma! how I shall squeal when the engine starts.——For shame, child! as to fear, it's nothing but a notion;—I declare I always feel the better for a little motion.——Pray, mister, do you call this a first-class carriage because it goes double fast? No, ma'am, it's because we puts it behind to be blown up last.—See, they're pulling us along with a rope! very odd upon my word. Vy, you can't expect the hingins to go on their own ac-cord.——But just look round at Hampstead and Highgate, while they slacken their pace. —And see, they hook on the locomotive! What's that, Pa? A thing they've a motive for hooking on at this place.——Here's Chalk Farm, where some run down a hill, and some run up a score! —And there's the famous tunnel! it looks like a bit of a bore.—— Oh dear! Oh dear! how dreadful dark; I think I'm going to die. —And I'm so hot I can't say my prayers! but here's the light of the sky.——See what a hole in my parasol, burn't by a red hot spark!—I only wish I knew who it was that was kissing me in the

dark.——Sare! I vonder, Sare! ven dey vill put on de horses to draw!—Oh! horses don't draw here, they're all *hors d' emploi.* ——But how the hedges run past, and the trees and the bridges, and the posts, and the cattle and the people!—This is just like ploughing the air. Yes, and there goes Harrow Steeple.——On, on we spin, with a clack and a din, like a mighty courser snorting, blowing:—Well, how do you like the railroad now? Oh! I think it's the wonderful'st thing that's going.——Ladies, here's Watford; we can stop if you've had enough of your ride;—But perhaps you'd rather go on; there's a long tunnel on the other side.——Oh! I'm so frighted at the thought I can scarcely speak!—Gracious! I'm so delighted! I hope we shall stay in for a week.——Well, if that's the case, as you came out for a little pleasure, I shall leave you at the tunnel, and you can go through at your leisure.

RAILWAY RIDING.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges:—
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

Dr. Abernethy once saved an Irishman's leg from being amputated, as the other doctors had recommended. The doctor was afterwards going over the wards of the hospital with a number of students, when the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out a torrent of thanks, making pantomimic displays of his leg. 'That's the leg, yer honor! Glory be to God! Yer honor's the boy to do it! May the heavens be your bed! Long life to yer honor! To the divole with the spalpeens that said yer honor would cut it off!' &c. With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving a clinical lecture. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed. 'Thrue, yer honor—divole a lie in it! His honor's the grate docther intirely!' While at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bed-clothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. 'That's it, by gorra! and a bitther leg than the villin's that wanted to cut it off!'

A Man with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused, telling him that she would not. He urged, telling her that she had better—for some persons had entertained angels unawares. 'Yes,' said she, 'I know that! But angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday!'

Thackeray says a woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone—what is once written upon it can't be rubbed out. This is so. Let an heiress once fix her affections on a stable boy, and all the preaching in the world will not get her thoughts above oat-boxes and curry-combs. 'What is written on her heart can't be rubbed out.' This fact shows itself not only in love, but in religion. Men change their gods a dozen times—a woman never. To convert a sister of charity to Methodism would require a greater amount of power than you would have to make use of to overturn the Pyramids.

A Persian Merchant complaining heavily of some unjust sentence, was told by the judge to go to the cadi. 'But the cadi is your uncle!' urged the plaintiff. 'Then you can go to the grand vizier.' 'But his secretary is your cousin!' 'Then you may go to the sultan!' 'But his favourite sultana is your niece!' 'Well, then, go to the devil!' 'Ah, that is a still closer family connection!' said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

Angels and Saints.—Madame la Comtesse de D——, one of the wittiest women in Paris, had a daughter, who, by fasting, and an over-strict exercise of the duties of the Catholic religion, seriously injured her health. 'My dear child,' said her mother, 'you have always been an *angel* of goodness! why endeavour to become a *saint?* Do you want to sink in the world?'

Absence of Mind.—A Mr. Abner Bennett, of Buffalo, being more than 'common tall,' and having held a long conversation with a 'Jacky-thin soul' merchant there, actually at parting made a bow to his cane in the corner, and, seizing the merchant by the head, walked off with him instead of the stick.

Mock Turtle.—Calling a husband 'my dear' in public, and 'you brute' in private.

A Comparison.—'Jack,' said a gay young fellow to his companion, 'what possibly can induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene.'—'Pardon me,' replied the other gravely, 'for not agreeing with you, but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of *snuffers*.'

Holding a Horse.—'Here, fellow—hold this horse.'—'Does he kick?'—'Kick! No! Take hold of him.'—'Does he bite?'—'Bite! No! Take hold of the bridle, I say!'—'Does it take two to hold?'—'No!'—'Then hold him yourself.'

THE ADVENTURES OF A TRUMPETER.

A student in one of the academies in France was spending his vacation at the house of one of his relations, whom we will call Madame T——, She was a very captivating woman—beautiful, witty, and, withal, a widow.

At the close of a pleasant autumnal evening, this young man and his cousin, for so Madame T. was, returned to her mansion after a long and probably very pleasant walk.

It happened that during the absence of the lady of the house, the cook had invited a *relation* of hers, who was a trumpeter in the hussars, and besides, fond of good living, never refusing a chance at a good meal to spend a sociable hour with her. Our couple were, therefore, taken by surprise at the return of madame, especially as there was but one way of exit from the house. The cook, therefore, as quickly as possibly, hid all that she could which might expose them; the only trouble was, what to do with the unfortunate trumpeter; and after finding every closet and cupboard too small, she advised him to hide under the bed of Madame T., which seemed to be the only safe place of refuge.

Madame T. soon retired to her room after having bade good-night to her cousin, and just putting on her 'robe de nuit,' when she beheld, upon suddenly turning round, our student upon his knees—in the same position that Jean Jaques made his silent declaration to Madame Basile.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Madame T., perfectly astonished, "what, cousin, are you doing here? Go away immediately; what would be said if it were known that you were in my chamber at this hour? Consider your situation and my own."

"My dear cousin," replied the student, almost, if not entirely beside himself, "I cannot help loving you, and no human power can force me hence—even till the last trumpet shall sound.'

At these words our trumpeter, with some considerable effort to be sure, put his instrument to his mouth and sounded the charge: *Terra, la, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta*——

Madame T. screamed, the student fled, and in the midst of the general confusion the trumpeter reached his post, from which he had had leave of absence for a short time. The affair, however, soon became known to the officers; and the next day, as Mons. R., colonel of the hussars, was amusing the ladies, during one of his morning visits, with his many stories, a friend requested him to relate the adventure and the mishap; he did so.

'Tell us the names! tell us the names!' exclaimed the ladies in a breath, being desirous to obtain any new piece of scandal.

'Upon my word, ladies,' replied the colonel, 'I am entirely ignorant of them; but I would have given the world to have seen the face of the lady at the moment; it must have presented a very ridiculous appearance.'

'Not half so ridiculous as the student's did!' replied a soft female voice.

One can hardly imagine with what shouts of laughter this involuntary confession of Madame T. was received, thus acknowledging herself to be the heroine of 'The Last Trump.'

THE PLEASURE OF READING THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

Oh, the pleasures of reading are all smoke and vapour,
Unless 'tis of reading the daily newspaper,
That, indeed, is a mental repast,
Oh, ye gods! how I like, as I sup down my tea,
The Chronicle, Post, Times, or Herald to see—
'Tis a pleasure that ca'nt be surpast:
As the eyes rove along,
What a various throng,
Of articles, charming,
Pleasing, alarming,
Fill the breast with a sweet palpitation;
Of accounts from Spain
Turks defeated again,
And fables fresh from every nation;
Accounts from Portugal and Prussia,
Turkey, Austria, and Russia;
With all the common council say,
A fine green turtle dress'd to day;
Faux-pas in high life, and *crim con*,
My lady with her footman John;
Elopements, weddings, loving words,
Divorce bills in the house of lords;
Suicide and lottery puffers,
Gas-lights and patent-snuffers;
Births, and deaths, extraordinary,
Notice, that my wife, call'd Mary,
Has run off on some little pets,
And I, John Cole, wo'nt pay her debts.

Going on a little further—
Long account of horrid murder:
Balls and routs in Portman-square,
And masquerades, the Lord knows where;
With all, in short, you can desire,
Enlivened with a dreadful fire,
Quacking doctors,—barking Proctors;
Money lenders—blacking venders;
Pidcock's monkies—ladies donkies,
Daring robberies—early strawberries;
Watering places—poney races:
Fam'd Decoction—sales by auction;
Surprising pills—cure all ills:
Runaway tailors—Vauxhall galas,
Famous catches—walking matches;
Wanted to lend, and puffs without end.
Dancing taught—hops caught
Covent garden—Mrs. Cardyn
Miss O'Neal—make you feel;
Drury-lane—Kean again;
New wigs—rum riggs;
Old stories—rank tories;
Stale jokes—new Hoax;
Price of Stocks—Dutch clocks;
Fresh eggs—wooden legs;
Bow-street—Bench—Fleet;
Teeth drawn—fine lawn;
Law report—Chancery Court;
Strange wagers—old stagers;
Want places—Epsom races;
Ship news—cheap shoes:
Common pleas—great fees;
New books—old cooks;
Coalition—exhibition;
Situation—education;
Abdication—emigration;
Pills, bills—law, flaw;
Mayor, stare—plays, bays;
Snuffs, Puffs—hoax, jokes;
Bawls, squall—
Oh, the pleasure of reading are all smoke and vapour,
Unless 'tis the reading a daily newspaper, a daily newspaper.

THE SCARLET FEVER.—During the legal absence of Mr. Campbell, (now Sir John Campbell,) on his matrimonial trip with the *ci-devant* Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Bench, 'I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case.'—'Yes, my lord,' replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; 'he was, my lord, but I understand he is ill.'—'I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham,' said the judge taking snuff.—'My lord,' replied Mr. Brougham, 'it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the *Scarlet* fever.'

A FRIEND IN NEED.—A gentleman, 'unaccustomed to public speaking,' becoming embarrassed, whispered to his friend, 'Quick, quick, give—give me a word!' upon which the other replied, 'Yes, yes: what word do you want?'

Military Punishments.—A military correspondent of the *Times* tells a story, showing how soldiers can be kept in order without flogging. I had in my company a man whose name was Conolly—a clean, smart, good-humoured, and brave soldier; but he had an inveterate passion for selling his shoes. One evening my pay-sergeant came to me, and said: 'Conolly has sold another pair of shoes.' My answer was: 'Parade the company to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, without arms, and in fatigue jackets—but let Conolly parade in heavy marching order, but no shoes.' I marched the company out on the road four miles and back, poor Conolly all the way under the laughter of the men; while his only remark was: 'Faith and truth, the captain has the right way of it!' He never sold another shoe, and he escaped with sore feet, but a sound back. This was part of a system, and the writer says: 'If I could do this successfully with 120 rank and file as a company, with 900 as a regiment, I think 100,000 might be governed in the same way. Let officers—young men—remember that if a soldier gets twenty-five lashes with a cat-o'nine-tails he is a marked man for life, and dare not take off his shirt, for fear of showing his shame.'

BUONAPARTIANA.

(Translated from various French Authorities.)

What a period was that, in which the all powerful will of the man who now sleeps the sleep of death on the rock of St. Helena, assembled, as if by a stroke of the wand, emperors, kings, and most of the grandees of the earth!....Napoleon had called to Erfurth the principal actors of the French theatre: Talma, Mille. Duchesnois, Mille. Mars, the captivating Georges, the '*charmante*' Bourgoin, appeared several times in the course of a week to play their finest parts before the august assembly; and a little theatre that had been found in the ancient college of the Jesuits had been fitted up with a promptitude and elegance really French.

Immediately before the stage were placed two arm-chairs for the two emperors, and on either side, common chairs for the kings and the reigning princes. The space behind these seats began to fill rapidly (says Mme. de Schopenhaner); we saw statesmen and generals from most of the powers of Europe enter, men whose names were then celebrated and have since become historical. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others equally renowned; it appeared as if the greatness of the master was reflected on the features of each: Goethe with his calm and dignified phisiognomy, and the venerable Wieland,—the Grand Duke of Weimar had called them to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha and several German princes grouped round the two veterans of German literature.

A rolling of the drums was heard,—'It is the Emperor!' said every one. 'Fools, what are you about?' cried the drum-major; 'don't you see it is but a king?' And, effectively, it was a German sovereign who entered the saloon; and three other kings soon after made their appearance. It was without noise, without any show at all, that the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, entered; the King of Westphalia, who came later, eclipsed them all by the splendour of his rich embroidery and jewels. The Emperor Alexander with his majestic figure came next. The grand box, in front of the stage, dazzled one's eyes with the glittering brilliancy it threw around. The queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, was seated in the centre; and, near her, the charming Stéphanie, grand duchess of Baden, attracted attention more by her captivating graces than by her dress. A few German princesses were seated near the reigning ones; the gentlemen and ladies of their court occupying the back part of the box.

Just at this moment, Talleyrand appeared in a sort of box, contrived for him on a level with the *parquet*, because the infirmity of his feet did not allow him to sit in the *parquet* itself. The emperor and the kings *stood* conversing with the minister who was comfortably seated. Everybody was at the *rendezvous;* he, alone, who had convoked all these grandees was missing—he made them wait some time.

At length another rolling of the drums was heard, but much louder than the first; all eyes were directed with an anxious curiosity towards the entrance-door. He appeared at last, this most extraordinary man of that inconceivable epoch. Dressed in the most simple manner, as usual, he slightly bowed to the sovereigns present, whom he had kept waiting so long, and filled the chair on the right of the Emperor Alexander. The four kings took their seats in the chairs without backs, and the spectacle began.

Immediately after the performance of the tragedy, which he had seen acted some hundreds of times, Napoleon, having made himself quite comfortable in his chair, fell asleep. Every one knows that it depended entirely on his will to sleep, and that he always awoke at the time he appointed. On that day he had fatigued himself exercising troops in the country for several hours together. It was a singular spectacle to see the man, on whose nod hung the fate of nations, thus given up to a peaceful slumber.

More about kissing.—The *World* of this week says that when a Bergen girl gets kissed, she very calmly remarks, 'Hans, tat ish good;' and when a Black Island girl receives a buss, she exclaims, with considerable animation, 'Well, John, you've wiped my chaps off beautiful.'—*New York Evening Star.*

'Sambo, what am your 'pinion ob rats?'—'Why, I tink de one dat hab de shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest.'

A YOUNG gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by the father entering the room, who inquired what they were about. 'Oh,' replied the fair one, 'Mr.——was just explaining the question of *annexation* to me, and he is for *immediate* annexation.' 'Well,' said papa, 'if you can agree on a treaty, I'll ratify it.'

A CELEBRATED Evangelical preacher once told us *(Liverpool Albion)*, pleasantly, that when he was unmarried the young ladies of his congregation were indefatigable in hemming cravats, handkerchiefs, &c., for him; but, he added, with marked emphasis, 'Since I have had a wife I have not even had *one* to do it for me.

WELCOME AT AN INN.—The following lines were written by the poet Shenstone on the window of an inn at Henley-on-Thames:—

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

A wag, observing the lines, wrote beneath them the following verse.

Whoe'er has travell'd much about,
Must very often sigh to think,
That every host will turn you out
Unless you've plenty of the chink.

CARDINAL POINTS FOR A DRUNKARD.—The five cardinal points for a drunkard are a face of brass, nerves of steel, lungs of leather, a heart of stone, and an incombustible liver.

A worthy citizen of Kentucky, sitting, for the first time, at the great dinner-table of the Astor House Hotel in New York, took up the bill of fare. His eye caught up the names of its, to him, unknown dishes—'Soupe a la flamande'—'Soupe a la Creci'—'Langue de Bœuf Piquee'—'Pieds de Cochon a la Ste. Menehould'—'Pates de Sanglier'—'Pates a la Gelee de volailles'—'Les Cannelons de Creme glacee.' It was too much for his simple heart. Laying down the scarlet-bound volume in disgust, he cried to the waiter, 'I guess I shall go back to first principles—give us some beans and bacon!'

A GENTLEMAN, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, 'I assure you, ma'am, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears.' 'I hope, sir,' said she, 'it was not because you went away without paying.'

A YANKEE journal states, that there is a man in Vermont who is so tall that he cannot tell when his toes are cold!—This is probably the person who never allows his servant to sit up for him, as he can put his arm down the chimney to unbolt the street door.

'SISTER, are you happy?'—'Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom.'—'Not in Beelzebub's!'—'Well, some one of the patriarch's; I don't care which.'

AN Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there of course, it rested. 'That stone.' said he, resembles the national debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight rests on the lowest.'

EXTRAORDINARY CAPTURE.—The *Hampshire Independent* makes merry at the expense of a contemporary, at whose office, it is alleged, the following telegraphic despatch was found posted up: 'Great Naval Victory gained by the combined fleets of England and France! The British and French fleets have just captured the Dardanelles, and sent them prisoners to Malta! The City of Constantinople has been illumined in honour of the victory.'

ONE famous for hunting up enigmas, philosophised thus: 'What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can *spare any of her girls*—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes?' A queer way of estimating things.

If you wish to know whether a clergyman is really good or not, don't consult his congregation, but his servant girl. If a man has the devil in him, there is nothing that will so promptly bring it out as a badly-cooked sirloin. It is not the pulpit that tries a man's piety, but his kitchen-range.

Do not trust thy body with a physician. He'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a se'nnight after.—*Shirley.*

A SERENADE.

The sun has sunk in the crimson west,
The twilight hour is o'er,
And the moon displays her silvery crest
Where the fleecy cloudlets soar.
The midnight stars in beauty peep
From their emerald of blue;
Oh! lady awake! shake off dull sleep,
And wander the wild woods thro'.

The zephyrs are kissing each dewy flower
Which sparkles on the lea;
And the ivy which clings to the festoon'd bower,
Reminds my soul of thee!
The nightingale in the shady grove
Pours forth its midnight lay—
Oh! lady awake! smile on thy love,
And wander with him away!

'Tis sweet in the stillness of night to wreathe
Love's garland fresh and pure;
'Tis sweet in that silent hour to breathe
Fond vows that shall endure!
Hark! lady, hark! from the distant wood
Soft voices call for thee;
Oh! leave thy chamber's solitude,
And wander forth with me!

A FORTUNE-TELLER.—A fortune-teller was arrested at his theatre of divination, *al fresco*, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. 'You know to read the future?' said the president, a man of great wit, but too fond of a joke for a magistrate. 'I do, M. le President,' replied the sorcerer. 'In this case,' said the judge, 'you know the judgment we intend to pronounce.' 'Certainly.' 'Well, what will happen to you?' 'Nothing.' 'You are sure of it?' 'You will acquit me.' 'Acquit you!' 'There is no doubt of it.' 'Why?' 'Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune.' The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

A BROTHER critic tells an author that 'although a certain volume shows neither sound criticism, brilliant style, nor deep research, it may yet 'be made useful, if not ornamental.'—'I saw an excellent thing in your last essay,' said O'Connell to a pamphleteer who was dull enough to have written the 'Lives of the Laureates.' 'What was it? what was it?' eagerly cried Scriblerus. 'It was—*a mutton pie!*' replied the other.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Six things are requisite. Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while, over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

CURE FOR QUINSEY.

DR. Radcliffe was remarkable for his expediency in all extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country, to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey; and perceiving that no application, external or internal, would be of any service, he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done, to let his own servants bring it up. While the cook was getting the pudding ready, he took his men aside and instructed them what to do. In a short time up came the pudding, piping hot, and was set upon the table in full view of the patient. 'Come, John and Dick,' said the doctor, 'you love hasty-pudding, eat this as quick as possible, for I believe you both came out this morning without your breakfasts.' Both then commenced operations with their spoons; but John's dipping twice for Dick's once, Dick took occasion to quarrel with him, and threw a spoonful of the hot hasty-pudding in his face. This John immediately resented by returning the compliment in nearly a double dose, which almost blinded Dick, and so exasperated him, that he took the pudding by handfuls and pelted his fellow servant, who battled him again in the same manner. The patient, who had been an eye-witness to this hasty rencontre between Radcliffe's men, could not refrain from the most hearty burst of laughter: so much, in fine, was his fancy tickled, that the quinsey burst and discharged its contents. Radcliffe completed the cure; and both the servants were amply rewarded after the joke had had its effect.'

DIBDIN had a horse which he called *Graphy*. 'Very odd name!' said Oxbury. 'Not at all,' responded Tom; 'when I bought him it was *Buy-a-Graphy;* when I mount him it's *Top-o-Graphy;* and when I want him to go, it's *Gee-ho-Graphy*.'

'SAMIVIL, SAMIVIL, bevare of the vimmin that reads no newspapers! Your father married a voman that read none, and you're the sad consequence! You're as hignorant as a 'orse. Hignorant people say it's throwing away money to take papers, and foolin' away time to read 'em.'—*Sam Slick.*

I MUST tell you a good story which is very *apropos* here. An old lady in Cincinnati had a quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she was going herself to buy supplies. She stipulated with the captain of a steamer that he should have her freight, provided he would not *race* during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came aboard. After the second day out, another steamer was seen close astern, with which the captain had been racing all the time, and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued for nearly a day almost side by side. At last, the old lady, partaking of the excitement, called the captain and said, 'Captain, you aint agoin' to let that thar old boat pass us, are you?' 'Why, I shall have to, madam, as I agreed not to race.' 'Well, you can just try it a little, that wont hurt.' 'But madam, to tell you the truth, I did.' 'Gracious! but do try it a little more; see, the old boat is almost even with us'—and a loud cheer arose from the passengers on the 'old boat.' 'I can't raise any more steam, madam, as all the tar and pine-knots are burnt up.' 'Good gracious! what shall we do? See, the old boat is passing us. Is there nothing else on board that will make steam!' 'Nothing, madam—eh, eh' (as if a new idea struck him), 'except your bacon.' 'Throw in the bacon!' shrieked the old lady; 'throw in the bacon, captain, and beat the old boat!'—*American Paper.*

AN INTELLIGENT CRITIC.—Booth's Othello was much liked in America. An old Yankee, who had never seen a play, was taken to witness Booth's performance of the Moor; and on being asked, at the termination of the piece, if he liked it, he replied, 'Yes, amazing; but cus me if I don't guess that little nigger (Othello) played as well as any o' the white fellors—if not better!'

THE REV. ROBERT HALL AND A DULL BROTHER.—A minister preaching a sermon one afternoon for Mr. Hall, (who had performed service in the morning), which was ludicrous and trifling, while Hall's was solemn, instructive, and energetic; at the close of the day both parties met round the social hearth. Mr. Hall became lively and extremely amusing. 'Brother Hall,' said the old gentleman, 'I am surprised at you.' 'Surprised at me, sir; surprised at me, sir. Why are you surprised at me?' 'Why, brother Hall, it appears inconsistent for you to indulge in frivolous conversation, after delivering so serious a discourse.' 'Indeed, sir,' replied Mr. Hall, 'I don't think I am by any means inconsistent, sir; the truth is, brother——, I keep my nonsense for the fireside, while you publish yours from the pulpit.'

THE LAST FISH STORY.

We don't know who wrote the following wonderful narrative, but the author is certainly a man of rare faculties. It is said to have been taken from the logbook of a vessel which arrived in New York; but the reader is not called upon to believe it unless he pleases.

In the course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, ship fever, broke out among the crew. One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave his sick father for a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a blanket, and for the purpose of sinking him an old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read, and the body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings closely, plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the vessel—for there were others sick in the ship—one of the sailors proposed, as they had a shark hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a long rope, and baited it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it.

Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass they hoisted him on board. After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors, stooping down for that purpose, suddenly paused, and after listening a few moments, declared most solemnly he heard a low guttural sound, which appeared to proceed from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they were compelled to admit they heard a similar sound. They then proceeded to open the shark, when the mystery was explained.

It appears the sailor was not dead, but in a trance; and his son, on making this discovery when inside the shark, had, by means of a knife, ripped open the blanket. Having thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning, the father was holding on to the old ship carpenter's axe, sharpening it for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah-like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailor. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring where they were at work, they were both *sweating tren*

THE EXCISEMAN OUTWITTED.

An exciseman once in taking his round,
Call'd at a friends for a whet;
After chatting awhile he soon found,
What he thought would prove fish to his net.

It appears that the good dame had let out,
(The biter she thought should be bit,)
That her cellar was half full of liquor,
Which came there without a permit.

The exciseman without more ado,
To make his day's journey the shorter,
Groping down to the cellar his way,
Soused up to the middle in water.

Having groped his way out as he could,
Perhaps it is needless to say,
He did not feel greatly inclined,
To carry the liquor away.

LITTLE PEOPLE.—The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heeled boots and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man every inch of him.—*Sam Slick.*

THE CUT DIRECT.—A Mr. Mewins was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins demanded a little brown mare, to which he had taken a particular fancy, and this being positively refused, the match was broken off. After a couple of years the parties accidentally met at a country ball; Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement; the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him. 'Surely you have not forgotten me?' said he.'—'What name, sir?' she inquired. 'Mewins,' he replied; 'I had the honour of paying my addresses to you about two years ago.'—'I remember a person of that name,' she rejoined, 'who paid his addresses *to my father's brown mare.*'

FOOTE praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at *Cork*. 'No, sir,' replied Foote, 'but I have seen many *drawings* of it.'

REAL TRAGEDY.—The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident, which took place at the representation of the Mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier, who was to pierce the Christ on the cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of the action, that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; who falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the holy mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck of his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him.

FOOTE was once asked, why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, and rich men never to be seen in those of the learned. 'Why,' said he, 'the first know what they want, but the latter do not.'

FOOTE having satirized the Scotch pretty severely, a gentleman asked, 'Why he hated that nation so much.' 'You are mistaken,' said Foote, 'I dont hate the Scotch, neither do I hate frogs, but I would have everything keep to its native element.'

Amongst the private instructions to me by Buonaparte, (says M. de Bourrienne,) was the following rather singular order:—'At night,' said he, 'you will enter my bed-chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce: with good news there is no necessity to hurry. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly; for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost.'

Colonel Crockett's fondness for fun gave rise to many anecdotes; among others I have heard this:—Colonel Crockett, while on an electioneering trip, fell in at a gathering, and it became necessary for him to treat the company. His finances were rather low, having but one coon skin about him; however, he pulled it out, slapped it down on the counter, and called for its value in whiskey. The merchant measured out the whiskey and threw the skin into the loft. The colonel, observing the logs very open, took out his ramrod, and, upon the merchant turning his back, twisted his 'coon skin out and pocketed it: when more whiskey was wanted, the same skin was pulled out, slapped upon the counter, and its value called for. This trick was played until they were all tired of drinking.

Bensley's Wig.—One evening at the Dublin Theatre, when Bensley came on for his first soliloquy in Richard the Third, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and, dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh, even in tragedy. Bensley caught his hat as it fell by a feather, and replacing it on his head, 'shorn of its beams,' advanced to the front, and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig. 'Mr. Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey—bad luck to your politics—will you suffer a whig (wig) to be hung?' &c. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised, in some measure, his dukely dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice, and stalked off at the conclusion as he stalked on. An underling then made his appearance, and released his captured hair, with which he exited in pursuit of Richard, to as loud a demonstration of approval as Richard himself.

'I say, Jim, what *mechanical* work did you first do?' said one darkey to another. 'Why, why, *cut* teeth, ob course,' replied the other.

SHORTLY after Buonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, he, half playfully, half seriously, held out his hand for her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and presenting her own, in the presence of his suite, said, 'It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life.' We observed, (says Lady Morgan,) on visiting this illustrious lady, pictures of all her handsome children in the room she occupied (and where we generally found her spinning, with her prayer book beside her;) there were four of them when they sat for her, with the emperor, their brother, at their head; namely, the kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples (her son-in-law, Murat). 'You see,' she said one day, as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, 'when my son Napoleon sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown.'

A PRETTY LITTLE MAIDEN.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme;
A pretty little bachelor to win her favour tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances from her pretty little eye,
With a pretty little face behind her pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little 'loves,' and some pretty little 'dears,'
Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears,
Some pretty little present, and a pretty little kiss,
Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk
A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life,
A pretty little husband had a pretty little wife.

COOKE was announced one evening to play the Stranger at the Dublin Theatre. When he made his appearance, evident marks of agitation were visible in his countenance and gestures; this, by the generality of the audience, was called fine acting; but those who were acquainted with his failing, classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced 'Yonder hut—yonder hut,' pointing to

the cottage; then beating his breast, and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent agitation of mind. Still this was taken as the *chef d'œuvre* of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits, and 'Bravo, bravo!' At length he cast many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word, he came forward, and with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience: 'You are a mercantile people—you know the value of money—a thousand pounds, my all, lent to serve a friend, is lost for ever. My son too—pardon the feelings of a parent—my only son—as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles, is slain—not many hours ago I received the intelligence, but, thank God, he died in the defence of his king!' Here his feelings became so powerful, that they choked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage, amidst the applause of those who, not knowing the man, pitied his situation. Now, the fact is, Cooke never possessed £1000 in his life, nor had he ever the honour of being a father; but too much intoxicated to recollect his part, he invented this story, as the only way by which he could decently retire; and the sequel of the business was that he was sent home in a chair, whilst another actor played his part.

The British Stentor.—The most powerful voice in the country is that of the man who can utter most money.

'I wonder what makes my eyes so weak,' said a loafer to a gentleman. 'Why, they are in a weak place,' said the latter.

A Miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?" "No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

MY NEW COOK.

My new cook was fresh from the Emerald Island. When she presented herself, I saw in her but small promise. Having learned on inquiry that her name was Alice Mahony, I said—'How long have you been in this country, Alice?'

She hesitated for a moment, then answered—'Sax months, mum.'

I learned afterwards that she had arrived only three days before.

'Can you cook?' I inquired.—'Och, yes! Onything, from a rib of bafe down till a parate.'

'You're sure of that, Alice?'—'Och! shure mum.'

'Can you give me a reference?'—'I've got a cha-*rac*-ter from Mrs. Jordan, where I lived in Cork. I've only been here a few days. Biddy Jones knows me.'

And she produced a written testification of ability, signed, 'MARY JORDAN, No. — William Street, Cork.' There was a suspicious look about this cha-*rac*-ter;' but of course I had no means of deciding whether it were a true or false document.

After some debate with myself, I finally decided to give Alice a trial.

It so happened that on the very day she came, an old lady friend of my mother's, accompanied by her two daughters, both married and housekeepers, called to spend the afternoon and take tea. As they lived at some distance, I ordered tea rather early, not waiting for Mr. Browne, whose business kept him away pretty late.

During the afternoon my 'butterman' came. Occasionally he brings some very nice country sausages, and I always make it a point to secure some when he does so. He had some on this occasion.

'Alice,' said I, as I entered the kitchen about five o'clock, 'I want you to hurry and get tea ready as quickly as you can.'

'Yes, mum,' was the prompt reply.

'And Alice,' I added, 'we'll have some of these sausages with the tea. They are very fine ones—better than we usually get. Be sure to cook them very nicely.'

'Yes, mum,' readily replied the girl, looking quite intelligent.

A few more directions as to what we were to have were given, and then I went back to my company.

It was not my intention to leave all to the doubtful skill of my new cook, but either the time passed on very rapidly, or she was more prompt and active, than is usual among cooks, for the tea was announced before I expected it.

'Ah,' said I, 'that is something like expedition;' and I arose, adding, 'will you walk into the front parlour, ladies?'

The words were no sooner uttered than a doubt as to all being as I could wish crossed my mind; and I regretted that I had not first repaired to the next room alone. But it was too late now; or, rather, I did not happen to have sufficient presence of mind to recall my invitation to the ladies to walk in to tea, until I had preceded them a few minutes.

Well, we were presently seated at the tea-table. My practised eye

instantly saw that the cloth was laid crookedly, and that the things were placed in a very slovenly manner.

I was obliged to make an apology, on the ground of a new domestic, and then proceeded to the business of making and pouring out the tea. The cups were handed round, and I soon noticed that my guests were sipping from their spoons in a very unsatisfactory manner. I was in the act of filling my own cup from the tea-urn, when I missed the plate of sausages, about which I had boasted to my lady friends as something a little better than were usually to be obtained. So I rung the bell, and Alice presently made her appearance.

'Alice,' said I, 'where are those sausages I told you to cook? You surely haven't forgotten them?'—'Och, no indade, mum. They're there.'

'Where? I don't see them.' And my eyes ran around the table.—'They're wid the tay, mum, shure!'

'With the tea!'—'Sure, mum, they're wid the tay. Ye towld me yees wanted the sassages wid the tay; and sure they're there. I biled 'em well.'

A light now flashed over my mind. Throwing up the lid of the tea-urn, I saw the fat floating on the surface; I thrust in a fork, which immediately came in contact with a hard substance; I drew it forth, and exhibited a link of 'well-biled' sausages!

Let me draw a veil over what followed.

SIMON PURE AND PADDY THE SWABBER.

We sail'd from the Downs in a ship called the Lion,
With fifty brass guns, our crew could rely on;
Larboard and starboard we had a bold crew,
Which no equal number of foes could subdue.
'Besides we'd some passengers bound for the West,
One was a Quaker most curiously dress'd;
And altho' quite demure, he was a stiff joker,
You'd have sworn his backbone, was made of a poker.
We'd an Irishman, too, form'd one of the crew,
Who never before had wore Jacket of Blue:
He was butt for the ship, and did each dirty job—
Such as emptying a bucket, or wringing a swab.
For several days, we had a fair wind,
The white cliffs of Albion, we left far behind;
Till early one morning, the man at the mast,
Cries, 'Ye O! a strange sail bears down on us fast.'
'Prepare then for action,' cried the captain, abaft!
'Up hammock, down chest, clear the ship fore and aft!'

Then spying the Quaker,—'Come, old Buckram and Starch!
To one of those guns, sir, immediately march,

And help those brave fellows to fight for our Queen.
'I'll tell thee, friend captain, I'll do no such thing,
If thee and thy crew are come here to slay,
Thou canst not compel *me* to take life away.
Thou may stay at thy murderous work if thou will,
But Scripture says plainly, 'Thou shalt not kill;'
All the blood that is spilt, will fall upon thee;
And at the last day, 'gainst thee witness I'll be.'
Never mind that, Old Barebones, we'll show you some fun,—
You shan't leave the deck till the battle is done.
The Frenchman was then bearing down on our quarter,
But when she came to us she found us a Tartar.
There was one daring Frenchman had just got his hand in,
To leap on the deck where the Quaker was standing;
Simon, nipt up an axe, and chopt of his hand clear,
Saying, 'keep thy own ship, friend, what do'st thou want here?'
We fought and we conquer'd, our victory was sure,
And partly 'twas owing to stiff Simon Pure.

Now during the action, Poor Paddy the Swabber,
Was kick'd about deck, and call'd a land-lubber,
But Paddy did'nt care, how much they deride him,
If he only could find a snug place to hide in.
At last he found one, 'mongst barrels of butter,
Where he lay conceal'd, with his heart in a flutter,
Till a ball from the French, who pour'd a broadside in,
Slap bang in the butter where Paddy was hiding.
This rather took Paddy by way of surprise,
And pelted the butter right into his eyes.
Paddy ran upon deck, and he flourished his hat,
(The sailors all stared at the courage of Pat,)
Then seizing a gun, cries, we'll soon make them steer hence!
The sailors all laugh'd at Pat's greasy appearance—
Fight on, boys, says Pat, yees need be a tiring'
For be Jasus, it's nothing but BUTTER they're firing!

THE RULING PASSION.—Mr. Charles Wesley, the celebrated organist, died a short time since. Until within ten days of his death, he played from recollection many of the pieces and choruses of the immortal Handel; and, perhaps, there was scarcely a piece that Handel wrote, with which he was unacquainted. Even on his deathbed, Mr. Wesley would say, 'I must go down and amuse myself with my organ;' or, 'I must have my pianoforte in my bedroom.' That being impossible, he was continually humming Handel's music; and, fancying he had his pianoforte before him, worked his fingers on his bedclothes, as though he were playing on the instrument, and that even within two days of his decease.

'In Vino Veritas.'—A clergyman and a magistrate residing not very far from the shores of the Solway were recently returning home one evening, after having worshipped largely at the shrine of Bacchus. His reverence's onward course was, as may be imagined, somewhat tortuous; but he was greatly assisted by the considerate endeavours of one of his parishioners. After a long silence the following instructive dialogue ensued:—

Clergyman: You're a very decent fellow, George; but I've a little fault to find with you, George.—*Parishioner:* Indeed, Mr. ——, I am sorry to hear you say so—pray what is it?

Clergyman. Why, you see, George, you don't come to church on Sunday quite so regularly as you should do, George.—*Parishioner:* Well, perhaps not; but then, you see, Mr.——, I always pay you your church-rates and Easter dues the very day they become due.

Clergyman: Well, well, George—you do—you do. And after all, George, that is the—principal part of the—of the—the business.

Cut it Short.—A gentleman having his hair cut, and being annoyed with the operator's stories, in the middle of each, he said, 'Cut it short.' At last, the barber, in a rage, exclaimed, 'It cannot be cut shorter, for every hair of your head is off.'

Byron's Opinion of Napoleon.—During the voyage we discerned Corsica and Elba from the deck which changed the conversation to the subject of the life of Napoleon, exclaiming that he had been woefully deceived in his estimate of the character of that wonderful man; repeating the pain and mortification which he endured whenever he chanced to glance his eye on either of these islands, as they recalled to his recollection the humbling conviction of the weakness of human nature. 'I at one period,' he said, 'almost idolized that man, although I could not approve of many of his actions: regarding other potentates as mere pigmies when weighed in the balance against him. When his fortune deserted him, and all appeared lost, he ought at once to have rushed into the thick of the fight at Leipsic or Waterloo, and nobly perished, instead of dying by inches in confinement, and affording to the world the degrading spectacle of his petty billious contentions with the governors to whose custody he was confided at St. Helena. Even if he had maintained a dignified silence amid the persecutions to which in his latter days he complained of being subjected, I could almost have forgiven him; yet this man's fame will descend to, and be revered by posterity, when that of numbers more deserving of immortality shall have ceased to be remembered.'

THERE is a severe legend against tailors, who must have suffered long under the reproach of cabbaging. Tailors have not been equitably dealt with in the sayings of our ancestors. They say in some parts of North Germany, "If it rains while the sun shines, a tailor has gone to Heaven."

THE WITLESS WITLING.

For his nephew the Vicar a fortune had scrap'd,
And Tom was his heir by his will,
But Tom's flippant tongue not his parent escap'd,
And his clack-rattle never stood still.

For Tom was a wit, and his uncle's red face,
He to Bardolph's was wont to compare,
And he'd plagu'd the old priest for his long winded grace,
Or mimic'd his mumbling at prayer.

Then to pose and perplex him with quibbles one day,
Being wantonly seized with a fit,
'Prithee, parson,' says Tom, 'What's the difference, I pray,
Between a wise man and a wit.'

'Why, Tom, the whole difference lies here, quoth the priest,
'A mere wit is to folly so prone,
'That to gall his best friend, he'll let fly his worst jest,
'But a wise man will let it alone.

'Thus you, for your sport my complexion deride,
'And a carbuncle make of each pimple,
'For which, you must know, I've my will set aside,
'But have left you, TO WIT,—a *fee simple*.'

ECCENTRIC REBUKES FROM THE PULPIT.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, 'Many people are to be blamed for making their religion a *Cloak;* but I do not think those are much better who make it an *umbrella!* Again, after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation—If you wish me to read your anonymous letters, you must inclose a £5 note in them for some good charity!' On another occasion—'I do not wish the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only *lowered*, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.'

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

The Emperor Alexander was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion, his Majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted, and unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The Emperor was attired in his usual travelling costume, a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military-looking personage who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's questions, the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley, 'Allow me to ask,' said Alexander, 'what may be your military rank?'—'Guess.'—'Perhaps, sir, you may be a lieutenant?'—'Higher, if you please.'—'Captain?'—'Another step.'—'Major?'—'Go on, Go on.'—'Lieutenant-colonel I presume?'—'You have hit it at last, though not without effort.' These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance, and the several answers in the preceding dialogue were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the Emperor's face. 'Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller,' said the officer; 'Pray, what may be your military rank?'—'Guess.'—'Well then, at first glance I should say Captain.'—'Higher, if you please.'—'Major?'—'Go on, if you please.'—'Lieutenant-colonel?'—'Pray, go on.'—'Colonel?'—'A little higher, if you please.'—(The officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar.)—'Major-general?'—'Another step, if you please.'—(The officer now stood immoveable as at 'attention.')—'Your Excellence is then Lieutenant-general.'—'You are not quite up to the mark.'—'In that case I have the honour to address myself to his Serene Highness the Field Marshall!'—'Do me the favour, Lieutenant-colonel, to make another effort.'—'Ah, sire!' cried the officer with emotion, 'will your Majesty deign to pardon me? But could I imagine that the Emperor—'—'I am not offended,' replied Alexander, 'and to prove it, if you have a favour to ask, I will grant it with pleasure.'

At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder-barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated in a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades were cut down, when drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation—'So dies a Polish general!' fired the other through his own heart.

One evening, after a great battle, Frederic II. approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment.

The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle. 'Generally,' said they, 'you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon us so.' The King, in a good-humoured manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reasons for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great coat, and a ball dropped out which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great coat and coat was perceptible. Upon this the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun. 'You are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us—we will all die for you!' and the conversation concluded with three cheers, and their entreaties to the King to take more care of his own safety.

Viscount de Beaulieu having declared Antwerp in a state of siege, and ordered all the wine-houses to be closed, on the very first day a grenadier was found on his post desparately drunk. The commander, who, before condemning him to be shot, gave him an opportunity of explaining. The muddled soldier stammered out, 'Why, General, your proclamation says, the refractory are to be fired on with *grape-shot*, and as I had none, I thought it my duty to *provide myself with ammunition*.' Beaulieu laughed, and the grenadier escaped with a reprimand.

WILT THOU FORGET ME?

May the remembrances of affection never depart.

May trifling with another's feelings be far from our fair; so that they may fairly demand consideration for their own.

May the wretch who to gratify his vanity trifles with the affections of a woman, have remorse for his companion through life, and despair his associate (if unrepented of) in death.

Wilt thou forget me when thou shalt depart,
And give to another that hand and that heart?
Wilt thou, rejecting the tear and the sigh,
Leave her who loves thee, in sadness to die?
Wilt thou forget me when thou shalt depart,
And give to another that hand and that heart?

Wilt thou forget me when strangers are near,
Breathing soft music of love in thine ear!
Oft hast thou spoken of vows sweet to share,
Will they be broken when I am not there?

'You look as if you were beside yourself,' as the wag said to a fellow who stood by a donkey.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—At a funeral of an individual, noted for being a brutish husband, a severe father, and a mean man in general, it was observed that nobody shed tears; whereupon the sexton said that he had officiated in that capacity for forty-five years, and that an instance of the kind had never happened before, and, that it might not disgrace the village, he seized a little boy and pulled his ears most severely, speedily producing the desired effect.

A MODERN SAMPSON.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say
Like Sampson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth ROGER, so you do,
And with the *self-same weapon too.*

DREAMING.

Soon after Sir William Johnson had been appointed superintendent of Indian affairs in North America, while the states were still colonies of Britain, he wrote to England for some suits of clothes, richly laced. When they arrived at Sir William's, Hendrick, king of the five nations of the Mohawks, was present, and particularly admired them, but without saying anything at that time to Sir William. In a few days, Hendrick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir William's inquiring what it was, he told him that he had dreamed that he had given him one of those fine suits which he had lately received over 'the Great Water.' Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. Hendrick, highly pleased with the generosity of Sir William, retired. Sir William, some time after this, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him that he also had had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him, that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk River,) of about 5000 acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark—'Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again; you dream too hard for me.'—The above tract of land is called to this hour, Sir William's Dreaming land.

A PERSON being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, answered, 'How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in the *dead* languages.'

A GOOD TURN OFF.—William IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to 'take away that marine there,' pointing to an empty bottle. 'Your Majesty?' inquired a colonel of Marines, 'Do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?' 'Yes,' replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him; 'I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again.'

ANALIZATION!

May we not only analize, but purify our minds.
May we analize our own faults before we examine our neighbours.
In analizing amusement may we throw away folly.

What are mortals made of?—
By analization I've tried all the nation,
Defined each gradation, and proved every station,
With Sir Humphrey's best new chemical test,
And found what mortals are made of!

What are our dandies made of?—
Of whiskers and snuff, of padding and puff—
A glass to the eye when a pretty girl's nigh—
Sham collar, false calves, and hair,
Stays tight-laced—a head like a bear,—
And such are our dandies made of!

What are our fiddlers made of?
Of crotchets and quavers and great people's favours;
Catgut to teaze—horsehair to please,
Gamut and rosin, airs and fine graces,
Flats and sharps, and lots of grimaces,
And such are our fiddlers made of!

What are our doctors made of?
A fee and a cane, "must visit again,"
Rhubarb and manna—ipecacuanha:
Powders, draughts, lotions, and pills,
Patients, pulses, and precious long bills;—
And such are our doctors made of!

What are old bachelors made of?—
Of bread and cheese, and very weak knees;
Drivelling nose—rheumatic in toes;
Hoarded riches, and landed estate,
Worn-out smalls, and a very bald pate;
And such are old bachelors made of!

What are our soldiers made of?—
Scarlet and lace, and a brazen face;
Pipe-clay and drill, the foeman to kill;
Alehouse scores, trumpets and drams,
Oaths and scars, and bullets and bombs;
And such are our soldiers made of!

What are our sailors made of?—
Of pitch and tar, pigtail and soar;
Powder and smoke, and hearts of oak;
Lots of prize-money, and cash galore,
A fiddler, grog, and sweethearts on shore;
And such are our sailors made of!

What are young ladies made of!—
Of concerts and dances—sanctified glances;
Dresses and bonnets—ribbons and sonnets;
Boarding-school graces—flounces and laces,
And sweet pretty faces, when kept in their places,
And such are young ladies made of!

What are our actors made of?
Of masquerade speeches, and other men's breeches;
Ranting and raillery, box, pit, and gallery;
Plenty of friends on a benefit night,
And lots of applause whene'er they act right!—
And such are our actors made of!

'I WISH to know if you called me an ass?' 'I did, sir, but I qualified it.' 'You qualified it, did you? so much the better for you, sir; but pray how did you qualify it?' 'I said you were an ass, sir, all but the ears.'

THE PARISH CLERK AND THE PEDAGOGUE.—A parish clerk overheard a schoolmaster giving lessons in grammar. 'You cannot place *a*, the singular article,' said the preceptor, 'before plural nouns. No one can say *a* pigs, *a* women, a—' 'Nonsense!' cried the clerk; 'the prayer-book knows better than you, I should think; and doesn't it teach me to say every Sunday, *a*-men?'

'PLEASE, sir,' said a little boy to a milk vendor, 'mamma says she don't like to buy milk of you.' 'Why not? don't I give you good measure?' 'Yes sir; but mamma says you feed your cows on such watery turnips!'

THE REVENGE OF AN INDIAN BROTHER.

An Indian, known as the Iotan, was despoiled of his nose in the following manner:—Several Otoe Indians, by dint of paying fifty times their value, had become possessed of a number of kegs of whiskey. As this was rather a rarity, a council was called, and a general carousal of the male portion of the village resolved upon. The females were excluded, it being deemed necessary that they should remain sober, to excercise a conjugal care over their husbands, when so inebriated as to be unable to take care of themselves. In the meantime, a person was appointed as guard, whose business it was to keep watch over the liquor, and drive off all interlopers who might be inclined to test its quality before the time appointed. After three long, and to them lingering days, the time came round; and at the appointed hour not a soul was behind-hand. The signal was given, and the revel commenced. As the liquor began to work upon the passions of the drunken revellers, they all grew furious. They howled, yelled, and also fought. The females fled from the building. All weapons had been removed beforehand; for they knew their own ungovernable nature when under the influence of liquor, and therefore had taken precautions to prevent the occurrence of mischief. But when the whiskey commenced its work, the savage was changed to a demon, and the lodge resounded with their screams and howlings: there was a hell within its bosom. The giant warrior fixed his gripe upon the trembling frame of the aged; brother smote brother; friends fought with bitter fury; and the weak and decripit were trampled under foot. It was in this stage of the riot that the Iotan and his brother had a furious scuffle. They grappled and rolled upon the ground. In the frenzy of strife and intoxication, his brother bit off the end of his nose, and instantly extricating himself, rushed out of the lodge. The Iotan was perfectly sobered: he paused for a moment, looking intently on the fire, without uttering a word; then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building, and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life; 'To-night,' said he, 'I will go to my lodge and sleep; if I can forgive you when the sun rises, you are safe; if not, you die.' He kept his word; he slept upon his purpose; but sleep brought not mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had resolved upon his death, that there was no further hope for him; at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should. His brother received the message, and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge, and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring, his brother was watchful, and

kept out of his way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action, He laid in wait for him in the forest, crouching, like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day, while seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious footstep. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it, and gazed cautiously around. The Iotan recognized his brother instantly. His careworn face and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsatiated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking place, and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed, but met his fiery look with calmness and without flinching. 'Ha! Ha! brother,' cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, 'I have followed you long, in vain—now I have you—you must die.' The other made no reply, but throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart. His revenge was gratified, but from that hour a change came over him. He became gloomy and morose; shunned the society of his fellow-men, and roamed the woods, where he was nearly driven to suicide by the workings of his feelings, and the phantasies of his brain. It was not until many years had elapsed, that he recovered from the deep anguish caused by this unnatural act of vengeance.

LIGHT BE AROUND THEE.

May the excitement of the world never corrupt the heart.
May personal enjoyment never make us forget those who depend on us for peace
May our wishes be for the happiness of those we love, and our actions secure it.

Light be around thee, Hope be thy guide,
Gay be thy bark, and smooth be the tide,
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wonderings done.
Bright be the earth, may the eyes you love best,
Greet the long absent again to his rest,
Be thy life like sweet music that floateth away
Or the breeze ling'ring o'er the rose-tree in May.

But still whilst thy moments in melody roll,
Be one sad remembrance left on thy soul;
Be the song of the ev'ning thrice sweet on thine ear,
Then think how thy twilights were pass'd away here.
And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be,
Soft as the winds of Autumn to thee;
One faint recollection, one best sigh of thine,
May be granted to love so devoted as thine.

PUNCTUALITY.

One of the most notable instances which at present occurs to our memory of a high possession of this quality was found in a Mr Scott, of Exeter, who twenty years ago continued to travel in a commercial capacity till his eightieth year. An anecdote illustrative of this we have heard told in the following manner:

For a long series of years, the proprietor of every inn he frequented in Devon and Cornwall knew the day and the very hour he would arrive. On one occasion, a gentleman, who was travelling through Cornwall, stopped at a small inn, at Port Isaac, to dine. The waiter immediately presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of; but observing a fine duck roasting, 'I'll have that,' said the traveller. 'You cannot, sir,' replied the landlord; 'it is for Mr. Scott of Exeter.' I know Mr. Scott very well,' rejoined the gentleman; 'he is not in your house.' 'True, sir,' said the landlord; 'but six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock.' And to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman, on his Rosinante, jogging into the inn-yard about five minutes before the appointed time!

LAST WORDS AT PARTING.

Her last words at parting, how can I forget?
Deep treasur'd, through life, in my heart they shall stay,
Like music, whose charms in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
Let Fortune assail me—her threat'nings are vain:
These still-breathing words shall my talisman be—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well though the Pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasur'd supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.
So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."

Thomas Moore.

'SHALL I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise,' said a gentleman. 'No,' said one of his guests, 'cut it bridlewise, for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth.'

THE CONFESSION.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
  There's somewhat on my breast?
The livelong day I sigh, father,
  At night I cannot rest;
I cannot take my rest, father,
  Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
  This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
  Nor lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad and fair to see,
  My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are leal and true, father,
  They mourn to see my grief;
But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
  Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
  'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flutterers swarm around,
  I know her constant mind.
'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
  That chills my labouring breast—
It's that confounded cucumber
  I've ate and can't digest;

PERSEVERANCE ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

One of the most extraordinary and the best attested instances of enthusiasm, existing in conjunction with perseverance, is related of the founder of the F—— family. This man, who was a fiddler, living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labour and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron, necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called splitting, in works called splitting-mills, was first made in Sweden; and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. F—, the fiddler, was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting bars of iron was accomplished; and, without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron-foundries, where he,

after a time, became a universal favourite with the workmen ; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence, or anything like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and, having stored his memory with observations, and all the combinations, he disappeared from among his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew whence or whither. On his return to England, he communicated his voyage and its result to Mr. Knight and another person in the neighbourhood, with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected, and machinery provided. When at length everything was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. F—— disappeared again ; it was judged that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so; again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was received most joyfully, and, to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very aim and end of his life attained, beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made drawings, or rude tracings; and having abided an ample time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience enriched himself and greatly benefited his countrymen.

MATRIMONIAL SWEETS.

May matrimonial jars never end in a dissolution of partnership.
Bear and Forbear.
May matrimony teach patience where the bosom has to be learnt.

He. Do cease your clack and hold your tongue,
You're always teazing, squalling, bawling—
She. You're always quarrelling all day long,
And ugly names are calling.
He. You know you near can be at peace—
She. Now pray do let your passion cease;
He. You're never quiet,—
She. I deny it!
He. Madam, you'll my rage increase,
She. O dear! O dear! 'tis the plague of my life,
That ever I became your wife,
He. O dear, O dear, &c.

He. You know your always gadding about,
Dancing, walking, chatting, talking,—
She. You know from morn till night you're out
With other ladies walking.
He. You know you're always after fellows—
She. 'Tis only you're so very jealous—
He. You'll own you do it—
She. Oh, you shall rue it!
He. We're a happy pair, so people tell us,
Both. O dear, O dear, &c.

He. You'll own your temper's very bad,
Looks so flouting, always pouting—
She. Your's is enough to drive one mad,
Suspicious, jealous, doubting.
He. You know my passion don't remain,
She. But soon as off begins again,
He. Oh! how vexing!
She. How perplexing!
He. You'll put me in a rage again—
Both. O dear, O dear, &c.

He. Madam, we had better part
Than be living constant dinning—
She. Oh, I'll agree with all my heart,
Let's be the task beginning,
He. I hereby bid a last adieu—
She. And now I take a final view—
He. North—
She. South—
He. East—
She. West—
He. Take which corner you like best.
He. O dear, O dear, I now (for life)
Am rid of my tormenting wife,
She. O dear, O dear, I now (for life)
Forsake the office of a wife.

[Spoken.] Well then Madam, as you are determined to go, good bye.—Good bye, sir!—You'll recollect, madam, 'tis all your own fault.—I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault; I say 'tis *your's*, sir!—Zounds, madam! I say, 'tis your's—You know I never was in a passion!

He. My dearest love, don't leave me so,
Without measure you're my pleasure—
She. You know, my love, I could not go,
For you're my darling treasure.
He. Then for the future let's agree,
She. And live in sweetest harmony.

He. Nor let to-morrow,
She. Bring forth sorrow,
He. To crush our sweet felicity,
She. O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my life,
That ever I became your wife!
He. O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my life,
That ever you became my wife!

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

IN one of the battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after a long silence, thus offered him consolation: 'My friend, whoever you are, remember, that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away.'

CHARLES XII, King of Sweden, was riding near Leipsic, when a peasant came and knelt before him to request justice from a grenadier, who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. 'Is it true,' said he, with a stern countenance, 'that you have robbed this man?'—'Sire,' said the soldier, 'I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done my master; you have taken from him a *kingdom*, and I have taken only a *turkey* from this fellow.' The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his *bon mot*, saying to him, 'Remember, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for *myself*.'

COLONEL KEMYSS, of the 40th regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. 'Take him,' said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, 'take the man and leave him in the waters of the Gnadiana.' After some time, the corporal returned. 'What have you done with the man I sent with you?' inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of the cap —'Sure an't plaise y'r honour, and din't y'r honour tell me to *lave* him in the river? and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r honour's orders.' The bystanders, and even the colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the facetious mistake of the honest corporal, who looked innocence itself and wondered what there could be to laugh at.

AN old colonel, who used to be invited with us to dine at Luna's house, (says Mr. Hardy,) had such a propensity to laughter, that,

after having once yielded to its influence, he could not restrain himself as long as any thing remained to excite it. I used to make him burst into a horse-laugh whenever I chose, only by winking at him ridiculously. Upon one occasion, when a great number of persons were assembled at table, a fancy came across me to try whether a grin and an odd remark would have the same effect upon him in company. It answered marvellously well. He could not restrain a burst of laughter, which rather startled the rest of the party; to whom, however, I managed to convey a hint, and they immediately entered into the spirit of the joke. Each in his turn, told some extraordinary anecdote, or made some odd remark, at which the colonel burst out anew, till at last his laughter became alarming. The consequence was that he did not swallow one mouthful during dinner; for, no sooner did he attempt to introduce a bit of food into his odd mouth, which even then was distorted by a suppressed grin, than some one made a laughable observation, which again excited the poor man's risible propensity, and the meat was suffered to return to his plate untasted. He afterwards complained that, in addition to his having lost his dinner, his sides were quite sore with the exertion.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.

I never peruse a newspaper,
But what I am daily annoyed,
With that doctor's advertisement caper,
Headed 'what to eat, drink, and avoid.'
It's all gammon and quack imposition,
And as times are so so, I'll agree
To be your own stomach's physician,
Without charging the regular fee.
Don't imagine I'm going to sell you,
I like to see victuals enjoy'd—
So listen to me while I tell you,
What to eat, drink, and avoid.

Avoid eating mince pies with mustard—
If you do it you ought to be kick'd—
Don't turn up your nose at a custard,
To seize on a bone that's been pick'd.
Avoid alamode beef—it's true, sirs—
(I'm not one that's given to fibs,)
They introduce bushels of glue, sirs,
To make it well stick to your ribs!

Avoid drinking table beer swizzle,
Rather of gin take a dram—
After *real pain* never grizzle,
While you can get lots of *cham*—

At dinner don't mind it a button,
If your wife should be snappish or cross—
Help yourself to the lamb, my young mutton,
And civilly hand her the sauce.

Don't cry after cold toast and water,
While you can get crusted port—
Prefer a long draught of mild porter,
To a black draught, though ever so short.
Put chicken and ham in your tupper,
'Cause, my ducky, it am werry light—
Avoid eating pork for your supper,
Or you'll have the Lord May'r in the night.

Sausages don't eat—remember
The man that was chopp'd up so small,
In his sausage machine—one December,
Boots, toggery, buttons and all.
Never buy pies for your babbies,
Or yourself in the street, Mrs. Jones,
For a great many bow-wows and tabbies,
Have lately been smugg'd from their homes.

When you're eating a basket of peaches,
Avoid ever bolting the stones—
After fish, flesh, or fowl, I beseeches
You never to swallow the bones.
Avoid cracking filberts by dark—now
I'd bet you a shilling to ten!
If you crack a fat maggot, my spark, now,
You wouldn't be nutts on it then.

Eat roast beef, my jolly first-raters,
But avoid, if you're fond of good feed,
The new Buckland starch from *queer taturs*,
Or you'll soon be a *stiff'un* indeed.
Avoid taking water and Curry,
To *pinch* your inside—(foolish elf)—
Let the *Jockey* of Norfolk and Surrey,
The experiment try on *himself*.

Avoid eating sprats, while you're able
To dine off a turkey or duck—
When asparagus graces your table,
Remember which end you should suck.
Keep continually eating and drinking,
And don't even stop to take breath,
And in spite of your doctors, I'm thinking,
You'll live to the day of your death.

HANDEL.—At the coronation of George II., the Bishops having selected the words for the anthem, sent them, for composition, to Handel, who returned them, observing, that he read his bible, and could choose a subject for himself. He fixed on the lines—'My heart is inditing a good matter.' It was a remark of Mrs. Cibber, the actress, justified by the fact, that with the hand of a giant, he had the finger of a child: his knuckles were concave, and dimpled as those of an infant; but his touch was so smooth and imperceptible, that his fingers seemed to grow to the instrument. He had a favourite Rucker harpsichord, the keys of which, by incessant practice, were hollowed like the bowl of a spoon.

THE first pair of buckskin breeches seen in the South Sea Islands were so little understood, that the natives stuffed them with seaweed, and had them 'biled' for dinner. Genteel diet for a small tea-party that!

ALDERMAN BANGS remarked to his wife one day—'I can't imagine why my whiskers turn grey so much sooner than the hair on my head.' 'Oh, la,' said Mrs. Bangs, 'it is because you have worked so much harder with your jaws than your brains.'

TRUE NOBILITY.—A noble saying is recorded of a member of our British House of Commons, who by his own industry and perseverance had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of the Aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying, 'I remember when you blacked my father's boots.' 'Well, sir,' was the noble response. '*Did I not do it well?*'

At the storming of Badajoz, in April 1812, one of our officers got a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck: and though after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it, looking over the right shoulder. At the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry,) he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again!—*Kincaird's Random Shots.*—The narrator adds: 'This is an anecdote which I should scarcely have dared to relate were it not that, independent of my personal knowledge of the facts, the hero of it still lives to speak for himself, residing on his property, in Nottingshire.

PRICE OF A WATCH.—During the war, (1796,) a sailor went to Mr. MacLaren, a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. Mr. MacLaren, after examining it, said, 'It will be more expense repairing than its original cost.'—'I don't mind that,' said the tar: 'I will even give you double the original cost: for I have a veneration for the watch.'—'What might you have given for it?' said the watchmaker,—'Why,' replied the tar, 'I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you *two*.'

ADVENTURE OF AN OFFICER IN ITALY.

A British officer travelling in Italy, arrived one evening at a small village, much fatigued and in need of refreshment. Applying for it at the door of a *capanna*, provisions were set before him and a bed prepared for the exhausted wanderer, for which hospitalities he paid little or nothing. Next day, his host offered to put him in the right road to the place he next intended to visit; and, during their walk, the officer asked him several questions respecting the state of Italy, Italian towns, Italian government and police, &c., concluding by inquiring the profession of his guide, and how he maintained himself and family:—'Signor,' replied the man, '*Sono rubatore—bandito*'—and he plucked from his vest a concealed stiletto, advising the astonished traveller to hasten forwards, lest he should meet with *ladri* less honourable than himself; assuring him, however, that all who confided in him for protection and kindness, were safe, and certain of receiving it.

THE SOLDIER'S BOUQUET.

A few years since, a young officer in a Maltese regiment, who had but lately entered the service, and was not much accustomed to the smell of gunpowder, appeared one morning on parade with a rose in his button-hole, with the fine perfume of which he ever and anon regaled his olfactory nerves. Upon observing this, his commanding officer, Count G——, a veteran who had seen much service, ran up to the young man, tore the rose from his bosom, and trampled it under foot, exclaiming, as he broke one of the soldier's cartridges under his chin, and actually thrust the powder into his nostrils,—That, sir, is the only *bouquet* for a soldier!'

Mighty Hard.—A Ministerial acquaintance of ours, who had lost his wife, and become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage, 'Use this world as not abusing it,' &c. In the course of his remarks, he took occasion to mention some thing, which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In this category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, 'A man may do without a wife,' when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying, in the simplicity of his heart, 'but its mighty hard.'

Love and Hope.—Love and hope are both rascals. I don't pity any folks that is cheated by hope, it sarves 'em right, for all natur is agin hope. 'Good and evil seldom come where they are expected.' We hante no right to rely on any body but on providence and ourselves.—*Sam Slick.*

SIAMESE SOUP.

Quin, in his old age, became a great gourmand; and, among other things, invented a composition which he called his *Siamese Soup*, pretending that its ingredients were principally from the East. The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The *rage* at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the receipt, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the *Siamese Soup.* His female friends Quin was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was, accordingly, projected by a dozen *bon vivants* of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters: abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to his enjoyments. At length, he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the receipt before they departed—an invitation which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and, when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as *Siamese Soup.* The company were in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the

receipt. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off, and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither he nor they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well, then, gentlemen,' said he, 'in the first place, take an old pair of boots—'—'What! an old pair of boots!'—'The older the better.'—(They stared at each other.)—'Cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water—(they hesitated)—chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water.'—'Why, Quin,' they simultaneously exclaimed, 'you do not mean to say that the soup we have been drinking was made of old boots?'—'I do, gentlemen,' he replied, 'my cook will assure you she chopped them up.' They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient; in an instant horror was depicted in each countenance.

Swift had some whimsical contrivances to punish his servants for disobedience of orders. The hiring of his maid-servants he left to his house-keeper, and that form being over, he acquainted them that he had but two commands to give them—one, to shut the door whenever they came into a room; the other, to shut the door whenever they went out of a room. One of these maid-servants requested permission of the dean to go to her sister's wedding, which was to take place about ten miles' distance from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but lent the servant one of his horses, and directed that a man-servant should ride before her. The maid, in her joy at this favour, forgot to shut the door when she left the dean's room. About a quarter of an hour after she had left the house, Swift ordered a servant to saddle another horse, to overtake the maid and her escort, and oblige them to return immediately. This was done, and the girl went into the dean's presence with the most mortified countenance, and begged to know his honour's commands. "Only to shut the door after you," was the reply. Not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted the girl to resume her journey.

A MATRON dwelling on the banks of the Tees, when under cross-examination as a witness at the Durham assizes, turned up her nose at the insinuation that *her* daughter was inclined to wed a widower. 'Very likely, indeed,' said she, with a toss of the head, 'that *her* daughter should marry a *second-hand man*.'

No Respecter of Persons.—A correspondent of the *New York Knickerbocker* says: 'After the passengers had retired to their berths, on board the *Hendrich Hudson*, the following dialogue ensued in the ladies' cabin, of which the door was left partly open for air. A rheumatic lady and an asthmatic old lady could not each be satisfied with reference to the door. They kept singing out in alternate strains from their night caps: the rheumatic, 'Chambermaid, *shut* that door—I shall die!' the asthmatic, 'Chambermaid, *open* that door—I shall die!' So the contention went on for some time, and the yellow maid, with a bandanna handkerchief on her head, was fairly flustrated. At last an old gentleman, who was disturbed by the altercation, sung out from his own berth—'Chambermaid, for heaven's sake open that door, and kill one of those ladies, and then shut it, and kill t'other.'

A gent, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed, 'Make them cover the calf.' 'Heaven!' exclaimed the astounded artist, surveying his customer from head to foot, 'I have not got leather enough.'

Generosity. A gentleman praising the generosity of a friend, observed: 'He spends his money like water!' 'Then of course he liquidates his debts!' rejoined a wag.

Quaker Humour.—When the Prison Association of New York petitioned to be incorporated, Hopper went to Albany on business therewith connected. He was then a stranger at the seat of government, though they afterwards came to know him well. When he was seated in the senate chamber, a man came to him and told him to take off his hat. He replied, 'I would rather not; I am accustomed to keep it on.' 'But it is contrary to the rules,' rejoined the officer. 'I am ordered to turn out any man who refuses to uncover his head.'—The Quaker quietly responded, 'Very well, friend, obey thy orders.'—'Then, will you please to walk out, sir?' said the officer.—'No,' replied friend Hopper. 'Didst thou not tell me thou wert ordered to turn me out? Dost thou suppose I am going to do thy duty for thee?'—The officer looked embarrassed, and said, half smiling, 'But how am I to get you out?'—'Carry me out, to be sure,' replied friend Hopper; 'I see no other way.' The officer went and whispered to the speaker, who glanced at the noble-looking old gentleman, and advised that he should be let alone.

IMPORTANT FROM THE GOLD REGIONS.

Sackrymento Diggins, Oct. 20th, 1848.

To Tim Flaherty:—Arrah thin, Tim, as soon as you read this bit of a note come out at wonst. Rite forenenst me where I sit composing this letther there's a fortune to be got for the mere sifthing. The sands is all goold powder. Och! if you could only see how beautiful it shines in the sun. An' thin the depth of it. It goes clane down to the centre ov the world. The mountains, Tim, has vains, and ivvery vain is full of the circulatin' majium. Wouldn't you like to bleed them vains, ould boy? We've no horses here, 'cepting mules, and as soon as one ov the boys gets a load he puts it on the back ov the donkey and carries it to the *ass sayers*. The ass sayers, ye see, is the jintlemen as informs ye whether the goold's the rale stuff, or only iron pitaties. You see there's a desavin' kind o' goold they call pitaties. It's an invenshun ov the ould sarpint, and iv you put it in the fire it vanishes in a thick shmoke wid an enfarnel smell ov sulfir. Heaven be about us!

It's a fine healthy rejin is the Sackrymento. There's no disease 'cept the shaking ager; and the fits come on first rate whin there's any sifthing to be done. As soon as one o' the boys gets the shake on him he just puts the sifther in his fists, and he'll make a small fortin afore the trimble's off ov him.

We're all rale demmicrats out here, Tim. While I'm writing ov this letther on the side ov my hat—bad luck to the crown there's to it—I can see one of the captins ov the New York melisha washing the goold in the Sacrymento with hardly a rag on him, savin' your presence. Even the mishinaries dig like bogthrotters all the week, and deliver mighty improvin' discoorses to the haythen on the unrighteousness of mammon on a Sunday. The Injuns is incensed in this way wid the sinfulness of riches, and sells it chape to save their sowls.

Remember me to Biddy, the darlin', an' tell her if she'll put on the jacket and throusers, she can make hapes of money here, for she knows how to use a spade, an' it's easier diggin' the goold than cutting turf in Kilkenny. But she'd better not be afther comin' in her natural duds, for the site ov a pettycoat might breed a 'ruction in the sittlement.

Intendin' to address you agin shortly on the state of picayunary affairs in this country.

I remain, yer affeckshynit couzen,

Terrence Mahony.

Barnum being asked one day the secret of his success, simply laughed and said, 'Printer's ink.'

THE COW AND CALF.—A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at a country tavern, thus asked for it: 'Landlady, please pass your cow this way;' To whom the lady thus retorted; 'Waiter, take the cow down there where the calf is bleating!

GENERAL MEADOWS being on a reconnoitring party in the Mysore country, a large shot struck the ground at some distance from him, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling of his hat, as the shot rolled past, good humouredly said, 'I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with gentlemen of your family.'

WHEN Sir Thomas Lawrence painted the portrait of the Right Hon J. W. Croker, Canning remarked to Peel that Sir Thomas had 'caught the very quiver of Croker's lip.' 'He has,' truly, said Peel, 'and it is well for him to have missed the venom of its arrows."

THE man who thinks he can talk a girl out of love, has gone South to stop the Mississippi with a chip.

FINDING FAULT WITH HIS OWN WORK.—Amusing himself one evening in shopping, Haydn entered a music-seller's shop in London, and inquired of the proprietor if he had any select and beautiful music, 'Certainly,' replied the man; 'I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's.' 'Oh,' returned Hadyn, 'I'll have nothing to do with that.' 'What; sir,' said the music-seller, overwhelmed nearly with disgust; 'you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music; And, pray, what fault have *you* to find with it? 'Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other.' The shopkeeper, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Haydn, replied—'No, sir, 'I have music, it is true, but not for such as you.' He then turned his back upon his customer. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humour, turned round at the name. 'Haydn;' exclaimed he, addressing the person who had just entered the shop: 'Haydn;—ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's work.' The Englishman laughed; an explanation took place, and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

WHILE the celebrated Major Colthurst was dining in a tavern at Cork, a squire, who had arrived at the acme of drunken pre-eminence, challenged every one in the room, exclaiming, 'He would fight any one in the room; of none was he apprehensive.' The major, regardless of this bombastic ebullition, addressing him, said, 'By your own account, sir, you are a man of spirit, and men of spirit seldom fight any person but their match.' 'Undoubtedly!' exclaimed the squire. 'Then,' said the major, 'lose no time; fight seven duels in Ireland and five in England, shoot two or three men in each country, and get a wound in every limb of your body, and then return, and I will fight you, for then you will be my match; till then, I must esteem you a green lad. When you have done this, I will order a gross of bullets and two or three cases of pistols; we will begin early in the morning, and depend upon it we will have fighting enough.' This rebuke, gravely delivered, struck the squire dumb, and relieved the company from his very idle, preposterous bombast. The major was one of the most fashionable and well-bred men in Ireland; and when he had the misfortune of falling into a dispute, it was from a disposition to correct impertinence, rather than personal impropriety.

JOHN AND JOAN.

PETER PINDAR.

HAIL, wedded love! the bard thy beauty hails!
Though mix'd at times with cock and hen-like *sparrings*.
But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales*,
And dove-like peace much sweeter after *warrings*:

I've written—I forgot the page, indeed:
But folks may find it, if they choose to read—
'That marriage is too *sweet* without *some sour*—
Variety recommends a *flow'r*.

'Wedlock should be like *punch*, some sweet, some acid;
Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*.

'A picture that is all in *light*—
Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
No, let some darkness be displayed;
And learn to *balance* well with *shade*.'

John married Joan—they frown'd, they smil'd,
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid show'rs of love, now chilling *snows*;
Much like the seasons of the year;

Or like a brook now thick, now clear;
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.

One day they had a desperate quarrel,
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slily tapp'd by Joan;
For Joan, t' *oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was fudge;
And so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happen'd that John and Joan had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads:
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

'I'll have a *board* between us,' cried the *man*—
'With all *my* spirit, John,' replied the *wife*:
A *board* was plac'd according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted at her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
John's nose to sneeze—
'God bless you, dear!' quoth Joan at John's loud noise.

At this Joan gave a sudden start,
And popping o'er the edge, his head—
'Joan, did you say it from your *heart?*'
Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed!'
'You *did?*'—'Yes, John, upon my word'—
'Zounds, Joan, then take away the *board!*'

Thus it will be with you and Pitt again.
Love will beam forth, that ev'ry love surpasses;
The grocers be themselves, sweet temper'd *men*,
And souse him in a hogshead of mollasses.
Thus will contention take away the *bone*,
And you and Pitt kiss friends, like *John* and *Joan*.

Society is divided into two great parties—those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

JAW RELAXERS.

'It's all over with me!' as the pancake said, when it was turned.

An incorrigible old maid, living upon slender means, cut the acquaintance of a friend because he advised her to '*husband*' her resources.

An old gentleman, being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, 'An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin.'

Why are kisses like creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and all "very good."

'So far so good,' as the little boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

'I wonder (said a Scottish maiden) what my brother John sees in the lasses that he likes them sae well; for my part I wad na gie the company o' ae lad for twenty lasses.'

Beggar Woman: 'Please, sir, give me a penny to keep me from starving.'—*Gent:* 'Can't stop—in a great hurry—I've got to make a speech at the Society for the Relief of the Destitute.'

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied that 'scattering shot would hit the most birds.'

A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general? 'Not knowing, I can't tell,' was the reply; 'but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer.'

There is a Quaker in Philadelphia so upright that he won't sit down to his meals; and so downright in all his acts, that he never goes up stairs, but lodges on the basement.

A gentleman was awakened in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again, 'Oh, how grieved I shall be in the morning!'

An elderly miss was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day, 'I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardship, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but O, to live, and droop, and wither, and die like a single pink, I can't endure it, and what's more, I won't!'

Cross-examining a Witness.—A barrister tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked, 'I think, Sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry.'

A Train of Thought.—An ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was *non-plussed* to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head quite bald, he ejaculated—'Tey musht pe iron clamps, to keep der ertquakes from preaking up der road.'

Simple Science.—Juvenile: Papa, I've spilt the butter all over the new table-cover.—Papa: Rub the soiled portion briskly with some woollen fabric my dear.—Juvenile: But what good will that do, papa?—Papa (clearing his throat): Why, friction generates caloric, which volatises the oleaginous particles of the stearine matter.

It is one of the choicest friends (says the *Knickerbocker*) who writes us as follows: 'How are you? I came to town on Saturday. A nigger sat next to me in the cars—a pretty spruce gentlemanly 'Pancko' as 'ever you see.' The sun shining directly through the window, I was forced to lean away from him, like the leaning tower of Pisa. At last he took umbrage. Said he, looking very black in the face, 'Is my presence disagreeable to you?' 'Not at all,' said I; 'I was getting out of the *sun*, not out of the *shade*.' He said that 'altered the case very much.'"

Division of Labour.—A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chesnuts. Dominie was about to administer *ex-cathedra* a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice: '*You* mind your preaching, daddy, and *I'll* keep 'em awake.'

There is a place in New Hampshire where they have never any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together, and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

Stuttering.—Why are people who stutter unsafe to rely on? Because they're always *breaking their word*.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Dr. Busby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted, in a coffee room by an Irish baronet of colossal height. 'May I pass to my seat, O Giant?' When the Doctor, politely making way, replied, 'Yes, O Pigmy!' 'Oh, sir,' said the baronet, 'my expression referred to the size of your intellect.' 'And my expression, sir, to the size of yours,' said the Doctor.

THE Deseret News (Mormonite) has the following story. 'A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, 'Why do you follow me?'—He answered, 'Because I have fallen in love with you.'—The woman said, 'Why are you in love with me?—My sister is much handsomer than I! she is coming after me, go and make love to her.'—The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said, 'Why did you tell a story?'—The woman answered, 'Neither did you speak the truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?—The man was confounded.' We should rather think he was.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

MRS. CORNEY, hurrying into the room, threw herself in a breathless state on a chair by the fire-side, and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

'Mrs. Corney,' said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, 'what is this, ma'am? has any thing happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on—' Mr. Bumble in his alarm could not immediately think of the word 'tenterhooks,' so he said, 'broken bottles.'

'Oh, Mr. Bumble!' cried the lady, 'I have been so dreadfully put out!'

'Put out, ma'am!' exclaimed Mr. Bumble; 'who has dared to—? I know!' said Mr. Bumble, checking himself with native majesty, 'this is them wicious paupers!'

'It's dreadful to think of!' said the lady, shuddering.

'Then *don't* think of it, ma'am,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

'I can't help it,' whimpered the lady.

'Then take something, ma'am,' said Mr. Bumble, soothingly. 'A little of the wine.'

'Not for the world!' replied Mrs. Corney. 'I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner—oh!' Uttering these words, the good lady pointed distractedly to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet, and

snatching a pint green glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

'I'm better now,' said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

'Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness, and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

'Peppermint,' exclaimed Mrs. Corney in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. 'Try it, there's a little—a little something else in it.'

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips, took another taste, and put the cup down empty.

'It's very comforting,' said Mrs. Corney.

'Very much so, indeed, ma'am,' said the beadle. As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

'Nothing,' replied Mrs. Corney. 'I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur.'

'Not weak, madam,' retorted Mr. Bumble, drawing his chair a little closer. 'Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?'

'We are all weak creeturs,' said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principal.

'So we are,' said the beedle.

Nothing was said on either side for a minute or two afterwards; and by the expiration of that time Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apronstring, round which it gradually became entwined.

'We are all weak creeturs,' said Mr. Bumble,

Mrs. Corney sighed.

'Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney,' said Mr. Bumble.

'I can't help it,' said Mrs. Corney; and she sighed again.

'This is a very comfortable room, ma'am,' said Mr. Bumble, looking round. 'Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing.'

'It would be too much for one,' murmured the lady.

'But not for two, ma'am,' rejoined Mr. Bumble in soft accents. 'Eh, Mrs. Corney?'

Mrs. Corney drooped her head when the beadle said this, and the beadle drooped his to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney with great propriety turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief, but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

'The board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?' affectionately inquired the beadle, pressing her hand.

'And candles,' replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

'Coals, candles, and house-rent free,' said Mr. Bumble. 'Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a angel you are!'

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into

Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

'Such parochial perfection!' exclaimed Mr. Bumble, rapturously 'You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinator?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

'He can't live a week, the doctor says,' pursued Mr. Bumble. 'He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a wacancy; that wacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeeping.'

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

'The little word?' said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. 'The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?'

'Ye—ye—yes!' sighed out the matron.

'One more,' pursued the beadle; 'compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?'

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak, and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck.'

Matters being thus amicably and satisfactorily arranged, the contract was solemnly ratified in another tea-cup-full of the peppermint mixture, which was rendered the more necessary by the flutter and agitation of the lady's spirits.

Singular Sagacity of a Wasp.—A wasp had caught a fly almost as big as herself, with which she attempted in vain to rise in the air. Concluding that the weight of her prey was the impediment, she alighted, and sawed off the head and tail before she again took to flight. The weight was now no obstacle to her progress, but she had not calculated upon the wind catching the wings of her victim, and thus retarding her; which however, she no sooner observed to be the case, than she again alighted, and, having deliberately removed first the one wing and then the other, carried it off triumphantly to her nest.

The Two Fools.—In a fashionable city of the West of England, there were two idiots; one, belonging to a family of note, held himself much superior to the other, who was of low degree. One day they met in the street, when the aristocratic idiot exclaimed, 'to the other:—'Lezer! Lezer! you are a fool!' 'I know I am a fool,' answered Eleazer, drawing in his hanging tongue; 'but, Philemon, you are a fool, and don't know it.' Philemon belonged to an extensive genus.

'WOTEVER is, is right, as the young nobleman sweetly remarked ven they put him down in the pension list 'cos his mother's uncle's vife's grandfather vunce lit the king's pipe with a portable tinder box.'

ALMANACKS.—The following anecdote serves to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinize the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried (at the Old Bailey if I remember rightly) for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying, he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright, moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man, so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon; it was during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the bench,—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated every thing truly; and it was known afterwards that the almanack with which the council came provided, had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

In Peter Hopkin's time, the clogg was still found in farm-houses. He remembered when a countryman had walked to the nearest large town, thirty miles distant, for the express purpose of seeing an almanack, the first that had been heard of in those parts. His inquiring neighbours crowded round the man on his return. 'Well —well,' said he, 'I know not! it maffles and talks. But all I could make out is, that Collop Monday falls on a Tuesday next year.'

SINGULAR WILL.—An inhabitant of Montgaillard left the following testament:—'It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor any house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial, the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets.' This will create the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

TIT FOR TAT.—'One day,' said a farmer, 'just before harvest, I met a fashionable gentleman with a large handful of ears of wheat taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it.' I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me he always liked to take a good sample home, as it amused the ladies. Upon this, noticing with admiration the beauty of his dress-coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so, and I quietly took out my pen-knife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman bounced and swore, but I told him I always took samples of cloth, as I found they greatly interested my wife. I added, that he had no more right to take my wheat than I had his coat, and that I wished the public to be impressed with this truth; for when thousands of people visited one's fields, and each took away some ears, the losses annually were very great.'

LAURA Bridgman, who is deaf and dumb and blind, keeps a diary. In one of her recent entries, she refers to her devoted friend, Miss Sarah White. 'I had,' she writes, 'a very pleasant day. I have been very hilarious. My mind is very full of drollery and mirthfulness. I wish that my dear teacher would have a little share of my mirthfulness. She does not like fun as well as I do. I love fun so much.'

TAKING CARE OF NO. 1.—A negro having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest particular anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he wittily observed, 'Hat belong to me —head belong massa.'

COLERIDGE ON HORSEBACK.—Coleridge was a remarkable awkward horse-man, so much so as generally to attract notice. He was once riding along the turnpike-road in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.—'I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?'—'Yes,' replied Mr. C., who was never at loss for a rejoinder, 'I did; and he told me, if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose*!' The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

All matrimonial men, who would dwell on wedlock's miseries;
Prepare to hear a few remarks, and profit by the quizzeries:
Remember all I sing or say, while at ease at home you daudle;
On the legacy left, Lectures compos'd by Mistress CAUDLE.
'*Do go to sleep, ma'am*?—Well, indeed, I must confess I never—
My very flesh begins to creep—no doubt you're monstrous clever:
A pretty time of night, I'm sure,—with grief I'm getting thinner,
Tho' in ev'ry way I try to save, yet you'll go out to dinner;
Yes, you'll subscribe to charities and lib'rally no doubt,
When the liquor's in such, people know that all the wit is out.—
'*Where's your Watch?*' Upon the mantel piece—I've sav'd it from
the wreck; look,
You've a family, and thank your stars, I took away your cheque book.
Each spouse attend,
For I'm your friend,
And right in my conjectures;
You'll own it just,
Improve you must,
By CAUDLE'S Curtain Lectures.

LECTURE II.

'*There that's enough*!—Pray what d'ye mean? Indeed it's no
such thing;
Your conduct 'tis but proper I should to your mem'ry bring—
'A button off your shirt,' forsooth—With rage how right to bristle
I will be heard—be quiet—folks don't come to bed to whistle.
Sir, threads and shirts will both wear out—You're wearing out my life,
A pretty thing to storm about—the years I've been your wife!
'*Yes*'—What d'ye mean by 'yes,' Sir? If a button's off you'll chatter,
But if you saw me all in rags, I'm sure it would'nt matter.

LECTURE III.

'*Was there ever such a woman?*' Now what do you mean by that
I'm not a '*Mermaid*,' but we'll wash to-morrow and that's flat,—
'Then you'll not dine at home'—Poor soul! You hate the soap and
steam,
They'll say your wife 'twas drove you out—the cause they little dream:
'*Put the washing out*,—Oh, yes! perhaps—A very likely story—
When a shilling ev'ry week is sav'd.—No, '*I'm not in my glory.*'—
'*A paltry shilling!*'—'*Comfort!*'—In a year it will amount—
But worry me and send me, do, to my last long account.

LECTURE IV.

'*No dinner, and no supper?*'—Was that any fault of mine?
Enough on that cold shoulder was for man and wife to dine;

You cannot blame me, I am sure, you can't be such a sinner,—
Was it I who ask'd you to invite six hungry men to dinner?
'*You might have had a supper, little trouble 'twas you gave!*'
The poor girl went to bed; she had work'd hard like a slave;—
But some folks have no conscience. '*No!*' now don't be so provoking—
You're getting, CAUDLE, quite a brute—I'm sure you've been smoking

LECTURE V.

'*Not gone eleven?*'—Yes it has: How can you put that face on?
Don't talk to me a pack of stuff.—So—you've been made a Mason;—
A pretty set, no doubt,—well regulated lives,—
It is very proper, very, to have secrets from their wives!
You'll have a latch-key!—yes, of course, as I've often said,
You'd like to come some night and find me murder'd in my bed!—
'*You are never after nine!*'—'*I'm a hedge-hog!*'—What d'ye mean?
Then here I must be troublesome.—O what a fool I've been!

LECTURE VI.

Well, how's your cough? Don't go to sleep—let's have a little talk,—
I know you're better, but I fear you've been too long awake,—
He coughs.] There, all my nursing's thrown away—Don't add to my distress,—
I've seen a charming satinet—Some people want a dress.
'*Don't bother!*'—CAUDLE, what a temper you have come to bed in'
Remember that to-morrow's th' anniversary of our wedding.
He snores.] Don't go to sleep—that snore!—you're vex'd—on me don't reek your spite out.
Wake up, my love—get up, my dear—and go and put the light out.
All those who've heard,
May take my word,
I'm right in my conjectures;
Come own it just,
Improve you must,
By MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURES.

EFFECTS OF ELOQUENCE.—A country clergyman, preaching a very dull sermon, set all his congregation asleep, except a poor fellow who was generally considered deficient in intellect. At length the reverend orator, looking round, exclaimed, 'What, all asleep but this poor idiot!'—'Ay,' quoth the fellow, 'and if I had not been an idiot I should have gone to sleep too.'

SPEEDY JUSTICE.—'Guilty, or not guilty?' asked a Dutch justice. 'Not guilty!' 'Den, what do you want here? Go about your pisiness!'

SCENE AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. About fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread grape at half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain and load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foeman lay, side by side, amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vine-dresser from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and the most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Suassgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death: but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of *Vive l' Empereur* were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of wo.

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND HIS FAMILY.

SEATED one day inside the Leeds Mail, a Yorkshireman came up and saluted the guard of the coach, with, 'I say Mr. guard, have you a gentleman for Lunnun in coach?' 'How should I know?' said the guard. 'Well,' said he, 'I am ganging about four miles whoam, and I'll gang inside if you please, and then I can find him out mysen.' On being admitted into the coach, when seated, he addressed himself to the gentleman opposite, and said, 'Pray Sir, arn't you for Lunnun?' 'Yes,' said the gentleman. 'Pray Sir, arn't you summut at singing line?' 'What makes you ask?' said the gentleman. 'I hope no *defence*,' said he, 'only, Sir, you mun know I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I wants to have a sort of a house warming; and, as we are very musical in our parts—I plays the fiddle at church mysen,

and my brother plays on a great long thing like a horse's leg painted, with a bit of brass crook stuck in the end, and puffs away like a pig in a fit; and as we have a vast of music meetings in our parts, I should like to open my mill with a *rory tory*, and wanted to ax you to come and sing at it.'

He then related a family anecdote:—you mun know, Sir, that my feyther died all on a sudden like, and never gave any body notice he wur going to die, but he left his family in complete *profusion;* and when I found he wur dead, as I wur the eldest son, I thought I'd a right to all the money. I told neighbour so, but he said, that tho' I wur the eldest son, I had no right to all the brass; but I said I wur not only the eldest, but that I wur the handsomest into the bargain, for you never seed five such ugly, carrotty-headed devils among any litter of pigs, as my five brothers and sisters. So when I found they wanted to diddle me out of my *intarnel* estate, I determined to take the law at the top of the regicides.' 'And you applied to counsel no doubt,' said the gentleman. 'Na, I didn't,' said he 'for I don't know him, I went to one Lawyer Lattitat and paid him six and eight-pence, all in good half-pence, and he wrote me down my *destructions*.' The gentleman read his destructions, as he called them, which were as follows:—'You must go to the Temple, apply to a Civilian, and tell him that your father has died intestate, or without a will, that he has left five children, all infantine, beside yourself; and that you wish to know if you can't be his executor.'—'Well, what did you do?' said the gentleman. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'I went to the Temple, and knock'd at the door, and the gentleman cum'd out himsen;' and I said, 'Pray sir, arn't you a *silly villain?* and he ax'd me if I cum'd to insult him; and I said, why yes, I partly cum'd on purpose: I cum'd to *insult* you to know what I am to do, for my feyther died *detested* and against his will, and left five young *infidels* beside mysen, and I am cum'd to know if I can't be his *executioner*.'

Looking after Business.—Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gate of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At this moment, a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said, 'Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would ——' 'My good man, don't trouble us now,' cried one of the officers; 'don't you see my friends are going to spit each other? We are not in a charitable humour.'—'It is not alms I ask for,' said the man; 'I am a poor carpenter with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins.' At these words, the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

DISTRIBUTION OF POETICAL JUSTICE.—The grandfather of Ben Abon, the present governor of Riff, when Caid of Tangier, made a great feast at the marriage of his daughter. One of his friends, Caid Mohammed Widden, observed a man in mean attire in the court, and ordered him out; and, he not obeying, pushed him so that he fell. That same night the keeper of an oven (there are no sellers of bread, every one makes his own bread at home and sends it to the oven) had barred his door and retired to rest, when some one knocked at the door. 'Who is there?' asked he. 'The Guest of God,' was the answer.* 'You are welcome,' said the oven-keeper; and he got up and unfastened the doors. Having nothing but remnants of the *koscoupoo* for his supper, and the piece of mat upon which he lay, he warmed the *koscoupoo* in the oven, and, after bringing water to wash his guest's hands, he set it before him. He afterwards conducted him to the mat, and himself lay on the bare ground. In the morning when he awoke, he found the door unbarred, and the poor man gone. 'He had business, and did not wish to disturb me; and he went away modestly, being ashamed of his poverty,' said the oven-keeper to himself. On taking up the mat, he found under it two doubloons. This made him afraid, and he put the money by, determining not to touch it, lest it had been forgotten, or lest the poor man had stolen it, and put it there to ruin him Some time afterwards an order came from Fez for Mohammed Widden and the baker to repair thither. They were both conducted to the place before the palace to await the Sultan's coming forth. When he appeared they were called before him. Addressing the first, he asked him if he recollected the feast at the marriage of the daughter of the Caid of Tangier, and a poor man whom he had pushed with his left hand, and kicked with his right foot. The Caid Mohammed knew whom he had thus treated, and trembled. The Sultan said—'The arm that struck me, and the leg that kicked me, are mine, and cut them off.' The baker now said to himself—'If he has taken the leg and the arm off this Caid, he will surely take my head;' so he fell down upon the earth, and implored the Sultan to have mercy upon him. The Sultan said to him—'My son, fear not; you were poor, and took in the beggar when he was thrust forth from the feast of the rich. He has eaten your bread and slept on your mat. Now, ask whatever you please; it shall be yours.' The Caid returned to Tangier maimed and a beggar, and his grandson was lately a soldier at the gate of the Sicilian consul. The baker returned riding on a fine mule, richly clothed, and possessed of the wealth of the other; and the people used to say as he passed by—'There goes the oven-keeper—the Sultan's host!'

PAT AND THE MAGISTRATE;

OR, ALL A MISTAKE.

A PATLANDER with a pole as red as the Red Lion at Brentford and rendered still more red by a copious discharge of blood, which oozed through a dirty rag tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applied to a magistrate for a warrant, when the following dialogue took place:—

Mag. Well, Pat, (for his countenance appeared as a sort of finger-post, pointing to the road whence he came) what do you want?

Pat. I'd be wanting a warrant, your worship's glory.

Mag. Against whom?

Pat. Agin Barney O'Leary, plaise your rivirince.

Mag. For what?

Pat. For murther, your grace.

Mag. Whom did he murder?

Pat. Murther! Och, the devil a crature but myself your excellency.

Mag. Indeed! has he really been guilty of that?

Pat. By my soul he has! Bad luck to him! He has made a hole in my napper big enough to bury a cat in.

Mag. He has not killed you outright, I see.

Pat. Och sure, it isn't his fault that he has'nt, for he intended it, and nothing surer.

Mag. I supposd an assault warrant will suit yon? When did he assault you?

Pat. He 'saulted me last night, about two o'clock this morning, your serene highness.

Mag. Did he strike you with a stick?

Pat. No, my lord, it was a small taste of a poker.

Mag. A poker? what a dreadful murderous weapon.

Pat. Arrah! sure your holiness, it is indeed, indeed.

Mag. Where were you when this happened?

Pat. Where was I? sure I was in bed.

Mag. Asleep or awake.

Pat. As sound as a roach, your majesty.

Mag. And what provocation had you given him?

Pat. Divil a provocation at all, most noble. How could I when I was dead drunk asleep?

Mag. What! do you mean to say he came to your bedside, and struck you in this dreadful manner without cause?

Pat. Yes, your mightiness—barring he came to his own bedside instead of mine,

Mag. His own bedside! were you in his bed?

Pat. Faith, you have just guessed it, your rivirince.

Mag. And what brought you there?

Pat. That's more than I can tell, your honour, barring it was the liquor.

Mag. Was this all you did to provoke his anger?

Pat. Divil a thing else.

Mag. Was there any other person present?

Pat. Not a crature—independent of his wife, that was in bed with me, your grace.

Mag. His wife! were you in bed with his wife?

Pat. In course I was, your worship!

Mag. And don't you think you deserved what you got?

Pat. Is it me? Not I, indeed, it was all a mistake.

Mag. Mistake!

Pat. Yes, I thought it was my own wife in the dark, I went into the room in a mistake!

Mag. Well, I hope you committed no other mistake. You must be careful in future. I connot grant you a warrant.

Pat. Thank your majesty. If he hits me again it shall go for something. By my soul, I will give him a crack that will knock him into the middle of next week. So an illigant good day to your mightiness.

Pulling up his unmentionables, he hopped off in a real Irish trot.

It turned out that Paddy went into the bed unconscious of where he was, till Barney gave him a gentle hint with the Poker, and fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended finisher. Barney's sleeping beauty was also awakened by the shock, who gave her tender assistance in larruping the intruder out of the chamber of her lord and master.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.—Philip the Second, walking one day alone in one of the cloisters of the convent of the Escurial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which that religious house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to show him the paintings and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, 'I am much obliged to you, friend; I live at St. Martin's and my name is Michæl Bombis; if you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service.'—'And my name,' said the pretended servant, 'is Philip the Second, and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good.'

Definition of Man.—'Man,' says Adam Smith, 'is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another.'

Irish Echoes.—Beauty and gaiety, wit, wine, and worth, made that day's dinner the most charming of domestic convivialities, and it was succeeded by many equally delightful. The custom was (when the elements were propitious) after the removal of the cloth, to enjoy the dessert and wine *at fresco*, in the portico. One of the pastimes on such occasions was the remarkable echo, mentioned early in our story, and which the rector called his oracle, the mode of consulting it being to frame the question so that the last word or syllable would be a plausible answer, on the plan of a well-known dialogue of Erasmus. 'Now you shall hear, Mr. Vivyan, how well our echo understands the state of Ireland.' Then he proceeded to catechise the nymph as follows, taking care to pronounce the final words of each sentence in a sufficiently loud tone: 'What is the chief source of the evils of Ireland?' *Land*—'What is the state of Munster?' *Stir.*—'What are they doing in Connaught?' *Naught.*—'Why don't they reclaim their morasses?' *Asses.*—'Should we not excite them to industry?' *Try.*—'Inform us what the derivation of Erin is?' *Erinnys.* (The ancient name of the Furies.)—Then the curate, with his stentorian lungs, uttered the following interrogatories, shaped with a view to show that the echo was of his way of thinking. "What would you give the Catholics?' *Licks.*—'Who best deserves a fat rectory?' *Tory.*—But the echo answered questions of another kind equally to the satisfaction of the company; for, on being asked 'In what wine shall we drink the health of Colonel Dabzac?' the airy tongue replied, with the same promptitude and sharp distinctness, *Sack.*—

A well-known Leicester alderman now dead, on being urgently pressed to accept the civic office, replied, 'Well, if I mun, I mun; there's no eternity,'—which being interpreted into radical English, means, 'Well, if I must, I must; there's no alternative.'

An Action of the Beautiful.—I have said a great deal about prospect and landscape; I will mention an action or two, which appear to me to convey as distant a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever. A London merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000. Upon his arrival in London he inquired of his friend

where he had put his ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and never thought of them afterwards.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?'—'Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours, and upon re-opening the drawer I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.' Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful; it is the *beau ideal* in mortals, and gives that calm, yet deep emotion of pleasure which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world.—SYDNEY SMITH.

MIRTH CREATORS.

'Come here, my little man,' said a gentleman to a youngster of four years of age, when sitting in a parlour where a large company were assembled; 'do you know me?'—'Yes, sir, I think I do.'—'Who am I, then—let me hear?'—'You are the man what kissed sister Jane last night in the parlour.'—Jane fainted.

What is the difference between a Puseyite and a Baptist?—One uses wax candles, and the other dips.

A publican's wife, in Suffolk, whilst in church fell asleep, and let fall her bag, in which she carried a large bunch of keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up and exclaimed, 'Sally, there's another jug broke!'

An exemplary young lady up town is very particular about closing the window-curtains to her room before retiring for the night, in order to prevent 'the man in the moon' from looking in.

There is a young man in Toledo who has grown round shouldered through bending over so much to kiss the girls, who are rather short in his neighbourhood.

A buxom Parisian widow recently married a youthful poet. After the wedding she took him aside, and, in a penitential tone, begged his forgiveness for having deceived him in declaring that her income amounted to two thousand francs a year. 'And you haven't it?' asked the poet; adding, after a pause, 'Well it's of no consequence—don't trouble your head about such a trifle!'—'But, you misunderstand me,' said the bride, 'I only mis-stated the amount—it is twenty thousand!' The account states that the poet pardoned her, the other way, with equal facility!

'Confusion to the man,' said a carpenter, 'that invented working by candlelight.' 'Ay, or by daylight either,' rejoined his apprentice.

Louis XIV.—A robber, who had managed to effect his way into one of the royal apartments of Versailles, and was in the act of placing a small ladder against the wall, to possess himself of a beautiful time-piece, when the king came in and disturbed his plans. The robber, however undaunted, made a low bow, saying, 'I was going to take that time-piece down, but I am afraid the ladder will slip.' His majesty thinking the man had orders to repair the clock, offered his assistance, and held the foot of the ladder, while the fellow took it down. A few hours afterwards the general talk was of a most beautiful time-piece having been stolen, which the king happening to overhear, said, 'Hush! I am one of the parties, I held the ladder to help the man to get it down.'

A man being brought before a magistrate for knocking down and stamping on a man named Matthew, his lawyer said they could not blame a man for wiping his feet on a *Mat.*

ALL MUST LOVE.

THE high-crown'd Queen on her canopied throne,
Of love must the anguish bear;
She feels it a sadness to reign alone,
And her kingdom fain would share.
The noble fair, in her warded tower
Must passion's votary prove;
And the jewelled dame, in her courtly bower,
Resigns her gold for love!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

The mailed knight, from the armed throng,
Must to love, a vassal bow;
The minstrel, most renown'd in song,
Must to beauty pay his vow!
The solemn judge, and the schoolman grave,
Can neither exist alone.
The pedant sage, yields woman's slave;
Love's power they all must own!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

HE VOS A VERY JONTEEL MAN FOR ALL DAT.

MAIS! I am Monsieur Jean Francois Marie Louis Grenoble. In Angletere here, I vas vat you call de emigrant: because in the revolution, ma foi! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and ran avay very fast, so dat de guillotine, by gar, can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make de montre, vat you call de vatch. I am de horloger, de clock maker, and get de living by de *tick*. Mais dans Paris—in my own countree I vas very large man indeed, vas nobleman, vas son altesse de Prince Grenoble, and stood very high indeed (though I am but a little man now) in de grand Armee Royal.

De other day I vas valk in vat you call your High Park, vere dere are no bucks vid de horns, but de bucks dat come from de Londres de city, and leaves dere wives to valk here; and no deer, but the pretty little girls, and parbleu, dey are very dear indeed, pretty indeed, very. Vell, I vas valk dere, and see sit on de bench for vast de call to dine vid dey Duke Humphrey, un pauvre homme; he seem very hungry, very cold; he looked very dirty, very ragged, and very poor indeed — but he appear a very jonteel man for all dat.

I go to him, and I say to him—for I see him in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman—vas my countreman—mon ami, my friend, my countreman, for vat you sit on dis bench here, to dine vid de Duke Humphrey? vy you no go to de cook-shop, de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de mouton, and de sallad, and de pomme de terre?

He say to me, 'I am brave Francois—I am jontilehomme—I am one of de first men in all France—but I am sans souis, point d'argent; I have not one single farthing dans tout le monde; not a halfpenny in all de world, and no credit at all.

Den he show me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but nothing else; but he appear very jonteel man for all dat; and all at once, immediately, directly, instamment, in de half second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress in all de silver and de gold lace.—Jontilhomme or noble, I forgot which, but it vas all de same. I look at him again—ma foi! he have no lace but de rags, and no silver but de grey hair dat grow out of de great hole in de crown of his hat, like you see de pigeon's claw out of de top of de pie—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me; mon Dieu; his knee come out of de pantaloon, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his pump—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

I say to him, my countreman, mon ami, no l'argent, no credit, no dinner; vat for you leave your lodgement den? vy you no take de refreshment, de sleep in your bed!

He say to me, 'Ah, mon ami! I have no lodgement, no bed; I lodge in de open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here; de bench is my mattrass, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain, and sometime de sentinal he come and tuck me in vid de butt-end of his bayonet;

for de Jean Bull no have de politesse to de autrefois jontilhomme at all! but I am a very jonteel man for all dat.'

Sacre bleu! no lodgement, no bed; pauvre homme, my heart is all melt vid de great big pity for you, my friend, my countreman, I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de dinner and de sleep for de night; for though you have no money, no credit, no dinner, no lodgement—though your hair grow out of de top of de hat, your knee valk out of de pantaloon, and your great toe peep out of de end of your pump—your shoe, I see you are a very jonteel man for all dat. My landlady she is particulaire, she no like de stranger sleep in her domicile, so ve vill vait and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den you sall pull off your shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know ve are dere.

So he pay de great compliment, give me de grand thanks: for though his beard vas like de great black shoe brush stuck on his chin, and had no been shave for one month, he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve valk under de tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur, vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, and de splendid palace of de great monarque a Versailles, till at last it grow to de dark night—den ve steal home to my lodgement, and I open de door vid de little key vot I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt—mon ami, my countreman, he rub his shoe on de mat and he leave de sole dere—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Ve have de littel joke on his lose de sole; den I pull off my shoe and dere is my stocking—mon ami, my countreman, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot, he have no stocking at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de little joke because he no have de stocking, and ve creep up de stair, light as de feather, vidout any body hear; for mon ami, my countreman, pauvre homme, he have no flesh, only de bone, for vant of de something to eat very often—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of de mouton dat was boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup maigre, dat I make hot; and I say, now mon ami, my countreman, ve vill have de dinner; but before I commence I say de grace. Parbleu! my friend he commence, and no say de grace at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I got up for de cloth to put under my chin, dat I may no grease my frill vid de soup maigre; begar, ven I came back to help myself, begar, dere is none! mon ami, my countreman, he have swallowed it all up—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke about de soup maigre, sure not to grease de frill den, and I go to take some mouton! begar! dere is only de bones—mon ami, my countreman, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone, and I go to make a shift wid de crust of de bread, but by gar, dere is no bread at all; mon ami, my countreman he eat all de bread vile I eat de soup—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat. Ve *not* have de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese paring and de bit of salt.

At last it came time to go to bed—and I say, mon ami, my countreman, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap: vell, I pull off my coat, dere is my vaistcoat—mon ami, my countreman pull off his coat, by gar, dere is no vaistcoat at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I pull off my vaistcoat dere is my shirt; mon ami, my countreman, have no vaistcoat to pull off, and, by gar, dere is no shirt at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I say, mon ami, my countreman, dere is de old sack dat de gardener bring vid de pomme de terre, you sall make de shift vid dat. Vell, he lay on de potatoe sack for his shirt, and I go to sleep: in de matin I vake and look for mon ami, my countreman, and by gar, he is no dere! I look for my breeches, and by gar, dey are no dere.

Vell, I say I vill put on my vaistcoat and my coat, and see if he is gone down stair. By gar, dey are no dere; nor more is my hat nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anything; but dere is de chapeau, vid de hole in de top, de pantaloon out of de knee, de shoe dat have no sole, and very little body, and de dam greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countreman.

Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake; he have no money, no credit, no lodgement, his hair grow out de top of his hat, his knee valk out of his pantaloon, his toe look out of his pump, his sole come out of his shoe; he eat my supper vile I turn my head, and no leave me none—he have no vaistcoat, no shirt—he make a shift and sleep in my potatoe sack—he get up vile I sleep and run avay vid all my clothes, it is all bad, ma foi—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

So I make de fire vid his old clothes, as dey were too bad for de Jew—wrap myself in de blanket, and I think I vill go to my vork again; ven, by gar, I find all the vatch les montres dat vas left by my customers, because dey would not go, had all go vhile I vas asleep; mon ami, my countreman, had taken them vhile I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and obliged to run avay—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

A woman in New Hampshire, who had been ill used by her husband, on finding him sound asleep, one day, quietly sewed him up in the bed clothes, and then gave him a tremendous thrashing.

Did the "Heat of Passion" ever cook anybody's goose?

SPARKS OF FUN.

FAMILY RECKONING.—Two Irishmen lately met who had not seen each other since their arrival from Dublin's fair city. Pat exclaimed, 'How are you, my honey; how is Biddy Sullivan, Judy O'Connell, and Daniel O'Keefe?' 'Oh! my jewel,' answered the other, 'Biddy has got so many childer that she will soon be a grandfather; Judy has six, but they have no father at all, for she never was married. And, as for Daniel, he's grown so thin, that he is as thin as us both put together.'

'This must be a very inconvenient town to live in,' said a Cockney to an inhabitant of Ryde; 'for I understand you have to get all your milk from Cowes?' 'Not so bad as London,' replied the Isle of Wight wag, 'for they tell me you get all your milk from Wells!'

A young lady was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off Niagara Fall into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, 'I would if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom.'

It was a favourite saying of Wilberforce's, or Deaf Burke's—The man who pledges his health too often, will soon be left with nothing else to pledge.'

Adam Smith was at times very absent. He was told he had sent a letter to a lady unsealed. He called on her the following day and said, 'My dear madam, I have brought you the wafer I forgot to put in your letter.'

At the time Lord John Russell was defeated at two elections, an anonymous writer sent him a sixpenny drum, with the inscription, *I am beaten on both sides.*

A conceited coxcomb called out to an irish labourer,—'Here, you bogtrotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I'll treat you to a jug of whiskey-punch,'—'My troth,' returned Pat,'an' yer honour's *a gintleman.*'

A person well known in Wellington, has assured us that he has in his possession the identical knife with which Napoleon 'cut his stick' from the field of Waterloo.

A widow once said to her daughter,—'When you are at my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband.'—'Yes, mamma,' replied the thoughtless fair one,'for a second time.'

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed that he had read it in a book several years ago. 'Confound those ancients,' said the Irishman, 'they are always stealing one's good thoughts.'

'How beautiful,' said a lady, not remarkable for her cleanliness, 'the face of nature looks after a shower!' 'Yes, madam, and so would yours, after undergoing a similar process.'

HENRI IV.—As his majesty was one day hunting in the Vendomois, he lost sight of his retinue, and was about to return alone, when he saw a peasant seated under a tree; 'Well, and what are you doing here, my good man?' said the king. 'Faith,' I am waiting to see the king go by, sir.'—'Oh, is that all,' replied Henri, 'then get up behind me, and I will take you somewhere where you will be able to see the king at your ease.' The boor mounted, and held himself on the horse, by twining his arms round the monarch. 'But, I say, sir, how shall I be able to know the king from the others?'—'Very easily; he will be the only one who will not take his hat off. Presently they were discovered by the gentlemen of the suite, who all uncovered themselves, and paid their respects to the monarch. 'Well, and who now is the king?' said Henri, mildly. 'Why,' replied the peasant, 'it must be either you or I; for I don't see any but we two with our hats on.'

THE TORTOISE-SHELL TOM-CAT.

OH, what a story the papers have been telling us,
About a little animal of mighty prize,
And who ever thought but an Auctioneer of selling us,
For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap for mice;
Of its beauties and its qualities, no doubt he told them fine tales,
But for me, I should as soon have bought a cat of nine tails;
I wouldn't give for all the cats in Christendom so vast a fee,
No to save 'em from the catacombs of Catalani's catastrophe;
Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, and Catalani,
Are every one
By Tom outdone,
As you shall hear.

[*Spoken.*]—We'll suppose Mr. *Cat's-eye*, the Auctioneer, with his catalogue in one hand, and a hammer like a Catapulta in the other, mounted in the rostrum at the great room in Cateaton-street.

'Hem! Leds and Gemmen—Cats are of two distinctions: Thomas and Tabby—This is of the former breed, and the only instance in which I have seen beauty monopolized by a male! Look at him, ladies! what a magnificent mouser; meek though masculine! The curious concatenation of colour in that Cat, calls Categorically for your best bidding. Place a proper price on poor Pussy; consult your feline bosoms, and bid me knock him down.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going—
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.'

Next I shall tell ye, the company around him,
They emulously bade as if they were all wild;
Tom thought them mad, while they King of Kittens crown'd him,
And kiss'd, caress'd, and dandled him just like a child:

Lady Betty Longwaist, and Mrs. Martha Griskin,
Prim Polly Pussey-love, Miss Scratch, and Biddy Twiskin,
Solemn Sally Solus, who to no man yes had ever said,
Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss Nelly Neverwed,
Crowding, squeezing, nodding, bidding, each for Puss so eager.
Have Tom they would,
By all that's good,
As you shall hear.

[*Spoken in different voices.*]—*Irish Lady*—Och, the dear crater, how beautiful he looks when he shuts his eyes! beautiful indeed! He'd even lure the mice to look at him.

Auctioneer.—Forty-five guineas in twenty places——

By different Ladies.—Sixty-five!—Seventy!—Eighty!—Ninety!—

Auctioneer.—Go on Ladies; nobody bid more? It's enough to make a Cat swear to think he should go for so little. If the Countess of Catamaran was here, she'd outbid ye all. Miss Grimalkin, you are a connoiseur in Cats, what shall I say?——Ninety-five guineas, sir. (In an old tremulous tone.)

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Miss——Mem, it does not signify, you may bid as you will, but he shall be mine, if I bid all day. One hundred and twenty, sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Lady Letty.—Take a long, last lingering look, Ladies. What a wonder! The only Tortoise-shell Tom the world ever witnessed! See how he twists his tail, and washes his whiskers! Tom, Tom, Tom! (Cat mews.) How musically and divinely he mews, Ladies!—One hundred and seventy guineas, sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Miss Tabby, you'll not be made a cat's paw of, depend on it.—(Ladies laugh.) Glad to hear you laugh, Ladies: I see how the Cat jumps now; Tommy's going.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going,
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.

Now louder and warmer the competition growing,
Politeness nearly banish'd in the grand fracas.
Two hundred—two hundred and thirty-three a going—
Gone!—Never cat of talons met with such eclat:
Nay nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught, as well
As ladies in the bidding for this purring piece of Tortoise-shell.
The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all the fun was done,
And bells rung as if Whittington had been Lord Mayor of London.
Mice and rats flung up their hats, for joy that cats so scarce were,
And mouse-trap makers rais'd the price full cent. per cent, I swear, sir.

A Love-song.—I've seen her out a walking, in her habit de la rue, and it ain't no use a talking, she's pumpkins and a few. She glides along in beauty, like a duck upon a lake.—'Oh! I'd be all love and duty, if I only was her drake.

AMUSING BITS.

'Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Skeesicks is a young man of parts?'—'Decidedly so, Miss Brown, he is part numskull, and part knave, and part fool!'

Foaks tawks abaght makin a hoyle e ther manners, wha it ad be a good job if thay nobbat wod, and fill it up we sum better.

A lady, upon taking up Shelly's novel, *The Last Man*, threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming, 'The Last Man! Bless me! if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?'

Foaks tawks abaght bein tiard a ther life, an weel thay may ta see ther daily carryin on.

Its been discuvard at a sarvant lass can hear t'saand ov hur sweetheart's whissal raand t'corners a fifteen hauses, an't fall ov hiz fooit t'length ov a street.

'Did you ever go to a military ball?' asked a lisping maid of an old veteran.—'No, my dear,' growled the old soldier, 'in those days I had a military ball come to me; and what d'ye think? It took my leg off!'

Foaks tawks abaght bein up ta snuff, ay an sic like ar offance fun we empty cannisters.

An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, 'I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him.'

Foaks tawks abaght takin t'shine aght e ther nabors, that may be, an noan be sa verry breet thersenze after all.

Foaks tawks abaght cheatin the dival, when 'truth iz heze winnin them e ivvery wurldly gam thay play.

Foaks tawks abaght hevin a clear conscience, hey, so clear it's ta be feard, wal sum hez noan at all.

Foaks tawks abaght bein born ta trubble, hey, an likely enif reard to bring trubble ta uthers, at caant be *borne*.

Foaks tawks abaght bein poor, when at same time, ther gold iz sinkin em knee-deep intut fat at land.

SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A premium was lately offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation: and the latter word, by a mistake of the printer, having been changed into 'irritation,' a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize!

'I must get married,' said a bachelor to his married friend, 'for I can never find a button on a clean shirt.' 'Take care,' said the Benedict, with a sigh,' or you may chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to a button.'

I give lessons in music and drawing, as the donkey said, when he began to bray and drag a cart after him.

'I see through it,' as the old lady said, when the bottom of her tub fell out.

THE GENEALOGICAL SERMON.

AN ANECDOTE.

'I had,' says a clergyman, 'for a co-curate, a very impulsive and rather democratic man. Our rector was an aristocrat. One Sunday he had delivered himself of a sermon in which he incidentally justified family pride, and spoke in a manner that must have been offensive to any poor person present, of any intelligence or independance; and as we were leaving the church, my brother curate exclaimed, with unaffected indignation, 'Well, that crowns ——'s toadying discourses. Such things are intolerable. But I'll administer an antidote next Sunday; see if I don't. Like Herod's worms, our rector's pride is eating him up.' I did not attempt to dissuade him. Our rector treated both both of us with a condescension that was anything but flattering; and he thought more of being a 'gentleman' (upon which he was always indirectly vaunting himself) than of being a christian, forgetting what Coleridge said, that there was no real gentleman without he was a christian.

'Next Sunday morning my brother curate carried out his threat. He told me nothing about how he proposed to manage or mould his course; so judge my surprise when, mounting the pulpit, he gave out as his text, the third chapter of Luke, part of the 23rd, and the whole of the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, and 38th verses; 'in which' (he continued) 'will be found the following words;' and then, to the marvel of the whole congregation, who turned towards the pulpit with eyes and mouth open, he read the whole of the sixteen verses, beginning with—'Joseph, which was the son of Heli,' and ending with, 'which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.' Every one is familiar with the peculiar and strange effect upon the ear of the repetition of the words, 'which was the son,' even when occurring in the reading-desk; but in the pulpit, as a prefix to a sermon in the shape of a text, they sounded oddly. The rector looked to me for an explanation, and I did not know where to look; while the principal person of the parish manifestly came to the conclusion that my brother curate was gone mad. But if he were, he soon showed them that there was method in his madness; for he ingeniously evolved out of these sixteen verses a discourse that might have served as an essay on the Republican legend of 'Liberty, Equality,

and Fraternity.' The reader has probably anticipated me in the use he made of his long text.

'Here,' said he, 'we have a genealogical tree, not traced by the flattery of sycophants, nor the uncertainty of heralds, but by the unerring Evangelist, whose inspiration enabled him to mount from branch to branch,—a genealogy beginning with God, and ending, as far as my text goes, with a poor Galilean carpenter. Here is a lesson and a rebuke for the pride of descent. The poorest carpenter, in the poorest village in England, can trace his lineage through the same unbroken succession; and the proudest peer can do no more, unless the latter, in his presumption, should be disposed to ignore his divine origin. But it would be no use; by whatever different branches, they arrive at the same root; the noble and the peasant, if both had the power of going back over their ancestry, would both meet at the 38th verse of the 3rd chapter of Luke: 'Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.'

'Here' (he continued, looking at the rector's and the squire's pews) —'here we all meet on equal terms. Disown them as we like in other degrees, here we are brought face to face with, and can no longer refuse to acknowledge, our poor relations.'

'Then, looking to some forms on which a group of alms-house people sat, he continued,—

"Here, too, my poor friends, you, and your 'superiors,' meet in the presence of your common parent, the great God of heaven and earth, in whose eyes the factitious distinctions of the world are nought. Cold-shoulder you as they like through life, they cannot ignore their relationships when they come to this; they can no longer speak of you, spurn you, as though you were formed of different clay. The carpenter and the king are one; and how little importance St. Luke, who was no sycophantic genealogist, attaches even to the regal office, may be seen from the manner in which he passes through the 31st verse, where no pause is made to mark the proud title of David, which was merely the son of Jesse, which was the son of Obed, and so on.'

"In conclusion, he urged the poor man to live up to his great origin, and not disentitle himself to that great share in the inheritance of which his heavenly Father had laid up for his children who truly serve him. They need not care for the proud man disowning them now; the thing to be feared was God disowning them on the last day. The rich he enjoined to feel for the poor as for brothers, if they would not offend that great Being who has a father's interest for all.

'I thought the rector would never forgive my co-curate; but the only notice he took of the eccentric discourse was, to cease for ever after preaching to the 'humbler orders,' of the deferance they owed their 'superiors.' It was before so bad, that a neighbouring clergyman said to me; 'If your rector had to put on an eleventh commandment, it would run thus: Thou shalt not neglect to take off thy hat to myself and the squire.

WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

PHILIPPUS, a greedy and unprincipled fellow at Rome, being attacked by Catulus the orator, asked him *why he barked?* 'Because,' replied Catulus, 'I see a thief.'

As Diogenes was one day washing herbs for his dinner. Aristippus passed by, 'Ah,' cried Diogenes, 'if you knew how to wash herbs, you would not be a dependant on kings.' 'And if you,' replied Aristippus, 'knew how to be a dependant on kings, you would not wash herbs.'

THALES used to say that the oldest of all things is God, for he is unborn; that the most beautiful of all things is the world, for it was made by God; that the greatest of all things is space, for it contains all things; that the swiftest of all things is thought, for it runs over all things; that the strongest of all things is necessity, for it conquers all; that the wisest of all things is time, for it discovers all.

THALES, on a certain occasion, observed that death differed little from life. 'And why do you not die then?' asked one of his hearers.—'Because it would make little difference,' was the reply.

THALES being asked which was the elder of the two, night or day, 'Night,' replied he, 'by one day.'

BEING asked what was most difficult, he said, 'To know one's self;'

Being asked what was most easy, he said, 'To give advice to another.'

Being asked what was the most extraordinary thing that he had seen, he said, 'An old tyrant.' [He meant that it was wonderful that tyrants were not assassinated before they reached old age.

AULUS Sempronius was candidate for an office, and went, accompanied by his brother Marcus, to a certain Vargula, who had a vote. The brother saluted Vargula, and offered to embrace him, 'Boy,' cried Vargula, calling to a slave, 'drive away the flies.'

PHILIP THE GOOD.—As Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was walking through the streets of Bruges, he found on his path a drunken man, sound asleep. He had him removed and carried to the ducal palace, where having caused him to be stript of his rags, he was placed in one of the richest beds, with a costly night-shirt on his body, and a perfumed night-cap on his head. As may be supposed,

the poor drunkard was not a little amazed when he awoke, to find himself in such strange circumstances—he was much more so when he saw several fine gentlemen approach him with low bows, inquiring what dress his highness would be graciously pleased to wear on that day. This question, of course, completed the poor fellow's astonishment; he was, he said, nothing more than a wretched cobbler—but it was all to no purpose, the attentions paid to him were redoubled, and he at length fonnd himself compelled to submit to all their officiousness. When he was dressed, the transformed cobbler was conducted in state to the chapel, to hear mass; at the end of which ceremony, he good naturedly allowed his hand to be kissed, which, however, as may be supposed, was not one of the fairest. After this pantomine, he was sumptously fared, then taken for an airing in a superb chariot, then to the opera, and to wind up all, to a magnificent ball, where the most lovely creatures he ever beheld, vied with each other to please and to amuse him. A substantial supper followed the dance; bottle after bottle passed before the eyes of the enraptured cobbler, glassfuls after glassfuls followed each other in rapid succession down his throat; till at length, completely overwhelmed by liquor and excitement, he dropped of into a sound sleep, during which he was once more reinstated in his old clothes, and carried to the spot whence he was conveyed to the Duke's palace. The next morning he could not find words enough to relate to his wife with sufficient effect, the delightful dream he had had

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Wheeling Poetry—making the best of it.—A Yankee, out a-walking in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself a talking, experienced a feeling strange—strange, painful, and alarmin'; from his cap up to his kness, as he suddenly discovered, he was covered o'er with bees.' They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose, they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrils, and dived deep in his ears, they crawled up his 'trowsers,' and filled his eyes with tears.. Did he yell like an hyena? Did he holler like a loon? Was he scar't, and did he 'cut and run?' or did the critter swoon? Ne'er a one. He wasn't scar't a mite; he never swoons, or hollers, but he hived 'em in nail-keg tight, and sold 'em for two dollars.

The heart of woman draws to itself the loves of others as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays—only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty.

A Scotchman in Disguise.—The following anecdote was told at a meeting in Edinburgh, the other day, by Sir A. Alison. the historian. 'Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the Grand Vizier, and after a long and sanguinary combat, the two generals came to a conference together. The Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel, with all the pomp of Eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith, from the neighbourhood of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and, after the conference, the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent had closed, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore of his beard, and, running to Marshal Keith, said: 'Ou, Johnnie, foo's a' wi' ye, mon!' And he then discovered the Grand Vizier of Turkey was an old school-companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before, from a parish school near Methlie.'

THE EMPRESS CATHERINE.

Jegur's embassy at the Russian imperial court, in the reign of Catherine the II., a stranger of the name of Sunderland filled the office of treasurer to the empress. One morning he was informed that his house was surrounded by soldiers, that the commanding officer requested an audience.

This officer, whose name was Relieu, then came in with an appearance of the utmost consternation; 'Mr. Sunderland,' said he, 'it is with indescribable grief that I see myself called upon to perform on you an execution of a most horrible nature, oh! horrible in the extreme! and I am totally ignorant of what crime you can have been guilty, to have incurred the mighty displeasure of her most gracious majesty." "I! what have I done?' replied the treasurer, in amazement. "What in the world do you mean? I know no more than you do, what I can have done. And what is that dreadful execution you speak of?' 'Sir,' answered the officer, fetching his breath,' I really have not courage to mention it—it is fearful.'

'Have I then lost the confidence her majesty trusted in me?'

'Oh, if that were all, you would not see me so affected. Confidence may be regained: an office may be restored.'

'Well,' asked Sunderland, 'am I to be banished—banished to Siberia; oh, tell me, is that my dreadful fate?'

'It might be possible for you to return from there. That is not it.'

'Am I then to be cast into a dungeon?'

'That were preferable.'

'Gracious Heavens! am I then to suffer the *knout?*'

'It is a dreadful torture; but you might recover—it is not that.'

'Oh! for the mercy of heaven, no longer keep me in doubt—am I then to die?'

'My gracious sovereign,' replied the officer, trembling with emotion, 'ordered me to have you—good heavens! how dreadful—to have you—stuffed!'*

'To be stuffed!' exclaimed the astonished treasurer, 'to be stuffed!' Either you must have lost your senses, or her majesty must be in a dream. Surely, you never received this order without remonstrating on its barbarity?'

'Alas! my poor friend, it was all to no purpose. 'Go,' said her majesty, 'and recollect that it is your duty to execute what orders I deign to give you!'

It would be impossible to depict the amazement, the anger, the fear, the despair of the poor treasurer, that one short quarter of an hour was granted him to put his affairs in order; and it was with extreme difficulty that permission was given him to write a short note to Earl Bruce. His lordship having read this note, stood transfixed, as may be supposed, with astonishment; he lost no time in requesting an audience of the empress, to whom he revealed the contents of Sunderland's note.

Catherine, hearing this strange recital, was at a loss to imagine what it could be that had given rise to this extraordinary circumstance. 'Good heavens!' she exclaimed, 'run, run, my lord, and be in time to deliver my poor treasurer from his terror.'

The earl hastened to Sunderland's house, fortunately, in time to save him; and on his return, found the empress laughing to her heart's content; her majesty had discovered the cause of this estrangement. 'I see now,' said she, 'how it is; my poor little favourite dog, that I had christened *Sunderland*, after my treasurer, who had made me a present of it, lately died, and I gave orders to have it stuffed this morning.'

Foaks tawks abaght killin time, hey, and if it wor hengin, wun hauf at country ad hev ta swing for it.

A man with one eye laid another a wager that he (the one eye) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. 'You have lost,' said one-eye, 'I can see two eyes in your face, and you can see only *one* in mine'

* To impale and to stuff are expressed by the same word in Russian.

Louis XIV.—The Grand Monarch once said to one of his courtiers, whose simplicity he was well aware of:—'Do you know Spanish?'—'No, sire.'—'I am very sorry for it.'—'I will learn it,' replied the courtier, whose imagination was immediately fired with the thought of the possibility that he might be appointed ambassador to the Spanish court. He accordingly applied himself with the utmost assiduity to his task, and in a short time again presented himself to the king; 'Sire,' said he, 'I now know Spanish well, and can talk and read it with ease.'—'Indeed,' answered Louis, 'I am very glad of that—you can now read Don Quixote in the original.'

Wonderful Developement of Intellect.—'You see, grandma,' said a hot-bed specimen of juvenile precocity, 'that when I suck this egg, or more properly speaking, when I extract the nutritive matter by a sudden and peculiar action of the muscles of the throat, I first make an incision in the apex, and then a corresponding aperture in the base.' 'Mercy on me! O how things do change!' exclaimed the old lady, in such surprise that her old spectacles dropped off at the flashing of her almost sightless eyes; 'when I was a gal, all we did was to make a hole in each end and down it went. My stars! this 'ere child haint got long to live, I know.'

PREACHING FOR BACON

A Methodist parson, whose name it was George,
A jolly brisk tinker just come from the forge,
A virtuous woman, who was George's friend,
He often went to her, her soul for to mend.

This good woman's husband no methodist he,
But a true honest churchman, jovial and free,
He lov'd his brown jug, like a true honest man,
His house was hung round with bacon and ham.

George lov'd this man's wife, and often went to her,
And would of a slice of good bacon make sure,
Till at length her husband great notice had taken,
And found that his friend came a preaching for bacon.

Then he look'd round the house with an eager intent,
For he was determined to know how it went;
He went out, as usual, they thought, to his work,
But this cunning sly boots stepp'd aside to lurk.

By and bye he came in, and he found them at prayer;
They look'd very earnest, devout and sincere;
Then he look'd round the house—he'd reasons to guess,
For he plainly could see that his bacon grew less.

He look'd round once more, so cunning and sly,
And in George's pocket he cast a quick eye:
He saw something in it tied up in a rag,
Says he, 'honest man, what's that in thy bag?'

'O then,' replied George, 'it is God's holy word,
The sacred scriptures we have from the Lord;
For when I'm at home I never am idle,
But make it my duty to read in my Bible.'

'Then pull out thy Bible,' the churchman replied,
'Or else, by the devil, I'll bible thy hide!
I will beat thee within half-an-inch of thy life:
For thy Bible is bacon thou'st stole from my wife!'

When Solon was entertained by Thales at Miletus, he expressed some wonder that he did not marry and raise a family. To this Thales gave no immediate answer; but some days after he instructed a stranger to say, 'That he came from Athens ten days before.' Solon inquiring 'What news there was from Athens?' the man, according to his instructions, said, 'None, except the funeral of a young man, which was attended by the whole city; for he was the son, as they told me, of a person of great honour, and of the highest reputation for virtue, who was then abroad upon his travels.' 'What a miserable man is he!' said Solon: 'but what was his name?' 'I have heard his name,' answered the stranger, 'but do not recollect it; all I remember is, that there was much talk of his wisdom and justice.' Solon, whose apprehensions increased with every reply, was now much disconcerted, and mentioned his own name, asking, 'Whether it was not Solon's son that was dead?' The stranger answering in the affirmative, he began to beat his head, and to do and say such things as are usual to men in a transport of grief. Then Thales, taking him by the hand, said with a smile, 'These things that strike down so firm a man as Solon, kept me from marriage and from having children: but take courage, my good friend, for not a word of what has been told you is true.'

'Gang through the wood, laddie,' as the wright sang to the saw.

The following anecdote appeared a short time since in an American paper:—Clem and Dinah went to a magistrate in Virginia to be married. Clem asked the magistrate his price. 'It is,' said he, 'two dollars for marrying coloured people.' Clem asked how much he had to marry white people; 'Five dollars,' replied the magistrate. 'Well,' said Clem, 'you marry Dinah and I as you do white people, and I will give you five dollars.' After the ceremony, the magistrate demanded his fee; but Clem objected to the payment, saying, 'O no, massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss de bride;' at which the magistrate said in a rage, 'get out of my office, you rascal;' so Clem got married for nothing.

FUNNY BOOK-TITLES.

I dare say you have heard of the book entitled—'Crumbs of Comfort for Zion's Chickens.' I have before me a few titles indited in a similar strain. In the reign of Elizabeth, great attention was excited by a series of pamphlets, directed against the ecclesiastical measures of the time, by an author who was never discovered; but who wrote under the assumed name of Martin Marprelate. They called forth numerous replies; of which I shall quote three. The first is entitled,—'An Almond for a Parrot; or an Alms for Martin Mar-prelate. By Cuthbert Curry-knave." The next is a short specimen of a practice very prevalent in old books; in which it was often attempted to combine title, preface, and table of contents all in one. It runs thus:—'Pasquil's Apology. In the first part whereof he renders a reason of his long silence; and gallops the field with the treatise on Reformation. Printed where I was; and where I shall be ready, by the help of God and my muse, to send you a Maygame of Martinism.' The last has no less than four titles, all strung together; thus,—'Pappe with a Hatchet; alias, a Fig for my Godson; or Crack me this Nut; that is, a sound Box on the Ear for the idiot Martin, to hold his Peace. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog. Imprinted by John Awake, and to be sold at the sign of the Crab-Tree Cudgel, in Thwack-Coat Lane.

I have a few more titles, which belong to the age of Cromwell; and have mostly a devotional character. The first is entitled,—'A most delectable sweet-perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to smell at.' The next is,—'High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness.' The third is,—'Salvation's vantage ground; or a Leaping Stand for Heavy Believers.' We then have one of a martial character; being entitled,—'A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-

Quarters; by the tube of a Cannon of the Covenant;' and then comes one of a more plaintive description:—'A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion; breathed in a Hole of the Wall, in an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish.' A still sadder tone pervades the next:—Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto also are annexed William Hamnis's Handful of Honeysuckles; and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented.' The next is a continued string of allegories; heaped, in merciless profusion, one upon the other:—' A Reaping-Hook well tempered, or the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity; carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.' You will perceive that the authors of those days (who evidently thought there was *a great deal* 'in a name,') resorted to every possible quarter for a taking title. In their search for quaintness, they did not disdain even to visit the kitchen; so that we have;—'A pair of Bellows, to blow off the cast upon John Fry;'—'The Snuffers of Divine Love;'—and an author seems to have reached the acme of outre-ism, when he gives us the delectable title of,—' The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion.'

AN ASPIRATION FOR PLACE.

If kisses be the coin of love:
  The die, sweet woman's rosy mouth
Found still on earth, where'er we rove,
  Or east, or west, or north, or south;
Let statesmen on to glory plod,
  And climb ambition's path of flint,
I only wish the little god
  Would make me master of his mint.

Mrs. Partington's Last.—" Well," said the old lady, the other day, as she was engaged with her knitting work, " I wonder if I *ever shall* be able to express myself correctly. It seems to me I never can use the right word. Every time I undertake to say anything, I make some blunder or other. Whenever I open my mouth I am sure to put my *foot into it!*"—and she drew a deep sigh as she spoke, indicating that her mortification was inexpressible.

THE DELIGHTS OF A CHRISTENING.

GUSTAVUS FREDERIC RICHARD'S young Newcome's name,
The sponsors have promised that while he is young
They'll teach him the devil and his works to shame—
And when he grows up, the vulgar tongue!
And see, the procession from church the street fills,
Led on by the parson with his rosy gills;
And now they're come home, and the wit flies about,
Old niggardly Care by Good-humour kicked out.

Spoken.]—Let me look at the pretty creature. Oh, bless his innocent heart; mammy's eyes and daddy's nose to a T. I never saw such a sensible creature in my life. Why yes, I think he'll make a very good match for my Georgina Carolina Helena Virgina Gridelina Cosmopolita Maria Mopsey. La! madam, why what a vast quantity of children you must ha' got. Goth, Vandal and Hottentot. What's that more of 'em? No, no, neighbour, that's my wife's only daughter. What, with all that string? why, if I was a girl, and people were to go through such a catalogue with me, I wish I may die, if I shouldn't think they were calling me names. Liddle, liddle, liddle, liddle! Oh, the dear creature! Oh, I wish I was married, and had such a sweet child as you.

So at it go the clacks, not a tittle heard that's spoke,
And he's the greatest wit that can crack the loudest joke;
All talking away, and nobody listening,
Who so merry and so cheery as people at a christening?

Now the fiddles are tuning, and up stands the throng,
Miss calls a cotillion, her Ma ALAMONG;
In a jig, Madam Lump wants her limbs to reveal,
And Alderman Ninepin would fain take a reel.
Widow Hobble a minuet begs she may walk.
Thus they glide, and they hop, and they skip, and they stalk,
Till, silence, there! silence, they twenty times bawl,
And a country-dance quickly reconciles all.

Spoken.]—Stay, stay, stay; before the dance begins, I move that all the gentlemen salute the ladies. La! now, what a parcel of nonsense! how can you be so stupid? I beg you won't come near me. Well, then, better give a fool a kiss than be troubled with him. My dear Miss, shall I have the inexpressible and indescribable pleasure, honour, felicity, delight, and satisfaction? No, sir; I desire you'll go about your business; I didn't know I came here to be affronted. La! Miss, how can you be so frumpish? the Captain only asked for a civil salute: I assure you *I* shall not make such a fuss about it. Places! places!

Figure in hands across right and left, and now hey,
So they skip, and they jump, and they foot it away!
Nor to fiddles, nor themselves, nor to anything listening,
Who so merry and so cheery as people at a christening?

Now the fans and the handkerchiefs soon go to pot:—
I'm all in a muck;—I'm prodigiously hot;
Some hartshorn and water;—I'm fainting, I vow;—
So they give her the brandy. Well, how are you now?
I'm prodigiously better;—you are a good soul,
Wash it down with some negus.—Well, give me the bowl
And now the gay dance to the supper gives place,
The guests take their seats, and the parson says grace.

Spoken.]—I move that every gentleman sits next his partner. Come, Miss Clack, what shall I help you to? Shall I add a little to your abundance? Now, you think I have a great deal of tongue. Oh, no, my love, I meant brains. Miss Jazey, the Doctor drinks your health. Lord! how could you do so, pulling me by the sleeve, I have thrown the mustard into the gooseberry tart. Thank you, Doctor. Pray, sir, is there any public news? I tell you, it's all a parcel of nonsense and stuff: eighteen thousand men killed! for my own part I have too much charity to believe it. Well, these are excellent puffs. Oh, sir, the newspapers are full of them. Upon my word, ma'am, you make capital punch. I propose a toast.—Here's the young Christian's health, and may he give us as good punch as this at the christening of his first boy, and as handsome a fee. That of course. And now, Doctor Drencher's health and song. I'll give you, gentlemen, Death and the Lady. And thus the song, and the glass and the jest go round,—

Till in—Old Care, begone—Hearts of Oak—Derry down—
And if love's a Sweet Passion, their cares they all drown;
Singing, bellowing, and laughing, and nobody listening,
Who so merry and so cheery as people at a christening?

A Scene in Court.—"I call upon you," said the counsellor, 'to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?' "Under what authority?" said the hostler interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, Sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Under what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. Then why such aversion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must have it—" "Must! I will have it," vociferated the counsellor, itnerrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the hostler with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the *mare's own mouth.*" A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

FREDERICK II.—A page who had not been long in his majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber, he had been ordered to awake him at that hour. 'Your majesty,' said he, 'it is time to get up.'—'Oh! I am tired,' replied the king, 'wait a little longer.'—'Your majesty ordered me to awake you early.'—'Only a quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise,' said the sleepy monarch. 'No, sire, not a minute! and you must get up.'—'Well done!' cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, 'you are a fine fellow! That's the way to do your duty!' At the close of seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, amongst other places, a convent for men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, 'We will send him a pair of donkies; I have a couple of very fine ones.'—'I am exceedingly obliged to you,' observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, 'and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry.'

MR. G——. AND JERVAS.

Mr. G.—Ha! Jervas, how are you, my old boy? how do things go on at home?

Steward.—Bad enough, your honour, the magpie's dead.

Mr. G.—Poor Mag? so he is gone. How came he to die?

Steward.—Over ate himself, Sir.

Mr. G.—Did he? a greedy dog! Why what did he get that he liked so well?

Steward.—Horse-flesh, Sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. G.—How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Steward.—All your father's horses, Sir.

Mr. G—What! are they dead too?

Steward.—Ay, Sir, they died of over-work.

Mr. G.—And why were they over-worked, pray?

Steward.—To carry water, Sir.

Mr. G.—To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?

Steward.—Sure, Sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. G.—Fire! what fire?

Steward.—Oh, Sir, your father's house is burnt down to the ground.

Mr. G.—My father's house burnt down! and how came it to be set on fire?

Steward.—I think it must have been the torches.

Mr. G.—Torches! what torches?

Steward.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G.—My mother dead!

Steward.—Ah, poor lady! she never looked up after it.

Mr. G.—After what?

Steward.—The loss of your father.

Mr. G.—My father gone too!

Steward.—Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G.—Heard of what?

Steward.—The bad news, Sir, and please your honour.

Mr. G.—What! more miseries? more bad news?

Steward.—Yes, Sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, Sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

MATTHEWS AT EDINBURGH.

Sir Walter, the Magician of the North, and all his family, were there. They huzzaed when he came in, and I *never* played with such spirit, I was *so* proud of his presence. Coming out, I saw him in the lobby, and very quietly shook his hand. 'How d'ye do, Sir Walter?'—'Oh, hoo *are* ye? Wall, hoo have ye been entertained?' (I perceived he did not know me.) 'Why, sir, I d'ont think quite so well as the rest of the people.'—'Why not! I have been *just* delighted. It's quite wonderfool hoo the deevil he gets through it all.' (Whispering in his ear,) 'I am surprised too; but I did it all myself!' Lockhart, Lady Scott, and the children, quickly perceived the equivoque, and laughed aloud, which drew all eyes upon me: an invitation for to-morrow followed, which I accepted joyfully.

Conjugal Appraisement.—A coach-trimmer at Glasgow was recently fined 5s. at the police court, for having instigated two dogs to fight—and the fine not being forthcoming, he was locked up. A short time afterwards his wife called to know if she could get the dog, which had been taken to the office along with her husband. The officer on duty suggested that she had better pay the fine, and so release her husband and the dog, together. 'Husband!' she exclaimed: 'I would give 50s. for my dog, but I would not give 5d. for him!

A MAN in Ohio, well mounted, urging forward a drove of fat hogs towards Detroit, met a charming lot of little girls, as they were returning from school, when one of them, as they passed the 'swinish multitude' made a very pretty courtesy. 'What, my little gal,' said the man, 'do you courtesy to a whole drove of hogs?' 'No, sir,' said she, with a most provoking smile, 'only to the one on horseback!'

MRS. Partington's niece, upon being told by a young lawyer that in the country where he resided they held court four times a year, exclaimed, "La me! why you aint half up to the buisiness —the young fellows here come a courting three times a week."

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BALLOONIST.

PASSING a cloud, I put out my hand and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about, but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white swan sitting on the corner of a cloud. If we had had a gun we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid, but we told him we had not come to buy lands in the moon. We came across a comet, but it was asleep. It looked like a terrapin, but had a tail like a fox. We came near a hail-bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hailstones were about as large as a pigeon's egg. A thousand miles above the earth we passed through a field of turkey buzzards. This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance, that no one has ever found a nest of one of these. These rookeries are out of sight in the atmosphere. As we approached one of the heavenly bodies, it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet, but Garnerin got out, and pushed off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing, and a multitude of tongues. There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat. We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but we were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschel. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again. The first thing we saw was the forest of Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrennian mountains seemed like a bed of parsley; and the Atlantic Ocean about as large as Loch Swilley. Within a furlong of the earth, Garnerin gave me a parachute, and I came down.

MATTHEWS AS CURRAN.

Mr. Plunket, and about forty other gentlemen, after dinner one day, had grown rather warm upon Queen Caroline, when Mr. Shehan since editor of a Dublin paper, wishing to turn the conversation and to *draw out* Matthews, proposed the health of John Philpot Curran. 'Pooh, Pooh!' said Mr. Plunket, 'the man's dead!'—'I differ with you entirely,' replied Mr. Shehan, 'and return to my toast.'—'Then, may be, you'll back your assertion with a bet!'—'With all my heart; how much?'—'I'll bet you five pounds that John Philpot Curran is dead.'—'Done!' added Mr. Shehan; 'I'll bet five pounds that he is *not*.' The health of Mr. Curran was accordingly drunk with cheers; upon which, Matthews rose and returned thanks in the tone, look, and manner of Mr. Curran, for the 'honour done him;' delivered a speech on the trial of Queen Caroline, a subject on which Curran could never have spoken; and gave, altogether, such a personification of Ireland's celebrated wit, that his hearers were impressed with the actual presence of the man: and Mr. Plunket, in an enthusiasm of wonder, pushed over the bank notes to Mr. Shehan, exclaiming, 'I've lost!—*fairly* lost! Curran is *not* dead, nor will die, while Matthews lives!'

THE WIFE TO THE WOOER.

Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure
The love you press so blindly,
For once your reasons I'll endure,
And answer follies kindly.
I'll grant that you, more fair and gay
Than Luke to some may be;
But light itself, when he's away,
Is never gay to me!
Then go – then go; for whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

Its woods your summer-love may wreathe
In florid smiles and gladness!
His lips, more often, only breathe
The trouble and the sadness—
But ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy, one grief of his to soothe
Than all your bliss to share.
Then go—then go; for whether or no
He grieve, 'tis bliss to share!

You say that he can meet or leave
Unmoved—content without me;
Nor recks what snares neglect may weave—
Too heedless ev'n to doubt me.
Ah! jealous cares are poor respect!
He knows my heart, my guide;
And what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide!
Then go—then go; for whether or no,
I'll *think* he *does* confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,
And sometimes speak severely;
Your eyes, your vow, could ne'er rebuke—
Your whispers breathe austeerly.
How know you of the coming cares
His anxious eyes foresee?
Perhaps the shade his temper wears
Is thought for mine and me'
Then go—then go; for whether or no
His frown has smiles for me.

But Luke, you hint, to others gives
The love that he denies me,
And hard, you say, in youth to live,
Without one heart to prize me!
Well, if the parent rose be shed,
The buds are on the stem;
My babes! his love can ne'er be dead
Its soul has fled to them.
Then go—then go!—*His* rival? No:
His rival lives in them.

SIR E. L. BULWER.

A Conspiracy.—Captain Marryatt relates the following story:—There were, and I believe still are, two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People laughed at seeing these two names in juxta-position over the door; so the lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names. Mr. Catchem s name was Isaac, Mr. Chetum's, Uriah. A new board was ordered, but when sent to the painter, it was found to be too short to admit the Christian names at full length. The painter, therefore, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse than before, for there now appeared—'I. Catchem and U. Chetum.'

STRANGE, Moore, and Wright, three notorious punsters met, and dined together one day. After dinner Moore said, 'There's only one fool amongst us three, and that's *strange*.' 'Oh! (cried Wright) there's one *more*.' 'Ah! (said Strange) that's *right*.'

'HALLO, steward,' exclaimed a passenger in an American steamboat, after having retired to his bed, 'hallo, steward!'—'Here, massa.'—'Bring me the way-bill.'—'What for, massa?'—'I want to see if these bugs put down their names for this birth before I did. If not, I want 'em turned out.'

THE HONOURABLE MOOR.

(A Spanish Anecdote.)

A SPANISH cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him; for he had, unperceived, thrown himself over a garden-wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard, on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. 'Eat this,' said the Moor, 'you now know that you may confide in my protection.' He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, that as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had but just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by the Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learnt, from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said—'Christian, the person you have killed is my son, his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken.' He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said,—'Fly far while the night can cover you, you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood: but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved!'

This point of honour is most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa, and by them was brought into Spain.

AMUSERS.

'KITTY, where's the frying pan?'—'Johnny's got it, carting mud and oyster shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse.' 'The dear little fellow! what a genius he'll yet make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner.'

'What makes the milk so warm!' said Betty to the milkwoman when she brought her pails to the door one morning. 'Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler.'

The Persians have a saying that 'ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the woman took nine.'

The matrimonial blacksmith at Gretna Green, being asked why old women were so fond of matrimony, replied. 'You know that old wood catches fire in an instant.'

An old count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. In asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, 'Miss B., I am very old, and you are very young: will you do me the honour to become my *widow?*'

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. 'She is dead,' very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. 'Good God! I never heard of it—what was her disease?' 'Vanity,' returned the other; 'she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb.'

'Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Sauftung, is very fond of kissing.' 'Mind your seam, Julia; who told you such nonsense?' 'Ma, dear, I had it from his own lips!'

'It's very well,' said Mr. Dodd's helpmate, 'for the moral papers to keep saying, don't get in a passion; but, for my part, when Mr. D. goes to bed with his muddy boots on, I kind of bile over!'

'How these shopkeepers will fib it;' said Mrs. Partington, with an expression of pain on her venerable features; 'that young man I bought those needles of said they were good-tempered, and only see how pitifully this one has masecrated my finger.'

"Susan, I will commit suicide if you wont have me." "Well, John, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

The *Chronicle* tells of a man meeting two attorneys, one of whom he did not know, but asked his friend to be introduced to his brother-in-law.

THE Count of Alb—— having occasion to go from Versailles to Paris, heard in company that the Marquis of M——, whom he did not know, was about to perform that little journey. He accosted him, and said, 'Sir, I understand you are going to Paris; in your carraige, no doubt.' 'Yes, sir; could I do any thing for you?' 'You would do me a great favour if you would take charge of my great coat.' 'Certainly, sir; and where shall I leave it?' 'Oh, don't trouble yourself on that score, sir, I shall be in it myself.'

CONJUGAL HARMONY.

A MAN in Germany advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurors and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, 'do blay, my coot organs;' still not a sound was heard: he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—'Ay, do, you tyvel, preak de organs, as you broke my head dis morning.' This was too much for the cholerick German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack, that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife

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AN honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a humble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. 'Och,' he exclaimed, 'how hot his little fut is!'

MARSHAL SAXE.—'Here's peace concluded,' said the marshal; 'we shall now be laid aside and forgotten:—we are like cloaks—only wanted in rough weather.

Root and Branch.—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

BURNING THE BREECHES, OR, LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

John Gosling was a homely man,
And seldom went astray;
His dame was faithful, good and kind,
And with him had grown gray.

He sang his song before the lark,
And rose before the sun,
And yet when Sol had gone to bed,
John's work was oft undone.

Three score years the pair had told,—
Two score she'd been a bride:
They'd had more children and less words,
Than many had beside.

She had less faults than many have,
More virtues too could boast:
John knew all this—but yet he knew
She'd one, greater than most.

John gave her all his hard earned gains
And though not very small,
Yet 'twas her wont when John did sleep,
His clothes to overhaul!

He felt hard, and justly felt,
By her to be suspected
Of guilt—which in her whole life
She ne'er had once detected.

Once on a time, more than his wont.
He labour'd night and day,
And yet his dame did not receive
More than his usual pay.

By dint of perseverance, John
A pound-note had put by,
And for the first time in his life,
He'd done it on the sly!

The dame suspecting something hid,
Knew from her fingers' itches:
Got up one morn before her time,
To search her good man's breeches.

She'd hardly got the fire a-light,
When Johnny Gosling woke,
And starting up his head, he saw
Her hand was in his poke.

Then tiger like, he cried in rage,
"I'll stop your prying games;"
Then seizing on the breeches, he
Did thrust them in the flames.

But when the dame had wept and groaned,
And brought her husband round:
"Ne'er mind the breeches, dame," cried John,
"But give me back the pound."

"I have no pound, John, if I had,
I'd show it in a minute;
If thee'dst a pound, John, in thy poke
Thee'st burnt that and all in it!"

Soft Wattar.—A luv tear. A Quiat Animal.—A cloaze-horse.

TEARS OF THE HERO OF AUSTERLITZ.—Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon and the village bells of Brientz?—He was riding late one day over a battle-field, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly "those evening bells" struck up a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brientz; and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and to the astonishment of Rapp, who relates the circumstance, burst into tears.—The rock was smitten, and the living waters came gushing from it.

MACMILLAN THE VENTRILOQUIST.

THE following racy story is told of Macmillan, the ventriloquist. Dropping by accident into the shop of John Penny, an honest, straightforward bootmaker, who, like many an honest man in these times, had little cash, many mouths, and much trouble, he was being measured for a pair of boots, when John was blessed with the presence of a hard, unpaid landlord with his broker. The following scene then occurs.

"Well, Mr. Penny," said the Squire, blandly, advancing to the counter, "you know of course, the cause of my visit?" Here a huge flaring Poll Parrot, who, with its cage, formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop, began to whistle, "*call again to-morrow*," to the astonishment of all present, except Macmillan. She followed this by, "*I know a bank.*" The Squire and broker started. The Squire, however, resumed, "you are, of course, provided, Mr. Penny?" "Alas! no, sir," replied poor Penny, "it's useless to deceive you any further, I cannot pay you at this moment, neither do I know when I can; take my little property, sir, let it pay as far as it will, I will do the best I can; Providence will not forsake me." "*What's o'clock?*" interrupted the parrot, "*Polly wants her breakfast.*" The children, who had by this time stolen covertly in, curious to know what was going forward, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden loquacity. Their little eyes dilated with wonder, and twinkled with delight, but the awful presence of the great man, for whom they felt an instinctive awe, somewhat repressed them. "Well, well," continued the prudent man of cotton, after a short pause, "if that's the case, I may as well have the things as any one else. John Broadman, you do what is necessary." "*Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly,*" here exclaimed Poll. "That's a fine bird," observed the Squire, his attention arrested. "I must leave a man in possession," said the broker, "but before I go I may as well make out the inventory, for I suppose there's no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny?" "None," replied the shoemaker. "Then I'll proceed to my work at

once. Item, one Dutch clock." "*What's o'clock! What's o'clock?*" exclaimed Poll. Poor Penny looked stupified. The children, who regarded the scene, as we have said, half with curiosity and half with fear, now could not help clapping their little hands at Poll's *apropos* speeches; but a look from their father restrained them. Broadman continued, "one high desk and counter, one slate, one shoemaker's bench and tools, three chairs, two tin candlesticks, six boot-trees," "*Woodman spare that tree,*" sung Polly. "Clever bird that," exclaimed the Squire, his attention now being greatly attracted, "you'll put the parrot down, I suppose, Mr. Broadman?" "*Oh, no, we never mention her,*" sung out the parrot.

"Very odd," exclaimed the Squire, "I should like to have that bird; what's your name, Polly?" *Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins,*" sung Polly, cocking her head very knowingly. "Answers quite like a Christian," remarked the Squire. "*What's o'clock*" cried Poll. "Amazing," ejaculated the Squire—"Now I think of it," said he, "my daughter Cecilia, wishes to buy such a bird as this; one that can talk, and sing, and whistle. I'll tell you what I'll do, Penny; let me have the parrot, give me a note of hand for £5 balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give you a receipt for the £15 due." "*Don't you wish you may get it?*" saucily replied Poll, as if she understood what the landlord was talking about. "Such a bird as that is worth more money," observed Macmillan, "I would not mind giving that much for it myself." "*Oh, whistle and I'll come to thee my lad,*" whistled Poll. "Wonderful!" said the ventriloquist, "I think the fairest way would be to let Poll come to the hammer, and bring whatever she is knocked down for." "*The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree,*" sung Poll. The Squire was electrified. "I must have that bird; I'll take it as payment of the rent in full, Penny—will that suit you? That's not enough? Well, then, I'll make it £20. Here's a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns. Will that do for you? Broadman, withdraw your man." "*You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson, with your ninepence,*" added Polly. The Squire was delighted. Macmillan thought the arrangement honourable to all parties, and poor Penny, apparently unwilling, resigned possession of the bird. "I shall take my prize home at once," said he. "Good bye, Poll," cried all the children. "*Good bye, my native land, good bye,*" sang Poll, looking very grave. The signal seemed given for her departure. "Now, John," cries Poll, as the *cortege* began to move, "*Drive on gently over the stones. John, does your mother know you're out?*" John grinned like a Cheshire cat. The Squire looked enchanted, and the children shrieked again with surprise and delight. As for poor Penny he seemed perfectly satisfied. Highly elated that Penny had got so well through his difficulties, the good ventriloquist did not intrude, but considerately took his leave. He was, however, a punctual visitor at John's the following morning, and, whilst selecting materials for his boots, the Squire suddenly made his appearance, followed by his footman bearing Poll. Penny was surprised, and so, too, seemed Mac-

millan. "Well, Mr. Penny," said the great cotton lord, "we have brought you back your parrot—it is very extraordinary, but it has never spoken a single word since I took it away—never sung a single song, or whistled a single tune; it has done nothing but squark, squark—scream, scream, till my head has been fit to split; in fact, she is a perfect nuisance. I wouldn't keep her in the house if any body would give me a hundred a year to do so. It threw my daughter into hysterics—upset the glass globe, spilt all the gold and siver fish—a rare chance for the cat. Return me the £5 I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent." "Stay, stay," cried Macmillan, "parrots seldom talk in a strange place at first—put Poll in her usual place, and then see." The cage was accordingly restored to its former position, when, to the astonishment of all present, Poll immediately began to sing "*Home, sweet Home.*" "Well," said the Squire, "this is incredible, but I've heard of such things before What a sensible intelligent creature she is! I must give her another trial; take her back, John." "*I'll gang no mair to yon town,*" whistled Poll, but, however, to no effect, for she was borne off, considerably stultifying John by crying, "*What's o'clock? There you go with your eye out,*" &c. "You appear to be surprised at my amazement, Mr. Macmillan," said honest Penny, when the party was out of sight, "but you will not be long so, when I tell you that until yesterday, I never heard that bird utter a single syllable." Macmillan had no doubt of it, "but I must leave you," said he, "so work away, my boy. I shall look in to-morrow, as I pass, to see how you are getting on." He called next morning, and, while giving his final directions, Squire Summer again unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied, as on the previous day, by John with Poll. "Bless me, Sir," said Penny, "is it you?" "Yes, Mr. Penny, I've come again," returned the Squire, "with this diabolical bird—not a moment's peace have we had." "What, do you find her talk too much?" inquired the shoemaker, with great simplicity. "Talk too much!" said the Squire, "the obstinate brute, confound her, she has never talked at all. Put her in her old place, John." "*Don't I look spruce on my neddy,*" whistled Poll. "Oh, hang you! you've found your tongue," said the Squire, "have you? but I am not to be done a third time; keep your bird, Mr. Penny, I wish you joy of her." Poll was therefore again restored to her former situation, looking very wise, and, as the disappointed landlord departed with his man John, she could not help giving him a fling as he went, as if to quicken his movements, by singing out with great glee,—"*Go to the d—l and shake yourself,*" following the exhortation with a loud laugh. "Well," said Mr. Penny, as soon as they were fairly out of hearing, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; had I not been seized for my rent, my parrot might never have spoken. Pretty, pretty polly—pretty polly. What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" cried he, coaxingly. Poll was, however, deaf to the call of the charmer. "Bless me," cried John, "it wont talk now." "It will talk now as much as ever," said Macmillan, laughing. "The fact is, to prevent her speaking by rote, or, rather,

not speaking at all, I spoke for her, and, as it appears, to very good purpose." "I see it all," said John, upon whose mind the truth now flashed lightning; "I must not be unthankful. I wont take a half-penny for the boots." Macmillan, however, would consent to no such understanding. Honest John made the boots of that superior description, that it appeared they would never wear out, but endure as long as would the fame of the wonderful parrot, who paid poor John Penny's rent.

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of roses,
And asked, as round my neck she clung,
If *tulips* I preferred to roses?—

"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I said,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies,"—
She did—"Oh, I prefer," I cried,
"Thy *two-lips* to a dozen roses!"

A FRENCHMAN'S EXPERIENCES.

I find de English tonge vary tuff, and I am hard to understand it. De meaning of de words is so scattared, it is not easy for to gadare dem, all at de same time to chuse dat wot fits de best to de right place. Dere is 'look out,' which is to put out your head and to see; and 'look out,' which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contraire. To-day, steward took hold of de sky-light, and said "Look out!" well, I put up my head for to "look out," and he shut down de sash on it, and gave me a cut almost all over my face with pains of glass, and said, "Dat is not de way to "look out," you should have took your head in." Dat is beating de English into de head wid de devil to it likewise. It keeps me in de boiling watare all de time. When I make in de English tong mistake, de company all laugh in my countenance, which is very disagreeable and barbare; but to avoid consequence hostile I join in de laugh meself, and bark out too at my own blundares, so loud as de loudest of dem all, but dere is no much pleasure in de practice; but when you shall find yourself in a Rome, you must do as it is done in de Rome. Politeness cannot be hoped hare on ship board, where dere of men are many kinds, for you cannot look to make a silk purse out of de ear of one big pig.

LAUGH MAKERS.

JUDAIC NOTION OF HEAVENLY ARITHMETIC.—A certain cunning old Jew had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate, the borrower remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a GOD, and where he expected to go when he died?—'Ah,' said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin—'I have thought of that too—but when GOD looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to HIM like a 6.'

'A dreadful little for a shilling,' said a penurious fellow to a physician, who dealt out an emetic, 'can't you give more?'

A lady asked Mr. Jekyll what was 'the difference between a solicitor and an attorney?' 'Precisely the same,' he answered, 'as between a crocodile and an alligator.'

AN ELECTION PUN.—At an election dinner lately, a voter said he had never received a bribe to the extent of a farthing. 'Oh! Smith, how can you say so?' observed another voter; 'when I know that Mr. W. sent you a hare.' 'Ay, that's true enough; but it was full of maggots.' 'Well, then, was the rejoinder, 'if it were not *bribery*, it was *corruption*.'

A chemist in Albany, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present, at this remark observed, 'that truly chemistry was a valuable science,' and (anxious that the discovery might be made profitable,) inquired of the orator, what number of snow-balls would be sufficient to boil a tea-kettle?

Some years ago a person opened a shop on Fish Street Hill, and being in the immediate neighbourhood of the docks, the sailors were good customers. However, he was rivalled in trade,—another shop was opened directly opposite, by a person of the name of Farr, who placed a flaming sign-board over his window, "*The best tobacco by Farr.!*" The sailors now flocked to the new shop. Upon this the original vendor had a new sign put up at his door inscribed,—"*Farr better tobacco than best tobacco by Farr.*" He carried his point and ran his rival out of breath.

'Doctor,' said a lisping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding-schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party, 'Doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admire tholidity; but ath for me, ath Thakspeare thayth, in hith *Bride of Abydoth*, I prefer tholidity and brilianthy combined.' The doctor sank into the nearest chair, and fainted away as dead as a log.

'MANY things happen between the cup and the lip.' This proverb arose from the fate of Antinous, one of Penelope's suitors, who was shot by an arrow from the bow of Ulysses as he was going to drink.

SPERRIT RAPPIN.—Wha wun had think really at *sperrits* do rap, an saandly too, for thay knock many a man daan at times.

A LASTIN DRESS.—If a womman gets into a borrain *habit*, depend on it shool wear it az *long* az ivver sho lives.

"TEARS," said a Persian poet, "are the scouring drops with which lovely woman washes out the stains in her conduct."

POLITE METHOD OF TORTURING A PATIENT.

But stop, just look at that poor wretch near the wheel, how white he looks about the gills, sitting wrapped up in his cloak, like patience on a monument, waiting for his turn to turn in next, and not caring how soon it comes either. He is too ill to talk, and hates to be spoken to, and for that very reason I will address him. 'How do you find yourself now, sir? I hope you are better.' He dreads to open his mouth, for fear he should give vent to more than he wishes. He shakes his head only. 'Can I give you any thing?' Another shake is the only reply. 'A little sago?' He is in despair, and gives two shakes. 'A little arrowroot, with brandy in it—it is very good?' He is angry; he has lost his caution, and attempts to answer,—but suddenly placing both hands to his mouth, runs to the taffrail; poor fellow! he is very ill—very ill indeed. He returns and takes his seat, and his head falls on his bosom, but he must be rough-ridden before he will be well trained, so here is at him again. 'Pray let me send you a little soup with cayenne?' He gives half-a-dozen angry shakes of the head. 'But the only thing to be relied upon is a slice of fat pork fried with garlic, it is a specific.' He makes a horrible mouth, as if the very idea would kill him; shuts his eyes close, as if it would prevent his hearing, and folding his cloak over his head, turns round and lies down on the deck in despair. The officer of the watch and I exchange winks, and I pass on to the saloon for a glass of—(what the navy had gone to the devil without, since it has become too fashionable to use it as Nelson did,) for a glass of grog.'

THE LUCKY CALL.

A country curate, visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock,
"Good morrow, dame, I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a bible?"
"A bible, sir!" exclaim'd she in a rage,
"D'ye think I've turned a Pagan in my age?
Here, Judith, and run up stairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer, be quick and bring it here."
The girl return'd with bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When lo! on opening it at parlour door,
Down fell her spectacles upon the floor.
Amazed, she started, was for a moment dumb,
But quick exclaimed, "dear sir, I'm glad you're come,
'Tis six years since these glasses first were lost,
And I have miss'd 'em, to my poor eyes' cost!"
Then as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She closed the bible—saying, "God be praised!"

RECEIPT TO BREW A STORM.

Husband. Woman—ay?

Wife. You are always railing at our sex.

Husband. And without reason?

Wife. Without either rhyme or reason; you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

Husband. Sometimes; there is no general rule without an exception. I could name some very good women—

Wife. Without the head, I suppose?

Husband. With a head, and with a heart too.

Wife. That's a wonder!

Husband. It would be a still greater if I could not; for instance, there's Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives; always at home, whenever you call, always in good humour, always neat and clean, sober and discreet.

Wife. I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossiper in the parish; she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean—she has nothing else to do; sober—she can take a glass as well as her neighbours; discreet—that's another word, she can tip a wink—but I detest scandal; I am surprised you didn't say she was handsome?

Husband. So she is, in my eye.

Wife. You have a fine eye, to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty; what do you think of her nose?

Husband. She's a fine woman in spite of her nose!

Wife. Fine feathers make fine birds; she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

Husband. You can do the same, if you please.

Wife. My cheeks don't want paint, nor my eyebrows pencilling.

Husband. True; the rose of youth and beauty is still on your cheeks, and your brow is the brow of Cupid.

Wife. You once thought so; but that moving mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's, let me see, no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own; and so silent, too, when she has all the clack to herself; her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burned into the bargain; and then as to scandal—but her tongue is no scandal. ...

Husband. Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet!

Wife. Curse you! you would provoke a saint.

Husband. You seem to be getting into a passion.

Wife. Is it any wonder? A white sheet! you ought to be toss'd in a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word: my charms are lost on such a tasteless fellow as you.

Husband. The charms of your tongue.

Wife. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.

Husband. Well, I have done.

Wife. But I hav'n't done; I wish I had drown'd myself the first day I saw you.

Husband. It's not too late.

Wife. I'd see you hung first.

Husband. You'd be the first to cut me down.

Wife. Then I ought to be tied up in your stead.

Husband. I'd cut you down.

Wife. You would?

Husband. Yes, but I'd be sure you were dead first.

Wife. I cannot bear this any longer.

Husband. Then 'tis time for me to withdraw; I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

Wife, And it shall burst on your head.

Husband. I'll save my poor head, if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle.

[*Husband flies, the dish flies after him.*

LEGAL.—The proverb says, 'A fool keeps his own counsel;' and Briefless says, 'He only wishes some fool would keep him.'

WIDOW'S griefs are short-lived. Once upon a time, runs an Oriental story, a young and lovely woman was called upon to mourn the death of her lord. As she loved him in life with all the fervour of adoration, her grief at his decease was violent and inconsolable. She filled the air with plaints; declared herself the most wretched of women; and in the intensity of her grief, made a vow that she would wed no new lord till the stream which ran by her bower should reverse its course. A few weeks after, she was observed busily engaged in damming up the stream. Goldsmith, in the 'Citizen of the World,' relates a similar story. A lady, on the death of her husband, vowed that she would not marry another till the grave of her first lover, perennially moistened by her own and the tears of heaven, should become dry. Not many days after, the dear creature was seen vigorously fanning the grave, in order that it might become the sooner dry.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—No never! Every cloud has a silver lining; and He who wove it knows when to turn it out. So, after every night, however long or dark, there shall yet come a golden morning. Your noblest powers are never developed in prosperity. Any bark may glide in smooth water, with a favouring gale; but that is a brave, skilful oarsman who rows up the stream, against the current, with adverse winds, and no cheering voice to wish him "God speed!" Keep your head above the wave; let neither sullen despair nor weak vacillation drag you under. Heed not the poisoned arrow of sneaking treachery that whizzes past you from the shore. Judas sold himself when he sold his Master: and for him there dawned no resurrection morning! 'Tis glorious to battle on with a brave heart, while cowering pusillanimity turns trembling back. Dream not of the word 'surrender!' When one frail human reed after another breaks or bends beneath you, lean on the 'Rock of Ages.' The Great Architect passes you through the furnace but to purify. The fire may scorch, but it shall never consume you. He will yet label you 'fine gold.' The narrow path may be thorny to your tender feet; but the 'promised land' lies beyond! The clusters of Hope may be seen with the eye of faith: your hand shall yet grasp them; your eyes revel, from the mountain-top, over the green pastures and still waters of peace. You shall yet unbuckle your dusty armour, while soft breezes shall fan your victor temples. *Nil Desperandum*!

A man bought a gownpiece at a sale by auction, in Louth, Lincolnshire, on Thursday week, and jestingly said that the first woman who would give him a kiss, should have the dress as a gift. A woman immediately stepped forth, kissed him, and carried off the gownpiece, to the utter discomfiture of the confounded joker.

PROPER DIGNITY.—Stand no sauce from any servant but your cook.

JERRY SNEAK.

Was ever man like me,
So drove alone, d'ye see,
Or any one by woman so abused,
As I am by a wife,
The torment of my life?
O dear! O dear! I cruelly am used!
I must not look nor speak,
Or else 'tis, Jerry Sneak,
What mischief are you now about to do?
Then must my tongue be tied,
Aud live in fear, beside,
Of Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! coo!
Then she calls me a lazy dog, though,
I'm out and in, Fetch the gin,
Open shop, Squeeze the mop,
Toast the bread, Make the bed,
Gut the fish, Wash the dish,
Scrub the stairs, Read the prayers,
Shell the peas, Hunt the fleas,
And all through the dread white sergeant.

Then sure I must, for ease,
Eat bread and smell the cheese,
Or else her paws are up to comb my head:
With strong beer she'll regale,
While I drink Adam's ale,
Or else a mug of swipes, a long time dead.
Then, while on pig she'll dine,
A stale polony's mine,
Besides a mouldy crust for breakfast too:
And if I ask for more,
Must stand behind the door,
For fear of cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo coo!
And then I must—
Rub the brass, Feed the ass,
Boil the rice, Drown the mice,
Sweep the street, Baste the meat,
Clean the shoes, Read the news,
Lay the cloth, Skim the broth,
Beat the mat, Comb the Cat,
And all through the dread white serjeant.

MAN MUST LIVE.—A man whom Dr. Johnson reproved for following a useless and demoralising business, said, in excuse: 'You know, doctor, that I must live!' To this the brave old hater of every thing mean and hateful coolly replied, that 'he did not see the least necessity for that!'

HOW THE LADIES LIKE THEIR BRANDY AND WATER.

By Cato Mignionette,
Man of Colour, and Steward of the Great Western.

De ladies, de dear critturs I do lub em, and likes to tend on em, dey is so helpless, poor tings! But one ting I must say, and dat is, de white ladies do lub werry stiff grog, werry stiff indeed, Mr. Labender, you ab no notion of it no more den a child. Steward, a leetle, werry leetle weak brandy and water, but mind and let him be werry weak. Yes ma'am I say, and away I goes to mix it. Poor leetle tings! I knows werry well what werry weak means—it means half and half, jist as I likes him myself. Well, when I takes it to de lady, she make a face like de cabbage leaf, all puckery, puckery, wrinckely, wrinckely, and arter eber so leetle of a swig at it, she gives him back again to me. Oh steward, she says, how could you! dat is too trong, put in a drop more water, dat is a good steward. Well, I knows what dat means too, so I goes back and puts in one glass brandy more, and two lumps of de sugar more, and stir him up well wid de spoon, and gib him a little nutmeg for de flavour. Try dat, marm, I say, see how you like him, I most fear he too weak now. No, steward, she say, and she smile werry sweet, de little dear, dat will do werry well, dat just right now—always take care to mix my brandy and water weak, for I isn't used to him strong, and he gets into my head. Yes, marm, I say, now I know your gage, I fit you exactly to a T., marm. De dere leetle critturs, de grog he do warm em hearts and brighten de eye, and make em werry good-natured. I knows dat by myself, I always feels better for de stiff glass of grog. Poor leetle tings; but dey do like him werry stiff, werry stiff indeed, it is actilly astonishing how stiff they do takes him.

CATO'S CRAFT IN CHANGING WINE.

As to de men passengers, I always let dem shift for demselves, for dere isn't werry few of dem is real superfine gentlemen, but jist refidge a leetle varnished over de surface like, all pretence. Dey all make believe dat dey know wine, when dam um, dere isn't hardly none of em know him by name even. One buccra says, steward, I can't drink dis wine, it is werry poor stuff; what de debil do you mean by giving me such trash as dis, he no fit to drink at all? Change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman. Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at um werry

knowing, and den whisper in his ear not to speak so loud lest ebery body hear; and I put de finger on my nose and nods, and I goes and brings him anoder bottle of de werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack his lip, and say, Ah, dat is de wine, steward, always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de ship. Hush, I say, massa, not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles of dat are wine, and I keep him for you, for I sees you knows de good wine when you sees him, which is more nor most gentlemen does. Dey is cussed stupid is dem whites, and werry conceited too, Mr. Labender: but dere is noting like letting him hab his own way.

TWO WAYS OF "FORKING OUT."

Toder day I sell some small ting to de outlandish Jew, who no speak werry good English, and I goes into his cabin, and I say, "Come, massa, I say, our voyage over now, him pilot on board, so you fork out, massa, if you please." Well, he stared like a shy horse. "What dat you say?" says he. "You fork out now, massa," I say. Den he go round, and he bolt de door, and den he say, I give you one sovereign, steward, if you no mention it. "Oh," I say, "I neber mention him, massa, neber fear; and I's werry much obliged to you, sir, werry much indeed." Den he says, "Here is de forks," and he give me back three silver forks; "I tookt um by mistake," he say, "and I hope you no mention him." Oh, ho, says I to myself, is dat de way de cat jump?—now I see how de land lay—I come Jew over you, my boy—my turn come now. Four sovereigns more, massa, and steward he keep mum, and if you no pay de money, I go bring captain, passenger and ebery one. Well, him sovereign break um heart amost, but he show him out for all dat afore I go—one—two—three—four—five sovereigns. "All's right now, massa," I say, "dat is wat I calls 'forking out.'" Jist as I turns for to go, he says, "How you know I ab um, steward, any body tell you?" "Oh, massa," I say, "I know de tief so far as I see him. When I clap eyes on you fust, by Gosh, I knew you for one of dem dam rascals. No mistake, massa, face neber tell um lie—he always speaky de truth."

As a comet smites a planet with his tail, so did Mrs. Jones whip her husband with a cowskin when he kissed Betty Prim.

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?—Absence of body.

A Lesson for the World.—To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbour, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grand stand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice, champagne, and seltzer, cold pâté, or other his or her favourite flesh-pot, if gluttonously-minded, at a supper when hundreds of people come empty away. A woman of the world will marry her daughter and have done with her, get her carriage, and be at home and asleep in bed; whilst a timid mamma has still the girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawls, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Take it. At the Treasury or the Home Office? Ask for it. Do you want to go to a party to which you are not invited? Ask to be asked. Ask A., ask B., ask Mrs. C., ask everybody you know; you will be thought a bore; but you will have your way. What matters it if you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude? By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey. How well your shilling will have been laid out, O gentle readers, who purchase this; and, taking the maxim to heart, follow it through life! You may be sure of success. If your neighbour's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?

Frederick Douglass and his Master's Pig.—When twelve years old, Frederick was under strong religious impressions; and, therefore, although he was often very hungry, he dared not to make free with the food that he might have stolen to satisfy the cravings of hunger. On the plantation there was a slave named Sandy Figgins, to whom, in his hunger, he applied for advice. "Well," said Sandy, "you must *take* something to eat (*taking* is not considered *stealing* among the southern slaves); you must be hungry. *I* could *take* a pig, blessed be God, and shout Hallelujah!"—"How do you justify that, Sandy?" asked Frederick.—"Well," answered Sandy, "do you see that pig?"—"Yes."—"Isn't that pig master's property?"—"Yes."—"Well, and are not *you* master's property too?"—"Yes."—"Very well, suppose you put some of *that* property into *this*, it would only, in the language of General Jackson be a *removal!*" Ever after that Frederick had plenty of pig!

'You're doing a *smashing* business,' said the gardener to the hailstones.

An old lady in the West of England, for 20 successive years has darned stockings with the same needle; in fact, so used was the said needle to its work, that frequently on the lady's leaving the room it would continue darning without her! When the old lady died, the needle was found by her relatives, and for a long time no one could thread it, nor could they discover what obstructed the threads, when, by microscopic observation, they observed a tear in the eye of it!

THE CANON AND THE VICAR.

A canon of Windsor enjoying a stroll,
One day when the evening was fine,
Met one of his vicars, a right jolly soul,
Now rather elated with wine.

'Ah! sir,' said the latter, a little dismay'd,
'To see me, you wonder no doubt;
I've stay'd over long with my friend, I'm afraid—
Indeed we've been spinning it out.'

'From your manner of walking, your tale I don't doubt,
Though 'tis wrong in these follies to roam;
I see,' he replied, 'you've been *spinning* it out,
And now you are *reeling* it home.

ENVIABLE POSITION OF A FURNACE STOKER

No wun would no me now, for I am as black as the ace of spades as was, and so is my shurt, and for clene shetes, how long wood they be clene and me in them? and my skin is cracked like roastid pig, when there be not fat enough to baste it, or yu tu lazy to du it, which was often your case, and well you cort it for it tuo when I was out of sorts, which was enough to vex a man as risked his like to get it; and then my eyes is soar with dust as comes from the cole, and so stiff, I arent power to shute them, because they be so dry, and my mouth tastes sulfur always, as bad as them as go to the devil in earnest, as Sally Mander did. I have no peace at all, and will not be sorry when it's over; if I survive it, blow me if I will. I smells like roste beaf, and the rats cum smelling round me as if they'd like to have a cut and cum agin, but they will find it a tuf business and no gravy, as the frenchman said who lived tuo hull weakes on his shuse, and dide when he cum to the heles, which he said was rather tuo much.

An African preacher, speaking from 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' mentioned among other things, that they lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. 'Many people,' said he, 'attend meeting, hear the sermon, and, when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation—this part was for that man, and that part for that woman; such denunciations for such persons, these threats for you sinners—and so,' continued the shrewd African, 'they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves'

"My dear Sir, don't disturb my feelings," said Garrick to Johnson, one night, behind the scenes, "consider the exertions I have to go through." "As to your feelings, David," replied Johnson, "Punch has just as many; and as to your exertions, those of a man who cries turnips about the street are greater."

CHICK! CHICK! CHICK!

"Lord bless you!" said Zeb, "I thought that everybody that know'd mother, know'd that story. Five years ago, come next summer, the old lady made a trip to Halifax, in one of our Digby coasters, to see sister Susannah, that is married in that city to Ted Fowler, the upholsterer, and took a whole lot of little notions with her to market to bear expenses; for she is a saving kind of body, is mother, and likes to make two ends meet at the close of the year. Among the rest, was the world and all of eggs, for she was a grand hand in a poultry-yard. Some she stowed away in boxes, and some in baskets, and some in tubs, so that no one accident could lose them all for her. Well, under the births in the cabin were large drawers for bedding; and she routed that out, and packed them full of eggs in wool, as snug as you please, and off they started on their voyage. Well, they had nothing but calms, and light airs, or head winds, and were ever so long in getting to town; and, when they anchored, she got her duds together, and began to collect her eggs all ready for landing. The first drawer she opened, out hopped ever so many chickens on to the cabin floor, skipping and hopping about, a-chirping, "Chick, chick, chick!" like anythink!

"'Well, if that don't beat all!" said mother, and she looked the very picture of doleful dumps. 'I hope there is no more of them a coming into the world that way, without being sent for!' and she opened a second, and out came a second flock, with a 'Chick, chick, chick!' and another and another, till she pulled them all out. The cabin

floor was chock full of them; for the heat and confined bilge air had hatched all the eggs that were in the close and hot drawers.

"Oh, the captain, and passengers, and sailors, they roared with laughter. Mother was awful mad, for nothing makes one so angry as accidents that set folks off a tee-hee-ing in that way. If any body had been to blame but herself, wouldn't they have caught it, that's all? for scolding is a great relief to a woman; but there warn't nothing left but to cry, and scolding and crying are two safety-valves that have saved may a heart from busting.

'Well, the loss was not great, though she liked to take care of her coppers, too; it was the vexation that worried her. But the worst was to come yet. When she returned home, the boys at Digby got hold of the story, and, wherever she went, they called out after her, 'Chick, chick, chick!' I skinned about a half-a-dozen of the little imps of mischief for it, but it only made them worse, for they hid in porches, and behind doors, and gates, and fences, as soon as they seed her a-coming, and roared out, 'Chick, chick, chick!' and nearly bothered her to death. So she gave up going out any more and never leaves home now. It's my opinion, her rheumatism is nothing but the effect of want of exercise, and all comes from that cursed 'Chick, chick, chick!"

Love will find a Way—A young gentleman fell in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was, that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak, and when the father returned to the counting-house and threw off his cloak, the young lover would go and take out the lady's epistle, read it, and send the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

A Blunder.—One day, a servant-girl was sent by her mistress to a stationer's shop, in Barnsley, for a memorandum-book. The anxious maid, on reaching the spot, very politely asked the shopman to send her mistress a *Merry Andrew Book*. The order, of course, was readily complied with, and a great number of pleasing and witty ones were turned over and admired; one more gay than the rest was fixed upon, viz. 'Jack the Giant-killer,' with which Mary hastened home. Her arrival soon filled the house with laughter; poor Mary blushed, but hurried back to the shop again, to rectify the blunder into which she had fallen.

CHARMING WASPS.

One *Saint* Monday, two country-cobblers, well known at Thurlstone, and famous in the art of angling, being short of baits, vacated their waxy thrones, and out they strolled into the fields,—Tite with his stick, and Ned with his fiddle,—for the purpose of *charming* wasps, by which they imagined they would become stingless, and their nests be easily taken; they had not proceeded far before Tite called out, 'Ned here's a strong un here' lad; bring up tha fiddle.' Tite having got himself ready for the charm, viz., armed with a stick, wrapped round with red cloth, Ned tuned his fiddle, and down he sat close by the nest, and struck up that well-known tune called Paddy Carey, and Tite commenced quavering the stick over his head. This performance had not gone on more than a second, before out rushed the whole host of stingers, and fixed themselves about the ears and faces of their assailants. Tite bowled out, 'Change the tune! change the tune!' 'Oh! I can't; oh! I can't;' responded Ned, who threw down his fiddle and started off, Tite following and fighting with all his might scores of wasps, which were about his head. After running some two or three hundred yards, they got quit of their foes, and sat down, a perfect pair of *charming* creatures. Ned had his left eye completely made up, and his nose about three times the ordinary size, while poor Tite could only just discern day-light. After a little moralizing, they agreed to *charm* no more wasps.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Scene.—A House in the Country.

Inquisitor.—Good morning, madam, is the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood.—Yes, sir; I am at home.

Inq.—Hav'n't you a husband?

Mrs. T.—Yes, sir; but he a'n't at the head of the family, I'd have you know.

Inq.—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—Why, bless me, what's that to you? You are mighty inquisitive, I think.

Inq.—I am the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses you wouldn't ax such impertinent questions.

Inq.—Don't be offended, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—Answer a fool according to his folly,—you know what Scripter says. Old lady, indeed!

Inq.—I beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I am bound to go according to law, and not according to gospel.

Mrs. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor gospel. What business is it to you to inquire into folk's affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

Inq.—The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

Mrs. T.—Oh, it's the law, is it? That alters the case. But I should like to know what business the law has with other people's household matters.

Inq.—Parliament made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them.

Mrs. T.—Talk to a fiddle-stick!—Why parliament is a fool, and you're another.

CRAFTINESS OF MR. SLICK'S PHRENOLOGY.

So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up gals, airnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at? Nothin', says I, my dear, but a most remarkable development. A what? says she. A remarkable development, says I, the most remarkable, too, I ever seed since I was raised. Why, what in Nature's that? says she. Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence! says I, and firmness of character! did you ever?—and, then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eyebrow, you ought to sing well, positively; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon particular powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and composition is strong. Well, how strange! says she, you *have* guessed right, I declare, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for music in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell? If that don't pass! Tell, says I, why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yourn, I never did see, *positively*. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains, you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss?

Well, arter hearin' me pronounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I won't read it aloud, Miss; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right. Do, says she, I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convene to reason, does it? Nothin', squire, never stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curious to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then, gradually, one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, music, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin',—Well, he's a witch! well, how strange! lawful heart! Well, I want to know!—now I never!—do tell!—as pleased all the time as any thing. Lord! squire, you never see anything like it—it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then, I wind up by touchin' the back of her head, hard, (you know, squire, what they call the *amative* bumps, are located there) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very very loving wife, and soon—, and she jumps up a-colourin', and a-sayin' its no such thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better! and pretendin' to slap me, and all that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired, and then boughten, after this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes, that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

HOMŒOPATHY.—The following is an American recipe for *aqua fortissima* on the principles of Hahnemann:—

Take a little rum—
The less you take the better;
Mix it with the Lakes
Of Wener and of Wetter.

Dip a spoonful out—
Mind you don't get groggy—
Pour it into Lake
Winnipiseogee.

Stir the mixture well,
Lest it prove inferior;
Then put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day,
Take a drop, in water!
You'll be better soon;
Or, at least, you ought to.

PAST AND FUTURE JOYS.

Oh! take me back to my early days,
When faith and love were young,
And rainbow Hope, with a thousand rays,
O'er my future prospects hung.

Oh! take me back to those early dreams—
That state so pure and bright—
Like spirits blest, array'd in beams
From the spirit's house of light.

Oh! for those glad and happier hours,
When, innocent and free,
I thought to rove among gay flowers,
Through all eternity.

Fair sunny spot! where my childhood dwelt,
Scarce knowing aught of pain;
A tear might fall like an April shower,
But the sunshine came again.

Yet why repine? though the joy-lit morn
Of childhood's sunk in gloom,
There's an azure sky above the storm,
A light beyond the tomb.

And my spirit points her drooping wing,
Oh! land of bliss! to thee—
There she shall ever soar and sing
In endless ecstasy!

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance:—A board of 'School Commissioners,' who encumber a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for 'a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey, or chew tobacco.' After a fortnight of this advertising had elapsed, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine-stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod protection*, *alias* a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:—

'Well, sir,' said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, 'do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school-teacher?'

'I guess I do,' said Slick,' whittling his stick.

'Do you understand Latin,' asked one of the committee-men, a Dutch farmer.

'I guess I do,' replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

'Well, let's hear some of your Latin,' said the chairman.

'Quambo hic squashium et punkinitum lingum,' said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

'Humph!' exclaimed the Dutchman, 'ist dat Latin?' Who's te author?'

'Josephus,' replied Slick; 'he says in his life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quad crat demonstrandum.'

'Dat's goot,' exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, 'tere never was better Latin!'

'Now, sir,' said the chairman, 'I suppose you understand geography?'

'I guess I do,' said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

'How far have you been?'

'As far as the Deestrict of Columby.'

'What state is it in?'

'A state of desperation.'

'What latitude are we?'

'According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero.'

'Which is the most western part of North America?'

'Cape Cod.'

'Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?'

'That depends upon the quality,' replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

'Well, suppose it to be good corn land?'

'Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills.'

'Say—five hundred.'

'Guess, you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?'

'Five.'

'Then according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty two feet horizontally perpendicular.'

'Excellent. Pray where are you from?'

'Staunton, down in the bay state—and I can do most anything.'

'No doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug us; you may go.'

A stupid youth having got his skull severely fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked: 'Do write to tell my father, for he always vowed I had none.'

A MOTHER admonishing her son (a lad about seven years of age), told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, 'Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to night.'

THE COUNSELLOR OVERMATCHED.—At the Donegal Assizes, the following cross-examination, by Mr. Doherty, of a sharp-witted witness, is still well remembered in that country:—*Mr. D.* What business do you follow? *Witness.* None at present; I was at that time a schoolmaster.—*Mr. D.* Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off? *Witness.* I don't wish to be asked irrelevant questions (laughter). *Mr. D.* Were you a great favourite with your pupils? *Witness.* Ay, troth was I—a much greater favourite than you are with the public.—*Mr. D.* Where were you, sir, on this night? *Witness.* This night! Oh, you're a learned man! *this* night is'nt come yet; I suppose you mean *that* night. (Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.)—*Mr. D.* I suppose 'the schoolmaster' was abroad that night, doing nothing. *Witness.* Define *nothing*, that I may know what you mean. The barrister did not attempt a definition. After a short silence, the witness said, 'Well, if you can't define it, I can; it is a *footless stocking*, *without a leg*.'—'You may stand down sir,' said the counsel. This he did, amidst roars of laughter, in which the judge joined.

THE CORBEILLE OF LOUISE;

OR, A SACRIFICED MARRIAGE. [A TRUE TALE.]

A PARISIAN gentleman, son of a very wealthy banker, was about to marry a young lady of high rank, and every thing was prepared The bridegroom had sent in the *corbeille*, which was extremely rich, the diamonds alone worth above one hundred thousand francs. Wishing to enjoy the gratification of his bride, the rich bestower followed close on the heels of his present, and finding no one in the parlour, ensconced himself in a window, behind the curtains. Presently a whole bevy of girls fluttered into the room, and all began talking at once. "Oh, did you ever see such a beautiful *corbeille*? Louise is lucky, what a generous husband she will have!"—"She ought to be happy, to be sure, but do you know what she told me just now? why, that she had rather have the *corbeille* without the gentleman."—"It can't be, she never said so."—"She certainly did, and there she is, you can ask her yourself. Louise, didn't you tell me you would rather have the *corbeille* alone, without Mr. ——?"—"Yes; I do say so; but that's between ourselves."—"Much obliged to you, mademoiselle," said Mr. ——, coming forward," you shall not have either." So saying, he coolly put the splendid present under his arm, and walked off, leaving the ladies in embarrassment "easier conceived than expressed."

Hints for Sheriffs' Officers.—All the cunning drivers of the process server I narrated with a gusto that smacked of my early training-- how sometimes my crafty parent would append a summons t the collar of a dog, and lie in wait till he saw the owner take it off and read it, and then emerging from his concealment, cry out, 'Sarved!' and take to his heels; and again, how once he succeeded in 'sarving' old Andy himself, by appearing as a beggar-woman, and begging him to light a bit of paper to light her pipe. The moment, however, he took the bit of twisted paper, the assumed beggar-woman screamed out, 'Andy, ye're sarved: that's a process, my man!' The shock almost took Andy's life.

Some ten years since, a man living near Wedmore was suspected of poaching, and received a summons to appear before the magistrates. Puzzled what to do, his wife took out the baby from the cradle, and rocked him in it; he then went before the magistrates, and swore he had not touched a gun or a wire since he was rocked in the cradle, and got clear off.

The Matrimonial Circus.—The only ring in which the whip should not be used, is the wedding-ring.

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*,—as 'Press that gentleman to partake of some refreshment;' or, 'Let me press you to stay to-night;' and understanding that *press* and *squeeze* were synonymous terms, thought he would display his talent, and therefore had no scruple one evening to cry out in company, 'Pray, *squeeze* dat lady to sing.'

American Feasting.—When Mr. Gallot went through the United States with Madlle. D'Jeck, the celebrated elephant, he was one evening warm in his praises of the hospitalities and socialities of the mother country; amid other instances, he quoted one of the Rutland punchbowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis, was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. 'I guess,' said one of the company, 'I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that to immortal smash; for at my brother's christening, the bowl was so deep, that when we young 'uns said it warn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom.

A CELEBRATED divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered, "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

DR. JOHNSON, when asked to give his opinion on the production of a lady, who told him 'that, when he had finished that, she had other irons in the fire,' replied, 'Madam, put this with your other irons.'

'Stocks are firm,' as the rogue said when he had his feet in them.

SAGACITY OF A MONKEY.—The servant of a medical gentleman, who was some time in India, caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her progeny, that she never ceased uttering the most piteous tone, night or day in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor at length tired out with incessant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal cheerfully retired, and sped its way to the community to which it had belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her progeny had lost caste, and like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock. A few days after, our medical friend was greatly surprised to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with it. It entered his tent of its own accord, apparently very much exhausted; and having deposited its young one, it retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid itself down and died. On examining the carcase of the poor animal, it was found in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded, and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that it had been dreadfully maltreated by its comrades; and, finding no safety for itself or its offspring, returned the little one into the hands of those who were the cause of its misfortunes.

A green one, who had a great desire to possess a goose 'alive,' set of to a neighbouring town, resolved to buy one and feed it up for himself. Having made a successful bargain, he was returning home, when he was met by a friend, to whom he showed his purchase. 'Why,' said his friend on seeing the goose, 'they have given you no *giblets* with him; you have been cheated.' The smiling countenance of the Irishman was turned to a look of utter dismay; he reflected for a moment, then turned back, and actually walked a distance of two miles to ask the market woman for the giblets to the LIVE goose.

THE DUKE AND THE SENTINEL.

The late Duke of Brunswick used to relate the following anecdote with great glee:— On a certain occasion, one of the heaviest of German soldiers had the duty of mounting guard at one of the ducal hunting seats, and not to perplex the poor fellow with more ideas than he could conveniently carry, one single 'notion' was with some difficulty rammed into his noddle, viz., that he *must present arms* to the duke, should his highness pass that way. He was left to his cogitations, which, we need hardly say, were of that class described by the renowned author of Knickerbocker's *History of New York*, as appertaining to the plot of the 'Good Vrow,' who, we were informed, sat at the helm, thinking of nothing, either *past*, *present*, or to *come*. Tired at last of this transcendential monotony, our sentinel had recourse to the universal German solace—his sausage and schnapps. Whilst thus agreeably employed, he saw an unpretending-looking person approach the place where he was seated, dressed in the common German hunting-dress, a sort of queer smock-frock, leather breeches, and continuations. 'Good appetite to you,' said the new comer; 'what is that you're eating?' 'Guess,' gruffly answered the peasant soldier. 'Oh, perhaps rothwurst?' said the duke, for it was no less a personage. 'No, something better than that.' 'Then, I suppose it is lebberwurst?' 'No, something better than that.' 'Probably, then, it is metterwurst?' 'Yes.' (The three terms, rothwurst, lebberwurst, and metterwurst, are the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of the German sausage.) 'And now that you know all about my sausage, pray who are you?' 'Guess, 'said the duke. 'Oh, perhaps you're one of the duke's pages?' 'No! something better than that.' Then you're probably one of the duke's aide-de-camps?' 'No! something better than that.' 'Perhaps you're the duke himself?' 'Yes.' 'Ter Teufel! hold that sausage—for my orders are to present arms to you.'

FUNNY-UNS.

'Bill, you young scamp, if yon had your due, you would get a good whipping.' 'I know it, daddy, but *bills* are not always paid when *due*.' The father was dumb-foundered.

'I goes through my work,' as the needle said to the idle boy. 'But not till you're hard pushed,' as the idle boy said to the needle.

A gentleman calling for some beer at another gentleman's table, finding it very bad, gave it again to the servant without drinking. What!' said the master of the house, 'don't you like the beer?' 'It is not to be found fault with,' answered the other, 'for we should never speak ill of the *dead*.'

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—When Cousin Ichabod first saw him at the show, he exclaimed, with mute astonishment, 'Then that's the rale menagerer—the identical critter itself! Wouldn't tew of 'em make a team to draw stun with! Aint he a scroger!' Ichabod went hum, and related what he had seen. 'I have seen,' said he, 'the genewine menagerer—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails—one behind and t'other before. Philosofiers call the fore'un a pronobseus. He put one of his tails in my pocket, and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it?' Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more.'

The forward young lady of fifteen, who would meet a lover a little more than half-way, is not much to my taste. I would go a mile or two out of my way rather than meet her at all. But that blue-eyed girl with bright hair, who, at nineteen, feels herself too young to listen to a lover's vow, is—is what? No matter what: but she is not for you, sir, if I can prevent it.

'Dey does say, that way down in Georgia they makes poor nigga work twenty-five hours ebbery day. Now, looke hea, I'se been told that day hasn'd got no more nor twenty-four hours, an' I wants you, Mr. Johnsing, to 'splanify to dis chile, how they make 'em work twenty-five hours.' 'Golly mighty, what ignoramus nigga you is, Scipio; why, way down dare, they make poor nigga get up one hour *afore* day—doesn't that make 'em twenty-five?' Scipio was convinced.

A blind fiddler, on crossing a narrow bridge, let fall his instrument into the stream. One of the by-standers, after assisting in vain for its recovery, told the unfortunate musician that he pitied his case. 'Oh, hang the case!' cried Scrape, 'tis the fiddle I want.'

'Don't you understand me, Jim?' thundered the old man. 'Why, you must be quite a fool.' 'True I am very *near one*,' meekly replied Jim.

ACOUSTICS.—'John Brown, what do you understand by acoustics?'—'Why, a stick to drive cows with I 'spose.'

'Get out, you young vagabone! did I not just see you reading about the science of sound?'—Guess not—that was about Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist.'

'It was, eh? Sarah, you are John's youngest sister?'—Yeth thir.'

'What is acoustics?'—'I know thir—it ith—it ith the art of making a noith, and hearing a noith.'

'You are right—explain it.'—'Yeth thir. If you stick your finger into your mouth, and then pull it out thudenly, the cold air rutheth into the vakkum and produtheth a thound, thriketh on the tympan of the ear, whith maketh the thound audible, and it ith called thience of a couthtixth.'

'You are quite right, Sarah.'

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ENGLISH LADIES

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following is an extract from the journal of Elizabeth Woodville (afterwards Queen of Edward the Fourth), written before her first marriage with Sir John Grey, of Groby. As it furnishes an excellent lesson to modern ladies, it may not, changing the orthography, be uninteresting nor out of place in these pages:—

"THURSDAY MORNING (May 10, 1451.)—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Katherine to milk the cows: Rachael, the other dairy-maid, having scalded one of her hands in a very sad manner last night. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's.

"*Six o'clock.*—Breakfasted. The buttock of beef rather too much boiled, and the ale a little the stalest. Memorandum, to tell the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"*Seven o'clock.*—Went out with the Lady Duchess, my mother, into the court-yard; fed five-and-thirty men and women; chid Roger very severely for expressing some dissatisfaction in attending us with the broken meat.

"*Eight o'clock.*—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maiden Dorothy: caught Stump, the little black pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without either saddle or bridle.

"*Ten o'clock.*—Went to dinner. John Grey one of our visitants—a most comely youth—but what's that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate very little—stole a great many tender looks at me—said a woman never could be handsome, in his opinion, who was not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and Roger is the most disorderly serving man in our family.

John Grey likes white teeth—my teeth are a pretty good colour, I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it—and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

"*Eleven o'clock.*—Rose from table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields. *John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence.* I cannot say I should have any aversion to John Grey: he plays prisonbars as well as any gentleman in the country, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, and never misses church of a Sunday.

"*Three o'clock.*—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, and gave a matter of no less than five pounds himself to this benevolent intention. Mem.—*Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.*

"*Four o'clock.*—Went to prayers.

"*Six o'clock.*—Fed the poultry and dogs.

"*Seven o'clock.*—Supper at the table; delayed on account of farmer Robinson's fire and misfortune. The goose pie too much baked, and the loin of pork almost roasted to rags.

"*Nine o'clock.*—The company almost all asleep. These late hours are very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey disturbing my thoughts too much the first time, fell asleep about ten, and dream't that John had come to demand me of my Father.

CHEER UP.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
  Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
  Gives with a smile what you take with a tear
    All will be right,
    Look to the light;
Morning was ever the daughter of night;
All that was black will be all that is bright,
    Cheerily, cheerily, then! cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
  Many a trouble a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
  With love ever precious, and joys ever new!
    Stand in the van,
    Strive like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
Trusting in God while you do what you can.
    Cheerily, cheerily, then! cheer up.

M. F. TUPPER.

AN APPEAL TO THE FEELINGS.—Treading on a person's corns.

A Woman's Smile.—"She had just time to look up and smile. And oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile—it changes colour like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate, a satiric smile, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile—but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover after the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love."

Geographical.—The 'State of Matrimony' has at last been bounded and described by some out-West Student, who says:—'It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other side. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks, and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against.'

Printing Press, Pulpit, and Petticoats.—These are the three great levers that govern the world. Without them the bottom would fall out, and society would become chaos again. The press patriotic, the pulpit religious, but women answer all things. There would be no going to church if there were no girls there; neither would there be any going to war were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines. Without the shunshine shed by women, the rosebud of affection would never grow, nor the flowers of eloquence germinate. In short, she is the steam-engine of life, the great motive power of love, valour, and civilisation. In proof of this truth all history speaks trumpet-tongued.

Eloquence.—Different styles of eloquence, each producing the desired effect:—

'Contribute liberally, my brethren; give such a sum as you would not be ashamed to place on the altar of heaven in presence of an assembled universe.'—*Bishop Griswold.*

'Contribute generously, my friends; not fourpence half-pennies, but run your hand into your pocket up to the elbow, and bring out a handful, as a sailor would if you needed his aid.'—*Rev. Mr. Taylor.*

'FAST,' YET STILL 'FASTER.'

Tom Nicholson, the well-known wit of Houghton, dropped in one day at a Village Tavern, in the nighbourhood of Barnsley, for the purpose, as the saying goes, to cool his copper. In the room which Tom entered, a flirty young fellow, the son of a farmer, was swaggering lustily to the company, what a fast horse he had; 'sixteen miles an hour,' said he, 'is nothing, it was only a donkey speed.' 'Hey!' said Tom, working the muscles of his face, 'Yes, Sir! its the fastest horse in this country is mine.' 'Do yo mean ta say so?" squeaked out Tom, bounding from his chair as if kicked by a spring. 'Yes, I do!' 'Then al just bet ye a nod craan bowl a punch at yo hevant a faster than mine, an wil hev t'punch in before we start.' 'Very good,' said the young farmer, 'agreed on.' As *good* as you like,' replied Tom, sucking his lip at the idea, and down they sat together, making no small noise about the superior fastness of their horses. The bowl being emptied, up they both jumped as fierce as crickets, especially Tom, who began to button his coat, and fix his hat firmly, as though he was 'going to go" at a speed something like flying. This, however, appeared not to daunt the anxious farmer, who mounted his horse immediately, and called upon his opponent to bring out his. Tom, who was in the house putting his face into as grave a form as he possibly could make it, came running out all in a bustle. 'Now, then, where is this tit?' asked the farmer. 'Mine, Sur?' said Tom. 'Yes, yours!' 'Ha! bless ye, get aff wea; yo tawk abaght this being a fast tit,' striking it on the snout, 'wha mun its nowt of a fastan, mines been two days an two neets stuck ovvert head e clay nearly, e Little Houghton dyke. Nah, then, if that beant a *faster* than yor's, I've dun.' Having said this, Tom kicked up his heel, and into the house he popped. The farmer not only reddened up, but appeared terribly chagrined at being so smartly outwitted; nevertheless, he paid the wager, and through the village he dashed at a rate not less than *sixteen miles an hour*.

'*Why is the letter D like a ring*?' said a young lady to her accepted one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. 'Because,' added the lady, with a *very* modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, 'because *we* can't be *wed* without it.'

In Illinois a young lady offered the following toast:—"the young men of America—*their* arms are our support—*our* arms their reward."

A Yankee student being asked how many genders there were, said 'three—masculine, feminine, and neutral;' and defined them as follows:—'Masculine, men; feminine, women; and neutral, old bachelors.'

The Truly Happy Man.—A complete miser is said to be a happy man; but Dr. Johnson remarks truly, that a man who both spends and saves money is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments.

Yankee Inquisitiveness.—One of the last stories of Yankee inquisitiveness makes the victim give his tormentor a direct cut, in telling him he wished to be asked no further questions. The inquisitor fell back a moment to take breath and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile on the faces of the other passengers soon aroused him to further exertions; and, summoning up more resolution, he then began again: 'Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em, so now won't you just obleedge me?' This appeal brought out the traveller, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and, throwing back his shoulders, replied: 'My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and, I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am on my way to see it: and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, *I intend to—buy it.*' Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage-coach; and this was the last of that conversation.

A Negro Preacher's Prayer.—A gentleman passing near the meeting-house of coloured people of Whitestown, New York, heard what he describes as follows: 'A long favoured gentleman from Africa was closing up a prayer, and some white boys in a corner had the manners to laugh, so that the praying member heard them. He had a moment before said very earnestly: 'We pray dat de Lord will bress all flesh dat is human,' when the laugh occurred, and commencing again just before the amen, the pious negro said: 'O Lord, we is not in de habit of adding postscripts to our prayers, but if de 'spression bress all dat is human *wouldn't take in dese white fellers dare*, den we pray dat you will bress *some what ain't human, also, besides!*'

Remarkable Neets.—That, when t'man ran home, freetand aght ov hiz sensas at seein t'dead haar at neet.

That, when t'watchman distinctly heard a *hallo* raand t'mooin.

That, when t'dog star wor seen ta bite a piece aght at northern leets.

That, when t'owd womman heard t'breik a day.

That, when t'lad wackand hizsen we *fallin* asleep.

Proverbs for Wimmin.—Sum wimmin are fond of tellin what rubs thave gien their nabor: egshacktly,—an wot a thing it ud be, if ther chairs cud say t'same be them.

Sum wimmin are fond of publishin ther huzband's folts; but forget at thare printin ther awn at same time.

Sum wimmin are fond of tellin hah little ther hause costs em; but tacks care not ta say a wurd wot their backs costs their huzbands

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AN IRISH WAGER.

'Nate hand you are then, my darlint,' said one bricklayer to another. 'You mount the ladder wid yer hod full of stones, and scatter them on the head if us as ye go, sir.'

'Be me sowl, I'd carry yer own swate self up from de flags to de roof, an' down, widout yer being spilt.'

'You couldn't do it, sir—I'd lay a thrifle ye couldn't.'

'For a noggin I would den—d'ye take me bet?'

'Done! the noggin on't ye can't, sir'

'We'll thry that! bundle in!'

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry, once more landing the adventurous Pat on the pavement, said, triumphantly,

'The price of me stuff, if it's aguel t'ye! Haven't I won it?'

'Ye have, sir, admitted Pat, reluctantly, lugging out his halfpence; 'as it happens, I'm *bate*. I'd rather lose *any* thing than my wager, an' just as we were comen by the second story I was in great *hopes*.

One day philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on; and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succour of their gods. 'Be quiet, you wretches!' said the sage; 'if the gods perceive that you are here we are lost!'

PRESENTATION AND ANSWER.—A moon-struck wooer the other day, presented a rose to a lady, accompanied with the following lines:—

PRESENTATION.

Accept, dear maid, this beauteous rose,
To deck thy breast most fair;
Observe its hue, nor wonder why
It blushes to be there!

ANSWER.

I will accept thy beauteous rose,
And on my breast enslave it;
But should it blush, I should suppose
'Tis for the fool who gave it!

SAM SLICK AND THE QUAKER.

WHEN I fust went out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be subject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nothin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night under the pillow of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night, (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Plato Frisk, a jumpin' quaker, a terrible cross-grained, cantankersome crittur, as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin' it as an ondocked crittur does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stingin' nettles; it made it smart again like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin' hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He actilly was an awful-lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as ontamed too. Well, I woke up in the night, half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist put out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it, than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room, to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too) and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on it like grim Death to a dead nigger. It made me larf so, when the lights came in, and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't.

'Genius will work its way through,' as the poet remarked, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

Detecting the Hypocrites.—Murray's 'Handbook for South Italy' has been published, and contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on one occasion a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror, that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out: 'Now all you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands!' Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched out both his hands.' 'Holy Archangel Michael,' exclaimed Rocco, 'thou who with thine adamantine sword standest at the right of the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically!' In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco of course poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit. He had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors, he astounded them by telling them that there were no Spanish saints in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars that they made the Holy Virgin sick, and St. Peter set his wits to work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull-fight was to be held outside the gate of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gate, and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

A poor Paddy, who was on his death-bed, and who was not quite reconciled to the long journey before him, was consoled by a friend with the common observation, that we must all die *once*. 'Why, honey,' answered Paddy, 'that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die *half-a-dozen times* I should not mind it.'

'I'll bet a sheep,' said old Jones to his other half, 'that our boy, Tom, is going crazy. He is grinning at the plough, and grinning at the barn, and grinning at himself, wherever he goes.' 'Pooh!' replied the old woman, 'don't you know he got a love-letter this morning.'

Secrets.—We've heard of a secret down in Portland which was so big that it required all the women in the town to keep it; and then they could not do so without the help of their husbands.

JOVIALITIES.

'Och!' says Paddy, 'I'll never be able to put these boots on until I have worn them a week or two.'

WHY cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking stick? Because it can never be-*long* to him.

One swallow does not make a summer, but one lion can make a spring.

My son is remarkably clever; even immediately after he was born, he turned his attention to, and became conversant with the principal globes of the Milky Way.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old, when she married. Courage, ladies.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or Burgundy.

LOST IN A FOG.—"Suppose you are lost in a fog," said Lord C—— to his noble relative, the Marchioness, "what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," replied her ladyship.

WOMAN.—The last and best of all the series. If we may have *her* for a toast, we won't ask for any *but*-her.

A man in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket found on the bank of the lake. Verdict, "found empty."

"Were you ever baptised?" inquired an earnest minister of a green candidate. "N-n-no, sir! never, on'y once't, and then I *fell in*."

A worthy minister, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of a person the wife of Mr. —— was, replied, "I will give you her *grammatical character*. She is noun substantive, *seen*, *felt*, and *heard*."

"I wish you would pay a little attention, sir," exclaimed a stage-manager to a careless actor. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

PROVERBS.—T'saand ov a scrubbin-brush e sum foaks' hause, ad be a deal more musical then't tinklin ov a peanno.

A door plate we a man's name on iz a varry good thing, but a table plate we a man's dinner on it iz a good deal better.

The man who 'fell into raptures' with a pretty girl, was got out with considerable difficulty.

MAN'S TWO QUESTIONS.—Man asks two questions, 'Can you love me?' and 'Will you marry me?' If woman is too quick in answering the first, he seldom asks the second.

SONG FOR THINKERS.

TAKE the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out, and cast aside
Every stubborn weed of Error;
Every seed that hurts the soil;
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution,
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honour *straight*!

Men are agents for the Future?
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest or advancement,
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen Education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the Majesty of MAN!

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom;
Cleanse from crime the common sod;
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of GOD.

HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.—A Persian poet gives the following instruction on this important point:—'When thou art married seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all that she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. It breaks but bends not. Since, then, it is plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not, nor let her anger thee, nor correction use, as it is in vain to straighten what is crooked.'

A MARRIAGE NEATLY ACCOMPLISHED.—Lizst the pianist, had taken a fancy to a jeweller's daughter, and thus is the courtship described:—One morning the jeweller coming to the point with German frankness, said to Lizst, 'How do you like my daughter?'—'She is an angel.' 'What do you think of marriage?'—'I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it.' 'What would you say to a fortune of three millions of francs?'—'I would willingly accept it.' 'Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law.'—'With all my heart.' The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great pianist Lizst

THE WIDE-AWAKE SLEEPER.

The *Worcester Herald* records the following trick:—Some time after dinner, a stranger walked into one of the inns; he was genteelly dressed, and professed to be tired. Having taken refreshment, he said he would take a nap for an hour. To sleep he went, in a very business-like style, in his chair, and a long nap he appeared to enjoy. Before it expired, the usual smoke-a-pipe company began to drop in; and among others, two strangers made their appearance. One of the company remarked that it was unpleasant to have a man sleeping in a public room with valuable property about him, such as the sleeper, who had a fine-looking gold guard chain displayed on his waistcoat, and apparently connected with a watch in one of his pockets. To this remark, one of the strangers replied—'Pooh! that's no gentl'man, I'm sure; he's more likely one of them ere swell mob as is alwas a taking of people in. I dare say he has no watch at all; but I'll soon see.' Suiting the action to the word, the stranger softly drew forth out of the sleeping man's pocket a piece of wood, round, and about the size of a watch. 'I thought so,' said he, 'there's a pretty watch for you,' holding it up that the company might see it; and then he returned it to the owner's pocket.

By-and-bye the sleeper awoke, and called briskly for a glass of brandy-and-water. He assumed quite a patronising air to the farmers, which soon raised a desire to put him down. Accordingly, one of the seniors required to be informed of the time of day?

'Why,' said the gentleman, 'the fact is, I had a drop too much last night, and forgot to wind up my watch.'

'Just so!' ejaculated the senior, 'you forgot to wind up, did you? You'd be puzzled to do that, I dare say, wouldn't you, now?

'Well, sir, you seem to take more notice of such a trifle than there is any call for; but the truth is I have not a watch-key about me, and mine is rather a peculiar watch.'

Here a burst of laughter ensued, and a number of jokes were passed

about the very peculiar style of the watch. At last one of the company roundly told him that he had no watch at all about him; whereupon the amazed individual hastily clapped his hand to his waistcoat pocket, having declared that, unless the watch had been stolen since he had been in the room, he had one. Satisfied, apparently, by the external application to his pocket, he said—'It's all right; my watch is here. I thought you had been playing a trick upon me.'

'I'll bet you £5 as you've no watch,' bawled out one of the tormentors; another offered to bet him £10; and one of the strangers said he hadn't £5, but there were two sovereigns which he should like to double by betting in the same way.

The awakened sleeper looked at them with astonishment, and asked if they were serious; they all stuck to it that he had no watch; and then he took out his purse and produced five and ten pound notes equivalent to the bets offered against him. The stakes were posted; and then the thoroughly-awakened sleeper coolly pulled out the piece of wood, at which a horse laugh arose against him; but the laughter was soon on the other side, when, touching a spring in the bit of wood, it flew open and displayed a very handsome gold watch snugly encased within it! The gentleman gave a plausible reason for preferring so odd-looking a case for his watch, with which his dupes might either feel satisfied or not. He had received their money to the extent of £20; and they had bought a knowledge of "the time of day."

Of course the very suggestive strangers lost nothing by the business—they, in fact, were accomplices of this clever sharper; and it is possible that more than one attempt may be made to repeat the experiment.

Miss M——, a young lady of considerable attractions, chanced to be seated at a dinner-party next a gentleman remarkable for the brilliancy of his wit, who had long made one of her train of admirers. The conversation turning on to the uncertainty of human life. 'I mean to insure mine,' said the young lady, archly, 'in the Hope.' 'In the hope of what?' said her admirer; 'a single life is hardly worth insuring; I propose we should insure our lives together, and if you have no objection, I would prefer the Alliance.'

'You are from the country, are you not, sir?' said a dandy young bookseller to a homely-dressed Quaker who had given him some trouble. 'Yes.' 'Well, here's an *Essay on the Rearing of Calves.*' 'That,' said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the shop, 'thee had better present to thy mother.'

Young gentlemen who would prosper in love, should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take *ardent spirits*

When Baron Platt, was on the assize circuit in Somersetshire, a week or two ago, he called at an inn on the road, in the night-time, for refreshment. Having finished his meal, the learned judge was proceeding from his room to his carriage, and met 'mine host.' 'What have I to pay? inquired his lordship. 'Oh, nothing, nothing,' replied Boniface, with a significant look, 'we don't charge butlers when they bring their masters.' The worthy justice shook his sides with laughter at the idea of her Majesty's representative being taken for a butler; and the sides of the generous host shook under very different emotions when he discovred that he had made so great a mistake.

A Rare Patrimony.—A young man of Nuremburg (says the journal of that city) who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. 'No,' replied he. 'Well,' said the lawyer, 'would you suffer any one to cut off your *nose* if he would give you 20,000 dollars for it?' (What an idea;) 'Not for all the world!' ''Tis well,' replied the lawyer; 'I had a reason for asking.' The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, 'I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars.' This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

A Sillybus.—A Leckterin chap ridein up a wun at railways e Yorksher, tuck it into hiz head, when goin' throo a tunnel, ta gie a nice young woman a cus, for which he wor tain befoar t'justices and fined: well, if he wor a leckterer, that wor hiz *silly-buss*, then —hey, an wun ah sud say, at he woddant a publish't if he'd a nawn.

'How seldom it happens,' remarked one friend to another, 'that we find editors bred to the business!' 'Quite as seldom,' replied the other, 'that we find the business *bread* to the editors.'

Swift once attempted, in a humourous mood, to prove that all things were governed by the word *led*. He said, 'Our noblemen and hard-drinkers are pimp-*led*—physicians and pulses are fee-*led*—their patients and oranges are pil-*led*—a new married man and an ass are bride-*led*—an old married man and a packhorse are sad-*led*—cats and dice are rat-*led*—swine and nobility are sty-*led*—a maid and a tinder-box are spark-*led*.

A DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND.

I dreamt last night I had left thee, love,
To wander in elfin bowers;
I had left this dull and sorrowful earth
For a life in a world of flowers
Fair and fresh the roses grew,
Bright as the stars above;
Yet I'd leave them all, if my dream were true,
In this world to be near thee, love!

Then I thought in a sparkling palace I dwelt;
Around me an elfin band;
And the loveliest forms around me knelt—
I was Queen of their Fairy-land!
Though they brought me a crown of violets blue
As the azure skies above,
I'd have left them all, had my dream been true,
For a smile from thee, my love,

When lull'd by music, far more sweet,
Than to mortal's ear e'er sounded,
On a pillow of roses I sank to sleep,
By fairy guards surrounded,
I awoke, and thought of the sweet music,
That seem'd wafted from above;
But I'd leave them all, were my vision true,
For the music of thy voice, love!

When George IV, went to Ireland, one of the 'pisantry,' delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the king passed through, 'Och now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike, an' how's that?' 'Oh! kings never does, we let's 'em go free,' was the answer. 'Then there's the dirty money for ye,' says Pat. 'It shall never be said the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him.'

A GARDENER'S LOVE LETTER

The following amusing letter has actually fallen in our way. We give it insertion, believing it will interest and amuse some of our readers—particularly our horticultural friends:—

'1, *Sun-flower* Terrace, *Primrose* Hill.

'My *Rose-Mary*,—As you are the *Pink* of perfection and the *Blossom* of *May*, I wish to tell *Yew* that my *Heart's-ease* has been torn up by the *Roots*, and the *Peas* of my *Holm* entirely destroyed since I began to *Pine* after *Yew*. *Yew* will perceive that I am a gardener. My name is *William Bud*. At first I was poor, but by *Shooting* in the *Spring*, and driving a *Car-nation* fast, I obtained a *Celery*, and by a little *Cabbaging*, &c., I *Rose* to be master (though something like a *Creeper)* of the whole garden. I have now the full command of the *Stocks* and the *Mint*; I can raise *Ane-mone*, from a *Penny Royal* to a *Plum*, and what my expenditure *Leaves* I put in a *Box* for *Yew*. If I may, as a *Cock's-comb*, speak of myself, I should say that I was in the *Flower* of manhood—that I was neither a *Standard* nor a *Dwarf*, a *Mushroom* nor a *Maypole*; my nose is of the *Turnup-Reddish* kind, and my locks hang in clusters about my *Ears*. I am often in the company of *Rakes*, and rather fond of *Vine* and *Shrub*—which my *Elders* reprove me for; so I had better *Berry* all this, and as I am a *Branch* of a good *Stock*, with a portly *Bearing*, I well know when and where to make my *Bough*. So *Lett-uce* act for ourselves, and fix an early day for engrafting your fate with mine—which might be made a *Pop-lar* measure; but I think it had better be *Privet*, for *Jon-quil* the lawyer says that your old *Crab* of a father, who did never a *Li-Lack*, when he wanted to part us, means to take the *Elm* in his own hands in this matter, but if he does, and *Bullace* me at all, I will not be *Slow* in settling his *Ash*, and I will be such a *Thorn* in his side that the day he does it shall be one of the worst *Days-he* ever saw. But I must *sow* no seeds of discord; for I am certain that we should make a very nice *Pear*, and never repent even when we become *Sage* by *Thyme*. You would be the *Balm* of my *Life*, and I should be the *Balsam* of yours; so that people who might call us *Green* now would call us *Evergreen* hereafter. And now *Sweet Peas* be with you; and if he who tries at it *Tares* me from *Yew*, I shall become a *Melon-Cauli-flower*, and wither away. My tongue will always be a *Scarlet-Runner* in your praise; for I have planted my *Hops* in *Yew*, and now I only live for the *Thyme* when I may hear from your own *Tu-lips* that I am your *Sweet William*, and not your *Weeping Will-O'*—14th February, 1851."

"To Miss *Mary Gold*, who in prospect I hold,
To make my new garden like Eden of old."

Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

SPRIGHTLY BITS.

A drunken north countryman returning from a fair, fell asleep by the road side, where a pig found him, and began to lick his mouth. Sawney roared out, 'Who's kissing me noo? Ye see what it is to be weel liket amang the lasses.'

'Be moderate in all things,' as the boy said to the schoolmaster when whipping him.

An Irishman trying to put out a gas-light with his fingers, cried out, 'Och murder! the devil a wick's in it!'

'Do you know,' said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, 'that they hang Jackasses and Jews together in Portland?'—'Indeed, brother, then it's well that you and I are not there.'

Judge Peters, of Philadelphia observed to another Judge on the bench that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. 'How so?' was the inquiry. 'He has *carotty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look.'

Old maids are the real gold of womankind, says a modern saw; to which an old bachelor rejoins, 'And the young maids are the real diamonds.'

Mr. Squibbs has invented a Macassar Oil of such powerful virtue, that a few drops put upon *kittens* makes *hares* of them directly.

'Well, Mary,' said Thesiger once to a witness, 'if I may credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of Black Moll.' 'Faith, you may, Mr. Lawyer,' said she, 'for I'm alway's called so by the blackguards.'

A 'cute Yankee has invented a nest, in the bottom of which there is a kind of trap door, through which the egg, when laid, immediately drops; and the hen, looking round and perceiving none, soon lays another.'

A facetious old lady, describing the rambling sermons of her minister, said: If his text had the small-pox his sermon would never catch it.'

There is a man in Philadelphia so thin that it is thought he will never pay the debt of Nature, but will dry up and be blown away!

Somebody, who writes more truthfully than poetically, says—'An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas.'

'How fortunate I am in meeting a *rain-beau* in this storm!' said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her '*beau* of promise,' who *happened* to come along with an umbrella. 'And I,' said he gallantly, 'am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a *rain-dear*.' These are the *beau ideal* of wet weather compliments.

VULGAR.

If I had a donkey as wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wollop him?—no! no
I'd give him some corn and cry Gee wo!
Gee up, Neddy.

REFINED.

If I had an animal averse to speed,
Do you think I'd chastise him?—no indeed!
I'd give him some oats and cry, Proceed!
Go on, Edward.

TONY LEE, a player in Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a Tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioning much laughter and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and, addressing himself to the audience, said, 'This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me, for she would often say that I should cough in my grave.' This set the house in a roar, and every one pardoned the solecism he had before committed.

NAPOLEON'S hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and returned it to him. 'Thank you, *Captain*,' said the Emperor. 'In what regiment, sir?' retorted the Sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

JOHN NEWTON.—'I see in this world,' said John Newton, 'two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child dropped a half-penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something, and I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.'

THE EQUIVOQUE.—An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll. 'Sir,' said he 'I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, Sir?'—'Sir,' replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, 'I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; I said that you were LITTLE ELSE!'

STORY OF A FIRST KISS.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without any means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connexions; still he studied on, living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good-humour and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, residing in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty, and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed—'Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!' The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration—'Well, I think I could have it.' 'What!' cried his friends in a chorus, 'are you crazy? Do you know her?' &c. 'Not at all,' he answered; 'but I think she would kiss me, just now, if I asked her.' 'What! in this place, before all our eyes?' 'In this place, before your eyes.' 'Freely?' 'Freely.' 'Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!' 'And I!' cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event; and the challenge was made and accepted in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time—our hero walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said—'My lady (*min froleen*), my fortune is in your hands.' She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness—'If by so little a thing so much good could be effected, it would be very foolish in me to refuse your request,' and she kissed the young man publicly, in the open square.

Next day the young student was sent for by the governor. He wanted to see the young man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow; but, after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he invited him to dine at his table during the course of his studies in Upsala.

Our young man now pursued his studies in a manner which soon

made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the university. Three years had not passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the governor, as his betrothed bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure for ever among the works of science; and from his happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth and goodness of love.—

I'VE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

I've something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep,
And remember, if it is'nt night,
I am 'talking in my sleep.'

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you
What I can no longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!
Oh, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close 'twill make you start.

Oh, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
"I am talking in my sleep."

M. Lalande dined one day at the house of Recamier, the banker; he was seated between the celebrated beauty, Madame Recamier, and Madame de Stael, equally distinguished for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, 'How happy am I to be thus placed between wit and beauty.' 'Yes, M. Lalande,' sarcastically replied Madame de Stael, 'and without possessing either.'

When Dr. H. and Sergeant A. were walking arm-in-arm, a wag observed to a friend, 'Those two are just equal to one highwayman.' Why so?' was the response. 'Because,' rejoined the wag, 'it is a lawyer and a doctor—your *money* or your life.'

Rather Foolish.—Two young ladies hating each other on account of a gentleman who does not care a fig for either of them.

The Value of Married Men.—'A little more animation, my dear,' whispered Lady B——to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. 'Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma,' replied the provident nymph; 'I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man.' 'Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was.'

THE SHIP'S FIDDLER'S INDEX.

When I was in the *Isis* frigate up the straits, it was an invariable custom of our old Commodore, Sir Thomas Staines, to turn the hands up to dance and skylark during the dog watch; and many a happy hour was thus whiled away; all *ennui* and monotony seemed at once dispelled. Dancing, singing, jumping, or anything fancy dictated, helped to enliven the din; here two or three sets were reeling and jigging away their hardest—here, between the guns, was going on a trial of strength; in another part three or four tars might be seen trying who could hang highest and longest head downwards by their toes, on a ratline; but with one group chock for'ard I have now most to do; and here, without palaver, it is:—'Come, Jack, give us a song—summut with a chorus; and while we chant, you can think of the next verse.'—'I can't sing; that is, I can sing werry well, 'cos I got plenty 'o wind; but just as I clears out, and ought to strike up, either the tune or the words sneaks out o' my mind; and blow'd if I arnt took all abach.'—'Then,' said a messmate, 'why don't ye do as the Ship's Fiddler does in a like quandary?'—'What's that?' said Jack, 'I should like to larn.'—'Why, when you axes him to play, he thinks of a yarn he's got by heart, so made up that one line sails into another; and afore he's done you'd make sure he could jabber all the tunes in the world, in a quarter less than no time; but here he comes, axe him to give us what he calls his index, whatever that means.' And up came the fiddler, who, as requested, at once repeated the following, which was quite enough to awaken Jack's memory:—'God save the Queen' and 'Nancy Dawson;' may they never want 'Drops of Brandy' to drink 'A Health to all Good Lasses.' So come, 'My Jolly Waggoner,' and, as we go 'Over the Mountains,' we'll call on the 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey,' and her cousin, 'Lucy Long,' who wear those pretty

'Bonnets so Blue;' and then 'We Won't go Home till Morning,' but call on 'Captain Mulligan' and Paddy Carey,' on 'St. Patrick's Day,' and get 'Biddy the Basket Woman,' to go with us. 'Still so Gently' let us 'March on, March on,' like 'Hearts of Oak,' and call on 'The Lass of Richmond Hill.' I kissed under 'The Mistletoe Bough,' so often 'Coming through the Rye;' then, if 'The Fine Old English Gentleman,' and 'Tekeli' will persuade 'Uncle Ned' to 'Rosin the Bow,' we'll have a 'Country Dance.' 'Gentle Zitella' and 'The Maid of Lodi' can dance 'The Bath Waltz,' while 'The Highland Laddie' and 'Alice Gray' can show off in 'The Cacoucha;' then we'll send 'The Plough Boy,' in the 'Low-backed Car,' to 'Kelvin Grove,' to fetch 'Jeannette and Jeannot,' and get 'Sally in our Alley' to bring 'The Cabin Boy.' 'Oh, Susannah,' tell me 'In the Dead of the Night,' when 'We're all a Noddin,' 'Will you Come to the Bower,' and hear 'The Woodpecker,' close by our 'Cottage near a Wood;' for, oh, 'Remember Love,' what I told you 'On the Banks of Allan Water.' Oh, 'Drink to me only with thine Eyes,' for 'Life let us Cherish,' as 'The Post Captain' said, 'When Pensive he Thought on' 'Katty Darling.' Oh, 'Don't you Remember,' Miss, 'The Days when we went Gipsying,' by 'The Brave Old Oak,' when 'Robin Adair' said to 'Peggy Bawn's mother, 'Pray Goody,' let me and my 'Young Love,' that sweet 'Girl I left Behind Me,' dance 'The Tarentella,' for 'The Beating of my Own Heart,' like 'The Thorn' in the 'Last Rose of Summer,' makes 'Home Sweet Home' like a 'Coal Black Rose;' so I say 'Begone Dull Care,' and 'Away with Melancholy.' So will you 'Meet Me by Moonlight,' my dear, for 'Is there a Heart that Never Loved' 'Kate Kearney,' that duck of an 'Exile of Erin?' Do come, and bring 'Jenny Jones' with you, for I know 'All's Well,' particularly 'When the Rosy Morn Appearing' 'Round the Huge Oak.' It will be so nice; 'Darby Kelly,' and 'Sweet Kitty Clover' on her 'Cork Leg' can meet us 'Within a mile of Edinburgh,' and 'Dame Durden' will sing 'The Bay of Biscay;' then, when you 'See the Conquering Hero Comes' whistling 'The Canadian Boat Song,' or 'Green Grow the Rushes, oh,' never mind; if 'My Lodging is on the Cold Ground,' the 'Copenhagen Waltz' among the 'Banks and Braes' will soon warm us; as for 'Poor Mary-Ann,' I don't like her—'Oh, no, we never Mention Her;' but if 'The Devil among the Tailors' plays 'Blue Beard's March,' we'll think of 'Auld Lang Syne,' although there'll be 'Nae Luck about the House' if 'Paul and Virginia' don't sell us some more 'Brooms, Green Brooms.' Yes, for sure as 'Britannia Rules the Waves,' there will be 'Such a Gettin' up Stairs'—such a 'Clare de Kitchen,' that you won't know 'Who's dat Knocking at the Door;' and when 'The Wandering minstrel' plays 'The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn,' he won't be heard. 'Oh, Dear! What can the Matter be?' said 'Mary Blane;' if you don't have me 'Jessy the Flower of Dumblane' will; and as 'Slow Broke the Light' 'Mynheer Von Dunck' was singing 'Here's a Health to those far Away,' he fell into 'The Sea, The Sea,' and then cried out, 'Oh, Think of Me! oh, Think of Me!'

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, 'What's your height?' To which Pat replied, 'The man that measured me told me it was five foot ten, or ten foot five; I am not exactly sure which—but it was either one or the other.'

'My son,' said an affectionate mother to her son (who resided at a distance, and expected in a short time to be married,) 'you are getting very thin.' 'Yes, mother,' he replied, 'I am, and when I come next, I think you may see my rib.'

'My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head,' said Mr. Smith to his wife. 'My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's wool* on your back. There now!'

Getting up in the World.—'I worn't always a boots, sir, said Weller, with a shake of his head. 'I was a waggoner's boy once.'—'When was that?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.—'When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles,' replied Sam. 'I was a carrier's boy at startin': then a waggoner's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'lm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for one.'

A Witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding-house keeper the following question:—'Mr. M——, if a man gives you £500 to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?' —'No, sir,' replied Mr. M——, 'I pray for another like him.'

Master of a Parish.—As a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon two sticks to his noisy mansion, he was met by a nobleman, who inquired his name, and the means by which he procured his livelihood? 'My name,' answered he, is R. T. and I am *master* of this parish.' This answer increased the curiosity of his lordship, and he desired to know how he was *master* of the parish? 'I am,' replied the pedagogue, 'the *master* of the children of the parish; the children are masters of their *mothers;* the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers;* and consequently I am the *master* of the whole *parish.*' His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and made the schoolmaster a present.

Madame D. had a magnificent cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by killing it, for want of something else to do. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends, all sorts of mouse-traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put in a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C. at her country house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes; the mice jumped out and presently filled the house; while at the bottom of the box was found a note directed to Madame de C.:—'Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice.'

Sarcastic.—'Did you present your account to the defendant?' inquired a lawyer of a client. 'I did, your honour.' 'And what did he say?' 'He told me to go to the devil.' 'And what did you do then?' 'Why then—I came to you.'

TIT FOR TAT.

Some few years since, in the county of Penobscott, there lived a man by the name of H——, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others. His own family were generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbour's. Some time after, she, on returning, finding the door closed, demanded admittance. 'Who are you?' cried Mr. H——. 'You know who I am; let me in, it's very cold.' 'Begone, you strolling vagabond! I want nothing of you here.' 'But I must come in.' 'What is your name?' 'You know my name, it is Mrs. H——.' 'Begone! Mrs. H—— is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as this.' Mrs. H—— replied, 'if you don't let me in I will drown myself in the well.' 'Do, if you please,' he replied. She then took a log and plunged it into the well, and returned to the side of the door. Mr. H—— hearing the noise, rushed from the house, to save as he supposed his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in, and closed the door after her. Mr. H——, almost naked, in turn demanded admittance. 'Who are you?' she demanded. 'You know who I am; let me in, or I shall freeze.' 'Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here.' 'But I must come in.' 'What is your name?' 'You know my name, it is Mr. H——.' 'Mr. H—— is a very likely man; he don't keep such late hours.' Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.'

A GENTLEMAN complimented a lady on her improved appearance.—'You are guilty of flattery,' said the lady.—'Not so,' replied the gentleman, 'for I vow you are as *plump as a partridge.*'—'At first,' replied the lady, 'I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually making *game* of me.'

FANNY'S ATTACK UPON MAN.—'The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Man is an alligator.'—*Fact!* Give him enough to *eat*, and you are *sure* of him! Make a *straight path* to the dinner table; kick the children out of the way; put his knife and fork where he won't loose *a minute* in getting 'em; *then*, set his favourite dish before him, and *don't wink till he has eat his way through it*, and *then's* your time to ask for the 'half of his kingdom,' or the *whole* of it; keep your 'alligator' *tame with victuals*, my dear, and his *bite* will never be *dangerous.* But—if you've a villainous cook (and don't know how to cook *yourself*), you may be as beautiful as Venus, as intellectual as Madame de Stael, and as chaste as Diana—but your matrimonial death-warrant is signed, sealed, and delivered; you can take your piano for firewood, and your French books for *kindling*, and *study* how to make the *pot boil*, if you don't want a divorce quicker than you got your license. I know a man who is bound to his wife by no other tie on earth but her good dinners! he always adores her at dinner time! Whenever he gets savage, she runs to the pantry, and gets him something to eat, and he'll be as quiet as a young lamb till next feeding time?—*Fanny Fern.*

A GOOD STORY.—One day, a sturdy peasant in the environs of Evreux was at work in the field, amidst storm and rain, and went home in the evening thoroughly tired, and drenched to the skin. He was met at the house door by his loving wife, who had been at home all day. 'My dear,' said she, 'it has been raining so hard that I could not fetch water, and so I have not been able to make you any soup. As you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water; you will not get any wetter.' The argument was striking; so the man took the buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching the house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; then, lifting one bucket after the other, he poured both over his kind and considerate partner. 'Now wife,' said he, 'you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch water for yourself; you can't get any wetter.'

How to Get Forward in Society.—I know the ins and outs of life from the palace to the log-hut; and I'll tell you now what I call general rules for society. First, it ain't one man in a hundred knows any subject through; and, if he does, it aint one time in a thousand he has an opportunity or knows how to avail it. Secondly, a smatterin' is better nor deeper knowledge for society; for one is small talk, and the other is lecturin'. Thirdly, pretendin' to know, in half the time is as good as knowin', if pretendin' is done by a man of the world 'cutely. Fourthly, if any crittur axes you if you have been here or there, or seen this sight or t'other sight, always say yes, if you can without lying'; and then turn right round to him, and say, "What's your opinion on it? I should like to hear your views, for they are always so original.' That saves you makin' a fool of yourself by talking nonsense, for one thing; and when a room aint overly well furnished, it's best to keep the blinds down in a general way; and it tickles his vanity, and that's another thing. Most folks like the sound of their own voices better than other people's, and every one thinks a good listener and a good laugher the pleasantest crittur in the world. Fifthly, lead where you know; where you don't foller: but soft sawder always. Sixthly, never get cross in society, especially where the gals are; but bite in your breath, and swaller all down.—*Sam Slick.*

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away:
'I will not depart,' said Love;
And, seizing his lute—with silvery words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care.
'*Away—away!*' said Love.

'Nay, nay! I have friends!' grim Care replied;
'Behold, here is one—and his name is *Pride!*'
'I care not for Pride,' said Love.
Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air;
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripped it o'er the green.
'*Aha, aha!*' said Love.

'Away with your jeers!' cried Care, 'if you please,
Here's another—lank, haggard and pale *Disease!*'
'I care not for him,' said Love.
Then touch'd a strain so plaintive and weak,

That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek;
And Disease leap'd up from his couch of pain,
And smiled, and re-echoed the healing strain.
'*Well done, for disease!*' said Love.

'Pshaw! pshaw!' cried Care—'this squalid one, see!
How lik'st thou the gaunt look of *Poverty?*'
'I care not for him,' said Love.
Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That Poverty shouted aloud, '*I'm king!*
The jewell'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,
For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine!'
'*Ay, ay—very true!*' said Love.

Nay boast not,' said Care—'There is fretful *Old Age*,
Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!'
'I care not for Age!' said Love.
Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,
Till the glazed eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And Age dropp'd his crutches, and, light as a fay,
Laugh'd, caper'd and danced, like a child at play!
'*Bravo, Sir Eld!*' said Love.

'A truce,' cried wrinkled Care, 'with thy glee!
Now, look at this last one—'tis *Jealousy!*'
'Ah me! ah me!' said Love.
'Her green eye burns with quenchless fire—
'I die! I die!' Then, dropping his lyre,
Love flew far away from his cherish'd bower,
And never return'd from that fatal hour!
Alas, for thee, blighted Love!

A Strike.—The Commander of the *General Ernout* (French sloop of war) hailed the *Reynard* sloop, Capt. Coghlan, to strike. 'Strike!' replied the Briton, 'that I will, and very hard!' He struck so very hard, that in thirty-five minutes his shot set the enemy on fire, and in ten minutes more she blew up! Captain Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavouring to rescue his vanquished foe; and by great exertions, fifty-five out of a crew of one hundred were saved.

An aged Quakeress, the other afternoon, was seen intently gazing upon a piece of brocaded silk, displayed in a linendraper's shop in Fleet Street. A cockney passer-by observed, that it was *Satin* tempting Eve.

KING JAMES I. IN LANCASHIRE.—On the way from Preston his attention was attracted by a huge boulder stone which lay in the road-side, and was still in existence not a century ago. 'O my saul (cried he), that meikle stone would build a braw chapping block for my Lord Provost. Stop; there be letters thereon; unto what purport?' Several voices recited the inscription:—

'*Turn me o'er and I'll tel thee plaine.*'

'Then turn it ower,' said the monarch; and a long and laborious toil brought to light the following satisfactory intelligence:—

'*Hot porritch makes hard cake soft, so turn me o'er again.*'

'My saul (said the king) ye shall gang roun to your place again; these country gouks mauna ken the riddle without the labour.'

A BASHFUL LOVER.

A Green Mountain boy fell in love with a very pretty girl, and determined to court her. To that end he dressed himself in his Sunday-go-to-meetings, went to her father's house, and found her alone. 'How d'ye du?' said Jonathan. 'I'm nicely—take a chair, Jonathan,' says the girl. Jonathan took a chair and seated himself in the furthest corner of the room, as though the beauty was a thing to be feared rather than loved. 'Ain't you cold? hadn't you better sit up to the fire?' says Sally, supposing he would, of course, if he was going to make love at all, do so in a proper manner. 'No, I thankee, I reckon I'm comfortable,' returned Jonathan. 'Howe's poor marm?' said Sally. 'Well she's complainin a leetle,' said Jonathan. Here a pause of ten minutes ensued, during which time Jonathan amused himself by whittling a stick. 'There's nothing new up your way, is there?' said Sally, which Jonathan might understand as applying to his present situation, or his father's domicile. 'Here?—oh—yis, you mean to hum; well no, that is, his—our spotted cow has got a calf,' said Jonathan. Sally would undoubtedly have laughed at his queer piece of information, only she was too much vexed at the bashfulness of the speaker. At length, after another protracted silence, Sally got up a small edition of a scream, and in a loud voice exclaimed, 'Let me alone!' 'Why,' says Jonathan, dropping his knife and stick in astonishment, 'I ain't a touchinin' on ye.' 'Well,' said Sally, in a voice which might be indicative of fear, but sounded very like request—'Well, ain't you goin' to?' Jonathan thought a moment of this equivocal reply, and then, after placing his knife in his pocket, and blowing his nose, he drew his chair by the side of pretty Sally, and—the next week they were married.

A SHOWERY day is *damp*, but the refusal of a young lady is a *damper*.

A DEFINITION OF DARKNESS.

Dr. Twiggin.—'Indeed, for his age, sir, he's a wonderful child. Come now, Fred, my dear, give your papa a nice lucid definition of—of—darkness.'

Fred. (after a little thought, and with much sagacity)—'Please sir, 'a blind Ethiopian—in a dark cellar—at midnight—looking for a black cat."

"Tom, tell the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of stout."—"A lie!" I never told a lie in my life."—"Draw the stout, boy."

'I am afraid of lightning,' murmured a pretty woman during a thunder storm. 'Well you may,' sighed a despairing adorer, 'when your heart is steel.'

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, 'Pat, did you ever see as thin a woman as that?' 'Thin,' replied the other, 'Bathershune, I seen a woman as thin as two of her.'

Value of a Penny.—The compound interest of a penny, from the commencement of the Christian Era till the end of the present year (1860,) at 5 per cent. per annum—interest payable yearly—is such that it would purchase more than *three thousand millions of solid globes of gold, each as large as the earth*, supposing that the mean distance of the earth is 7,912 miles, and the weight of a cubic foot of gold 17,591 ounces troy weight, the gold being valued at the Mint price of standard gold, viz., £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce.

The Sword and the Pen.—A Fable.—The sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had long been out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go; they were of blood. It was on the table, near the pen of the secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. 'Thou art right,' said the sword; 'I am a bad neighbour.' 'I fear thee not,' replied the pen, 'I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society.' 'I exterminate,' said the sword. 'And I perpetuate,' said the pen; 'where were thy victories if I recorded them not? even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion.

Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a picture of Fielding. 'I think, said (Garrick) I could make his face,' which he did accordingly. 'For Heaven's sake hold, David, (said Hogarth) remain as you are for a few minutes.' Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection, and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admirable author of Tom Jones.

The Rev. Dr. P. visiting a country clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over Dr. P. asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed his conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he should have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P. contended that one word was as plain as the other; and to prove it, proposed calling in the ploughman, and putting it to him, which was done. 'Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity?*' 'Ees, Sir, said Robin, (scratching his head, and endeavouring to look wise.) 'Ees, Sir, I *thinks* as how I does.' Well, Robin, speak up.' 'Why, Sir, I doesn't know *disactly*, but I thinks it's some'at inside of a pig.'

Anecdote of Dr. Smollett.—A lad was apprenticed to a chirurgeon in Glasgow, and with whom he had been engaged in frolic on a winter's evening, was receiving a good reprimand from his master for quitting the shop; and having alleged his excuse that he had been hit by a snow-ball, and had gone out in pursuit of the person who had thrown it, was listening to the taunts of his master on the improbability of such a story. 'How long,' said the son of Æsculapius, with the confident air of one fearless of contradiction, 'might I stand here, and such a thing not happen to me?' when Smollet, who stood behind the pillar of the shop door, and heard what passed, snatched up a snow-ball, and quickly delivered his playmate from the dilemma in which this question had placed him, by an answer equally prompt and conclusive.

To such an extent is veneration for the fair sex carried in San Francisco, that a party of Oregonians stopped to have a dance round an old cast-off bonnet.

THE CHARLATAN.—A Charlatan once said he could tell a person's thoughts. One of the Company laughing, desired him to tell his. 'Why,' said he, 'you think what I asserted impossible.' The gentleman was forced to acknowledge the truth of the answer. 'Besides this,' continued the man, 'if you get into the other room and shut the door, I'll tell you what you are doing.' The gentleman did so, and balanced a chair on his head, thinking it would be impossible for the charlatan to guess this curious occupation. Finding he continued silent for some time, the gentleman called out, 'what am I doing.' 'Asking me what you are doing,' said the charlatan. The gentleman then tried another method, finding himself thus foiled, and took a companion with him into the room, who asked aloud, 'what is the gentle-doing?' 'Something foolish,' said the man, and his opponent became so chagrined at these answers, that he ceased tormenting the charlatan.

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

TWO lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands and were as good frends as before.
'Faith,' said the client, 'how came you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?'
'Thou fool, said one, 'we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between!'

CROSS READINGS.

Last night a gang of notorious villains were apprehended—the Earl of S——spoke half an hour in his own defence.

Lady A. M. S——has engaged to eat a leg of mutton and turnips at one sitting.

Yesterday a man was branded in the hand—none are genuine but those that have this mark.

On Friday, a man was whipped at the cart's tail—ceremony was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of York.

Yesterday, a chimney-sweeper's boy, under seven years—attended a Cabinet Council in Downing street.

Yesterday, the five condemned malefactors—appeared in court with the collars of their respective orders.

This morning Lady D——was delivered of a prince—to be continued annually.

Yesterday, being the last day of term—the villains made off, after doing all the mischief, and escaped.

The most audacious robberies are daily committed—by his Majesty's royal letters patent.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Or—Arte perire sua.

8 A.M.—Looked out of bed-room window into Gracechurch-street, and called 'Sweep' to a boy with a soot-bag. Saw him stop, look about him at the corner of White Hart-court, and then walk on. Halted him three times in the same way. Tried a fourth, and popped my head out at the wrong moment. Boy, in a great passion, threw a turnip, which broke me a half-crown pane, and woke my wife. Swore I knew nothing about it, and sneaked down to breakfast.

9 A. M.—Went to table-drawer and slily pocketed three lumps of alabaster. Returned and took my seat at breakfast-table, as if nothing had happened. Put alabaster at top of blue sugar bason, and, to my great delight, saw Kitty put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered and pushed and wondered sugar would not melt. Thought I should have died: three of my best silver tea-spoons bent as crooked as rams' horns. Very demure when Mrs. Gander came down to breakfast. Never attack wife—(harpooners have some reason for not meddling with a certain species of whale, as being too fierce.) So says Guthrie's Grammar.

10 A. M.—Went behind counter to serve. Asked Jack Mitten, my foreman, if any body had blacked his face. Jack answered, 'not to my knowledge,' and went to looking-glass. I replied, 'nor to mine either.' Laughed very much, but Jack did not see much in it.

11 A. M.—Saw Jack Mitten serving a lady with a red elastic purse, at the other counter. Took up a newspaper and read loud enough for her to hear, 'Dreadful depravity! an Irish fruit-woman in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, scraped her child to death with an oyster-shell.' Lady screamed and went into hysterics. Gave her a glass of water, and told her 'it was a shame that oyster-shells were suffered to lie about the streets.' Thought I should never have done laughing.

12.—Sent Molly to Spa-fields to see a live radical. Told her to buy me a straight hook in her way home, at Peter Pull-gill's in Crooked-lane.—Told her I should also want a glass ink-horn; and that a male Mermaid was expected to swim down Fish-street-hill at two. Wife overheard, and called me an old fool. Did not see much in it, but Molly laughed.

1 P. M.—Asked Jack Mitten who was the father of the sons of Noah; where Moses was when the candle was blown out; and which was most, half-a-dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen.—The poor fellow could not answer one of them.

3 P. M.—Took a walk over London bridge to Horsemonger-lane sessions. Looked over sessions-paper, and saw indictment, the King against O'Bludgeon, about thirty off. Went into front yard, and bawled out, 'the King against O'Bludgeon is just called on.' Such a rush of Barristers, bar-keepers, and witnesses into court! Two apple-barrows upset, and a barristers' wig trampled under foot. Roared out 'April fools.' Dodged off through Guy's Hospital, and walked homeward

chuckling. Halted on London-bridge. Tide running up. Looked through balustrades towards Custom-house: clasped my hands in agony, exclaimed, 'They'll every one of them be drowned,' and ran across to look through balustrades on opposite side. Mob in a fever: all traffic at a stand-still: hundreds of necks craned out to peep at the sufferers. Bawled out 'April fools,' and dodged round one of Meux's drays.

4 P. M.—Dinner. Asked Jack Mitten to take a glsss of sherry, and poked vinegar-cruet into his paw. Made him sputter out liquid, like lion's head at Aldgate pump. Swore it was all his own doing, and for once in a way got believed. Told wife I had been at Batson's; was asked by her what news? Answered the French had taken umbrage. More fools the Spaniards, replied Mrs. Gander, for not fortifying it better.

5 P. M.—Polite note from Lawyer Lynx, telling me that hoaxing an attorney was felony at common law, and that he meant to indict me at the ensuing Old Bailey sessions, unless I paid the costs in Dobbs v. Shuffle, according to inclosed account. Perused bill: 'Attending plaintiff by appointment, when he asked me how I did, six and eightpence: attending, answering him, pretty middling, six and eightpence. &c. &c.: total five pound eighteen.' Cursed all pettifoggers, and gave bearer a check for the amount.

11. P. M.—Bed candles. One made by me, consisting of a round pole of cut turnip, tipped with charcoal, unluckily selected by my wife. Much poking with snuffers before trick detected. Glance of vengeance; exitwife up stairs, husband following.

12 P. M.—Listened to curtain lecture fifty-nine minutes, and then fell asleep.

ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT.—'I wish, mister, you'd be so good as to stop the press and put this in a good place (reads): 'Hemily,—Don't delay, but return to your broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence!"

A CLERK'S BLUNDER.—A parson reading the first or so of a chapter of the bible, the clerk by some mistake or other read it after him. The parson read as follows:—

Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people.

The clerk misunderstanding him, spoke thus:—

Moses was an *oyster-man* and made *ointment* for the *shins* of his people.

AN IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF MAKING A CANNON.—Take a long hole, and pour brass round it.

Rising Geniuses in America.—*Scene in a School-room.*—Master.—'Fuss class 'n jegrafee!' Scholars.—'Yeth'er.' Master.—'Tummas, what's the biggest river in Amerikγ?' 'The Tombigbee, zar: Ike keeps a pinchin' on me.' 'Take yer seats; fuss class in parsin'!' 'Yeth'er.' 'Moses, parse 'Arkansas'—sixth line from the top.' 'A-r-k ark, a-n-s arkans, a-s ass, Arkansas.' 'Pronounce it Arkansaw; but, Moses, you ain't spellin'—yer parsin', child.' 'O, yeth'er, Harkandsaw is a noun, objectiv' case, indicativ' mood, comparativ' degree, third and in nominative case to scissars.' 'You haven't said what gender, Moses.'—'Feminine gender.' 'Why?'—'Corzitz—' 'Next!' 'Donno.' 'Next.' 'Corzitz a female.' 'Next!' 'Forgotten, zar.' 'Come, David, you know?' 'Yeth'er.' 'Well, why is Arkansas of the feminine gender, David?' 'Corzitz, why corzitz got Miss Soury on the north, Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs. Sippy on the east, and ever so many more she-females on the west.' 'Very well, David, you may go the head; you're a rising genius, and 'll make a man before yer mother.' 'Yeth'er.'

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

Clodpole, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilferers stole his team away;
He waking cries, 'Why, how now,—what!
Why be I clod, or be I not?
If he, I've *lost* six geldings, to my smart,
If not,—oddsboddikins, I've *found a cart.*"

Roundabout Evidence.—Mother Hopkins told me, that she heard Green's wife say, that John Glarrie's wife told her, that granny Hopkins heard the widow Basham say, that Captain Weed's wife thought Colonel Hodkin's wife believed that old Miss Lamb reckoned that Samuel Dunham's wife had told Spalding's wife that she heard John Friuks say, that her mother told her, old Miss Jinks heard granny Cook say, that it was a matter of fact!!

Modesty.—An Irishwoman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant, when the apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning; the woman replied, 'perhaps your honour would lend me a sixpence the while, as I havn'nt got one at all.'

A CERTAIN lawyer had his portrait taken in his favourite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, 'Oh, how like! it's the very picture of him!' An old farmer only dissented—''Taint like!' Everybody exclaimed, 'Just show us wherein 'taint like.' —''Taint—no, 'taint!' responded the farmer. 'Dont you see, he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's.'

'The summer is no time to try the strength of affection,' said Mrs. Partington; 'though it is pretty well to sing love songs beneath a window at midnight in a rain storm, or stand billing and cooing on the door step till two o'clock in the morning. The winter season is the time. Many's the time my poor Paul has rid five miles to see me, the coldest weather; and often the dear cretur has been found in the morning fast asleep in the middle of the cow-yard, with the saddle on his own shoulders, from fatigue of courting me and riding a hard trotting horse. There was devotion. I never see a cow without thinking of poor Paul; and saying which the old lady hobbled to bed.

A RHYMING RASCAL.—In a city well known to every-body (if they can find out the name,) a poetical genius was hauled up before a magistrate for kissing a girl, and kicking up a dust, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Magistrate—Is your name John Jay?
Prisoner— Yes your honour, so the people say.
Magistrate—Was it you that kissed the girl, and raised the alarm?
Prisoner— Yes your honour, but I thought it was no harm.
Magistrate— You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?
Prisoner— No, your honour, but it will happen sometimes.
Magistrate— Be off, you scamp! get out of my sight.
Prisoner— Thank'e, your honour; then I'll bid you good night.

A GENTLEMAN passing through Fleet market, was surprised at being hailed from the well-known college by a friend, who was in durance vile. 'Ah! Tom, why come you there?' asked the gentleman. 'Oh, a very rascally piece of business; I am imprisoned for telling a lie.' 'For telling a lie: impossible! there must be some mistake. 'No it's true enough, I promised to pay my tailor's bill and I didn't.'

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
  Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
  Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies
  And his occasional bad jokes
  In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
  Ridiculing and maltreating,
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one,
  Who by his uncouth look and gait,
  Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.
So having tipp'd the wink to those in the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
  Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown, and went to work,
  'Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York!'
  'Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
  But on four legs, instead of two.'
'Officer!' cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
'Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?'—
'Yees—very like—I often go there.'
'Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,'
The counsel cried, with grim sardonic;
'I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
  On circuit was at York residing,
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?'
'Why no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there.

A Clergyman being indisposed, and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun dial, which was fastened to a post in the garden. The servant went there, but being at a loss how to find it out, thought that the shortest way was, to pluck up the post; which he accordingly did, and carried it to his master, with the sun dial; saying to him, 'bless me, Sir, look to it yourself, it is indeed all a mystery to me.'

DELIGHT-GIVERS.

A MERRY PLACE.—'Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?' 'That immediatley above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think.' 'And why so?' 'Because I am told that there all bodies lose their *gravity*.'

A MAN in California, under sentence of death by hanging, asked the Sheriff the evening previous to his execution—'I say, Sheriff, what hour is that little affair of mine to come off?'

WHERE IS THE KNAVE.—Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons who kept crying out every few minutes, 'Hear, hear.' During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary that wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act fool. 'Where,' exclaimed he, with great emphasis, 'where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?' '*Hear! hear!*' was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

FIVE FROM FIVE.—A class of very small boys and girls, in a certain school-room, were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson. 'Five from five leaves how many?' asked the teacher of a little girl of some six years of age. After a moment's reflection, she answered, 'Five.' 'How do you make that out?' said the teacher. Holding her little hands out towards him, she said, 'Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the five on my right, won't five remain?' The teacher was, as they say in America, 'stumped,' and was obliged to 'knock under.'

A CHAUKER.—It's sed at a publican naws better hah ta figure than onnyboddy else; an so he duz, for if he trusts a man a pint or two ov ale, he chauks him up a *score*.

A MAN OF PEACE.—A Quaker said to a gunner: 'Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower.'

It is not a little singular that the letters that spell *debt* are the initials of the sentance, 'Dun Every Body Twice;' and the letters which spell *credit* are the initials of the sentance, 'Call Regularly Every Day —I'll Trust.'

MEEKNESS.—A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said—'Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions.'

'I say,' cried a fashionable youth to an old usurer, 'the ready is needful.' 'Yes,' said the other, 'but the needful is'n't ready.'

A Regular 'Stick.'—C. was a cute 'Down-Easter'—a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar-room 'down South,' where several persons were assembled, when one of them said:—

'Mr. C., if you go out and stick your pen-knife into any thing, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in.'

'Yer can't do no such a thing,' responded C.

'I'll bet ten dollars of it,' said the other.

'Wall, I rayther guess I'll take that ere bet; here, capting, (turning to the landlord,) hold stakes, and I'll e'en jest make half a saw-horse in less than no time.'

The parties deposited the cash, and C. went on his mission, but in a short time returned, saying—'Wall, nabor, what is it stickin' in?'—'In the handle,' replied the Southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes.

'Guess not; jest wait a while,' said the Yankee, as he held up the *handle* of his knife, minus the *blade*. 'I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in a old stump aside of yer road out thar.'

Jonathan of course won the wager, and the Southerner sloped to parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

TIGER DUFF.

Lieutenant Duff of the Honourable East India Company's Service, was dining with some brother officers a few miles from Bengal; while in the height of pleasure and mirth they were interrupted by an immense tiger, who springing among them seized Mr. Duff by the leg, and throwing him across his shoulders, made off with the rapidity of lightning. The transaction was so instantaneous that long before his companions recovered their consternation, Duff was borne from their sight.

On consulting together, they agreed to take their pieces and proceed in search of their unfortunate comrade, tracking him by the progress of his destroyer through the fern and bushes. In the meanwhile Mr. Duff was carried at that rapid rate for near half a mile, when the tiger began to relax in his progress and proceed much more leisurely. As they went along they came to a piece of wood that had been used as a wedge, Duff snatched it up, for at that moment an idea seized him that with it he might conquer his foe. They had gone a little farther when the soldier cautiously extending his hands with their united strength, dashed the wedge into the tiger's mouth, and succeeded in driving it so far in that he could see the animal's tongue. The tiger howled and raged most fearfully, but Mr. Duff aware that this was his only hope of life and liberty was equally desperate; at length the tiger mad with

pain and rage relinquished his opponent's leg, and he sprung from his back. It was now a most appalling crisis, for Duff had urged the wedge in and seized the animal's tongue; his howls and cries of pain were dreadful, and was heard by Mr. Duff's companions, who were unable to guess the reason. At length, with a last and desperate effort, the lieutenant tore out his antagonist's tongue by the root, and then, though exhausted and almost breathless, he took his pen-knife out and succeeded in stabbing the tiger to his heart. Shortly after his companions came up, and were struck with horror and surprise at beholding Duff apparently dead deluged with blood, and the tiger lying by stretched out at length with the wooden wedge upright in his mouth.

They made a litter of boughs for him and bore him to the next Indian village, where they procured medical aid, and he shortly after recovered from his wounds and scratches, and was always afterwards denominated 'Tiger Duff.' His friends went and skinned the tiger, and then having had the spotted covering beautifully dressed, presented it to him as the strongest instance of their admiration at his courage.

Duff was killed on the continent a few years after, when he had attained to the rank of colonel.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The prettiest lining for a bonnet is a sweet face.

Blushes are flying colours, which maidens carry becomingly.

In love, the heart is the pupil of the eye.

If a man waits patiently while a woman is 'putting her things on,' or 'shopping,' he will make a good husband.

Marriage always begins, and sometimes ends in a 'union' (workhouse.)

The bride's orange blossom often bears bitter fruit.

Don't reckon too much on the honeymoon; it may prove all moonshine.

Royal lovers exchange portraits; their simple subjects, hearts.

Flattery is more dangerous masked then barefaced.

The heart that beats for no woman, is a niche without an image.

There is no man so deep but that he has a shallow place.

She that marries a man because he is 'a good match,' must not be surprised if he turn out 'Lucifer.'

Misfortune's a filter which separates sincere friends from the scum.

When a woman makes you a pair of slippers, you have put your foot in it.

Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage between persons of the same age is an institution of God. Marriage between an old man and a young woman is an institution of man. Marriage between an old woman and a young man is an institution of the devil.

COURTSHIP OF A BASHFUL CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the well-known author of the *Self Interpreting Bible*, was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, it need only be stated that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half had passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no further forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things became intolerable. A step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. 'Janet,' said he, as they sat in solemn silence, 'we've been acquainted now for sax years an' mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might tak yan, my bonnie girl?'—'Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper wi' it.'—'Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing.' The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed, 'O! woman, but it is gude. We'll return thanks.' Six months made the pious couple man and wife; and, added his descendant, who humorously told the tale, a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together.

PRESIDENTIAL ANECDOTE.—During the American President's stay at Pittsburgh, the ladies paid their respects to him at the Monongahela House. A gentleman introduced a very pretty girl, but added, playfully, 'She is a democrat, general.' The old gentleman kissed her on both cheeks, adding, with great glee, 'I always kiss the democratic ladies twice—*there are so few of them.* Why, had it not been for ladies, I should not have been where I am. I owe my success to them.' 'General,' said a gentleman standing by, 'I wish you would appoint me chairman of the kissing committee.' 'Colonel,' replied he, don't you know the old saying—if we want a thing *done*, we send our man to do it; but if we want it *well done*, we do it ourselves.'

KIEN LONG, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton, the manner in which physicians were paid in England; when after some difficulty, his Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, 'Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians; I have four to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are very short.'

THREE WONDERS OF WOMEN.—The daughter of a respectable gentleman, aged twenty, and possessed of no small share of personal attraction, said the other day, 'She wonder'd why she had not got married.' This put us in mind of the three wonders of beautiful women. First, at fifteen they wonder who they shall take; second, at twenty-five they wonder why they are not taken; and third, at thirty-five they wonder who they can find that will take them.

Lord Chief Baron Parker, in his 78th year, having observed to Lord Mansfield, in his 87th, 'Your lordship and myself are now at sevens and eights;' the younger chief replied, 'Would you have us be always at sixes and sevens?'

WHAT IS LOVE.

OH! what is love I prithee tell—
Say, gives it pain or pleasure?
This much I know—alas! to well—
Hearts can't be bought with treasure

Oh! yes the treasure of the mind
Is richer far than gold;
Pure sentiments, and thought refined,
These chains my heart would hold.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.—The day before yesterday a person dropped down in an appoplectic fit, immediately in front of the Municipal Guard and was immediately carried into the guard-house. In a minute after, a woman forced her way in through the crowd gathered round the door, exclaiming—'My husband! —my poor husband! Clear the way, and let in the air.' She then busied herself by taking off the man's cravat, and performing other little offices about his person till a surgeon arrived and bled the patient, who gradually recovered his senses. On this the officer of the guard observed that it was a happy relief for his distressed wife as well as himself. 'My wife!' exclaimed the man, 'why, I am a bachelor.' 'She may be your mistress, then, for she wept bitterly.' On seeking for her, however, it was found that she had disappeared, and with her the watch and purse of the patient, which she had adroitly abstracted, under the very eyes of the guard.

SCRAPS OF THE LIVELY.

MOORE in his Diary, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu ineffectually for charitable subscriptions, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. 'And did you ask it for a subscription?' said Richelieu sneeringly.—'No, I saw there was no chance,' said Fenelon, 'it was so like you.'

A SAGE was asked, 'Which is the best time to dine?' He replied, 'For the rich man, when he is hungry; for the poor, when he can get it."

'I wonder,' says a woman of humour, 'why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one point—he wishes to be master, and so do I.'

Milton was asked by a friend, if he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, 'No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman.'

The Germans call a thimble a *finger-hat*, and a glove a *hand-shoe.*

'This can't be beat,' (beet) as the farmer said when he pulled up a large carrot.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

Which is the pleasantest county in England during winter?—BEDS.

'Ah! you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith,' said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. 'Excuse me, madam,' replied the wit, 'but I do. Musical enthusiasm is like turtle-soup: for every quart of real, there are ninty nine gallons of mock, and calves'-head in proportion.'

Mrs. Partington came into the room in a state of great excitement. 'Do you know,' said she, 'they have found another of these *coal*itions? Well, I declare it is too bad. The price of coals will be up to I don't know what.'

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the 'reputation for teaching which she bears;' but the printer—careless fellow—left out the 'which,' so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's reputation for 'teaching *she-bears.*'

BEN JOHNSON.—The following anecdote of this immortal poet is so little known that it deserves to be inserted here. Lord Craven once invited him to dine at his house. At the appointed time, Ben trudged off in his usual poor clothes, patched all over, and knocked at his lordship's door. The astonished porter scratched his head, and before he conducted the stranger in, sent to inform Lord Craven that a shabby clod-hopper, who called himself Ben Johnson, desired to see him. His lordship flew to the door to welcome the poet, and started back in surprise when he saw such an odd figure, 'you Ben Johnson,' said he, 'you Ben Johnson, indeed! shouldn't care for your clothes, but your face, zounds, you couldn't say bo to a goose.' 'Bo,' said Ben. His lordship burst into a hearty laugh, and satisfied by the joke of the personal identity of his famous guest, conducted him in.

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.

'When I was a poor girl,' said the Duchess of St. Albans, 'working very hard for my thirty shillings a-week, I went down to Liverpool during my holidays, where I was always well received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres, and in my character I represented a poor friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you, to save you from going to prison?' asked the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was the reply; but just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sun-burnt countenance, 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you,' turning to the frightened actor, 'if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I get athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indescribable—peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra, and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic prosecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.'

A DIALOGUE.—'Look here, Sambo, you got dat quarter dollar you owes me?'—Sambo: 'La! Cuff, no; money so scarce, so many stopperages in Mobile, there ain't no money in circumlation.'—Cuff: 'O sho, Sambo, what de nashun you got to do with Mobile? Nigger, pay up! pay up!'—Sambo: 'Well, look here Cuff, me hear massa tell more dan twenty men dat same tale; and I ain't see no gentleman treat him like you me. Act like a gentleman if you *is* a niggar.'

CURE FOR THE GOUT.—'The gout, sir,' said Mr. Weller, 'the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, jist marry a widder as has got a good loud woice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again. It's a capital prescription, sir. I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity.' Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a laboured wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired.—'Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.—'Think, sir!' replied Mr. Weller; 'why, I think he's the victim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, vhen he buried him.'

VERY LIKELY.—The late Mr. Isaac Slocum, of S—coun., postmaster of that place, formerly of Boston, was distinguished for his wonderous alienation of mind, which was a source of great annoyance to him. In addition to holding an egg in his hand, and boiling his watch for five minutes, and many others, the last instance of his absence of mind is supposed to have been the cause of his death. One night he retired to his chamber, and after undressing placed his pantaloons carefully between the sheets, and threw himself across the back of a chair, in which situation he was exposed during the night.—*American paper.*

EXTRAORDINARY CROW.—A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well, that the sun, upon several occasions, has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

'WELL Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with that brickbat, did he?' 'No; but I wish he had.' 'What for?' 'So I could a seen him hung, the villain!'

A QUACK'S THEORY.—Jaundice proceeds from many myriads of little flies of a yellow colour, which fly about the system. Now, to cure this, I make the patient take a certain quantity of the *ova* or eggs of spiders. These eggs when taken into the stomach, by the warmth of that organ, vivify, and being vivified, of course they immediately proceed to catch the flies; thus the disease is cured, and I then send the patient down to the sea-side, to wash all the cobwebs out of the system.

THE LOVER'S WREATH.

WITH tender vine-leaves wreathe thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see,
In the bright eye that laughs below,
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! entwine
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! do thou
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow.

Oh, let sweet-leaved geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me,
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! do thou
Crown with that wreath thy blushing brow.

Oh, twine young rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall dream the flowers are there,—
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

AN Irishman, on seeing an acquaintance reading, exclaimed, 'Arrah, honey! an' whose the arther o' that work?'—'Fait, my jewel, an' how can I tell that same? 'Why, my dear, look to the ind on't, an' ye'll see that.' ''Tis *Finis!*' rejoined the other, 'A clever fellow, that said *Finis*; why, he's the arther of every book.'

A LANDLORD GRATIFIED.

A Yankee—but whether he was a trader or not, I can't say—stopped at a tavern 'away up north' in the State of New York, called for fixins,' and after swallowing a pretty considerable bill, retired. Meanwhile the landlord and interlopers were busily engaged in conversation. By-and-bye, Yankees and Yankee tricks were discussed. The landlord informed his bar-room company there was a live yankee in the house, and if 'twere possible, he would have a trick or two out of him before he left, while the aforesaid 'hangers on' or 'lingerers' were to be witnesses. After a 'pleasant smile' all around at the landlord's expense, they mizzled.

Next morning landlord and company were ready to snap at Mr. Yankee as soon as he made his appearance. Breakfast being over, in walks Jonathan, with an air peculiar to folks 'deoun east,' paid his bill, and was about to depart, when the landlord accosted him with, 'You, it's plain to be seen that you're a Yankee. Can or will you oblige us with a trick or two? for I can assure you we are ready to be tricked if you can do it.'

'Wall dunno 'bout that. Hev dun a few in my time, but dunno' as I kin dew anythin' smart this mornin'.'

'Oh do. Let's have a trick,' exclaimed the eager crowd.

'Wall, seen' it's yeou, I'll dew it jest to please you. But I swow you mustn't git mad.'

'Oh no, not at all,' says landlord.

'I'll go his security,' chimed in old Rumnose.

'I reckon,' says Jonathan, 'yew sell a prodigious sight of licker in these parts, and good at that. Yeou have a pipe of wine in the cellar eh?'

'Oh, yes, rale stuff, too, I tell you.'

'Wall,' says Jonathan, 'come along all yeou that want to behold the miracle performed;' and down they went in the cellar. The said pipe was pointed out. 'Neow,' says the Yankee, 'gentlemen, you see that pipe of wine, dew you?' A nod of assent went the rounds of the crowd. 'Wall, now, I kin take brandy out of one end and gin out of tother.'

'Do it, and you can take my head for a football,' exclaimed the landlord.

Jonathan coolly drew from his pocket a small gimlet and bored a small hole in one end of the pipe, which hole the landlord was requested to cover with his thumb. He did so, and soon a hole was bored in 'tother end.' Jonathan kept a sober phiz during the operation and requested the landlord to stop the tother hole while he went after somethin tew put the darned stuff in. The landlord complied with his request, and, stretched across the pipe, resembled a man-of-war's man about to receive a dozen with the cat. Jonathan meanwhile decamped, he did. The landlord's back ached, and he began to think the Yankee was a long time getting vials to put the licker in. Soon the vials

of his wrath began to boil over, and words too deep for human ears were struggling for utterance, and he, holding on, endeavoured to keep the wine from leaking out. The hoax now began to leak from the heads of the 'outsiders.' By-and-bye one gave a laugh, and guessed the landlord was done a leetle the brownest of anything he'd ever seen; and didn't the walls of the old cellar ring again with bursts of laughter? Well, they did.

The landlord raved and swore almost—he was a deacon in the church! —and at last he broke forth with, 'Dog my etarnal cats, if I hain't a been tricked by that confounded Yankee.'

He tried to get some one of the crowd to supply his place, but old Rumnose 'never let a good opportunity slip;' he thought 'twould be well, inasmuch as the landlord had allowed himself to be tricked by Mr. Yankee Doodle, that he (the landlord) should treat all hands, which the landlord did, and was released from his tiresome position, after losing his patience and *some* of his wine.

CROMWELL

After the battle of Marston, Cromwell, returning from the pursuit of a party of the royalists, purposed to stop at Ripley; and, having an officer in his troop, a relation of Sir William Ingilby's, that gentleman was sent to announce his arrival. The officer was informed, by the porter at the gate, that Sir William was absent, but that he might send any message he pleased to his lady. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady that no such person should be admitted there; adding, she had force enough to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance, and that the safest way would be to admit the general peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron-strings, and having told him she expected that neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall, where, sitting each on a sofa, these two extraordinary personages, equally jealous of each other's intentions, passed the whole night. At his departure in the morning, the lady observed, 'It was well he had behaved in so peaceable a manner; for that, had it been otherwise, he would not have left that house with his life.'

A wit said that cold cheese is better than cold steel—because it is *mightier* than the sword.

A SAD ALTERNATIVE

In one of the border feuds of the Scottish lairds, during the reign of James VI., a young gentleman had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by his hereditary enemy. He was brought into the castle, when the lady of his conqueror inquired of her husband what he intended to do with his captive. "Hang him, dame," said the laird, "as a robber." His lady, who was more considerate, though less humane, advised him to compel the prisoner to marry their youngest daughter, "with the meikle (large) mouth without any tocher," (without any portion.) The laird consented, as the daughter was blessed with so unpromising an exterior that there was not the least chance of her finding a husband under any other circumstances; and in fact, when the alternative of such a marriage or death by the gallows was proposed to the prisoner, he was for some time disposed to choose the latter, and no doubt felt strongly tempted to exclaim, in the words of an old song—

"Oh no," said he, "I'd rather gib,
Than to be tied to a woman's crib,
Drive on the cart, bold fellows."

He yielded at last to the instinct of self-preservation, and married the daughter of his conqueror, and it is said that she proved to be an excellent and affectionate wife; though the unusual size of the mouth, for which she was distinguished, was supposed to be discernible in her decendants through several generations.

IRISH BLUNDERS.

The following is a copy of a letter written during the rebellion by Sir ——, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London:—

'My Dear Sir,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God! killed and dispersed.

'We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink except whisky; when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand.

'I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town: the bags had been judiciously

left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

'Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time there was nothing to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names.

'Troops are now stationed everywhere round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

'I have only leisure to add, that I am, in great haste, yours truly.

'P.S. If you don't receive this in course it must have miscarried: therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know.'

EPIGRAM.

Quoth Docter Squill of Ponder's End:
"Of all the patients I attend,
What'er their aches or ails,
None ever will my fame attack,'
'None ever can,' retorted Jack:
'For dead men tell no tales.'

NEGROES' HEIR LOOM.—Some years ago, the boiler-men negroes on Huckenfield estate were overheard by the book-keeper discoursing on this subject, (the superiority of the whites,) and various opinions were given, till the question was thus set at rest by an old African:—'When God Almighty make de world, him make two men, a nigger and a buckra; and him give dem two box, and him tell dem for make dem choice. Nigger, (nigger greedy from time,) when him find one box heavy, him take it, and buckra take t'other: when dem open de box, buckra see pen, ink, and paper; nigger box full up with hoe and bill, and hoe and bill for nigger till this day.'

POETICAL LOVE-LETTER.

The sweeper of New Haven College, in New England, lately becoming a widower, conceived a violent passion for the relict of his deceased Cambridge brother, which he expressed in the following strain

Mistress A—y,
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me;
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then, gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition:
If you deny,
Alas! I die
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your poor spouse
Had reached our New Haven,
My dear wife died,
Who was my bride,
In anno eighty-seven.

Then being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands—for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fittest for a widow.

You may be sure
'Tis not your dow'r
I make this flowing version;
In those smooth lays
I only praise
The glories of your person.

For the whole that
Was left to Mat,
Fortune to me has granted
In equal store,
Nay, I have more,
What Mathew always wanted.

No teeth, 'tis true,
You have to shew
The young think teeth inviting—
But, silly youths,
I love those mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
These woeful times is fitting;
A wrinkled face
Adds solemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

A furrow'd brow,
Where corn might grow
Such fertile soil is seen in't
A long hook nose,
Though scorn'd by foes,
For spectacles convenient.

Thus to go on,
I could pen down
Your charms from head to foot—
Set all your glory
In verse before you,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haste away,
And make no stay,
For soon as you come hither
We'll eat and sleep,
Make beds and sweep,
And talk and smoke together.

But if, my dear,
I must come there,
Tow'rd Cambridge strait I'll set me
To touze the hay
On which you lay,
If, madam, you will let me.

MERRY-UNS.

Giving a woman a ring is a natural consequence of her giving you a hearing.

The remains of a bachelor who 'burst into tears' on reading a description of married life, have been found.

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter upon being told that the young lady had gone there with a 'rake.'

Mrs. Partington reading the death of a distinguished lawyer, who who was stated to be the father of a bar, exclaimed—'Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children.'

If a man reap 'whatsoever he *soweth*,' what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have one of these days.

'Daddy, I want to ask you a question. Why is a gin-palace like a bad shilling?' 'I can't tell, my lad!' 'Because you can't pass it,' said the boy.

A Dutchman being called upon for a toast, said, 'Here ish to de heroes who fyth, pleed, and died mit the pattles of Punker Hill—of whom I am one.'—Drank standing.

The most interesting sight is that of a young lady, with eyes like a 'gazelle,' a voice like a 'silver trumpet,' 'lips like rubies,' and 'cheeks that have stolen the carnation of the deathless rose,' with her mouth full of—gingerbread.

The following anagram on the well-know bibliographer, William Oldys, may claim a place among the first productions of this class. It was written by Oldys himself, and found by his executors in one of his manuscripts:—

> 'In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
> And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.'

Mrs. Partington having heard of men having a knit brow, and being a prodigy at knitting stockings, wants a little *yarn*, thinking that she can do something that way.

A little boy having been to a church where he had seen a man play an organ, on returning home said to his mother, 'I wish you had been to church to-day to see the fun, a man pumping music out of an old cupboard.'

A man asked celebrated balloonist what he would do for refreshment in his aerial voyage, as there were no hotels. He instantly replied he should have no occasion for them; he would stop at some of the 'castles in the air.'

Eccentric Character.—The Rev. Mr. Hagamore of Catshoge, Leicestershire, was a very singular character. He died the 1st of January 1776, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700*l.* per annum, and 1000*l.* in money, which, as he died intestate, fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was found dead. His servants heard his call for assistance, but being locked up, they could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 58 dogs, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs, and used none, 50 saddles, and furniture for the menage, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks, that a toyman in Leicester-fields offered 8*l.* for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes, 200 spades and shovels, 74 ladders, and 249 razors.

THE TWO SHERIDANS.

Tom Sheridan had a good voice, and true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity.

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

'I think, father,' said he, 'that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.''

'And under that, Tom,' said his father, write, 'Unfurnished.''

Tom took the joke, but was even with him on another occasion.

Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some.

'Money I have none,' was the reply.

'Be the consequence what it may, money I must have,' said Tom.

'If that be the case, my dear Tom,' said the affectionate parent, 'you will find a case of loaded pistols up stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath.'

'I understand what you mean,' said Tom, 'but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world.'

NOTHING AT ALL.

In Derry Down Dale, when I wanted a mate,
I went wi' my dad a courting to Kate;
Wi' a nose-gay so fine, and my holiday clothes,
My hands in my pockets, a courting I goes.
The weather was cold and my bosom was hot,
My heart on a gallop, t'old meare on a trot,
Naw I wur so bashful and loving withal,
My tongue stuck to my mouth;—I said nothing at all.

'Heigho!'—'Dang it,' says feyther, 'what for doesn't thou talk; one might as weel hae naebody wi' them as thee'—'Why,' says I, 'I's sure, I talk'd plenty as we com ower t'lang meadow.' 'Aye,' says he, 'what about?'—'About,' says I, why about—about
Nothing at all!

When we came to the door, I lumpish and glum!
The rapper I held 'twixt my finger and thum;
Tap went the knocker, and Kate shew'd her chin:
She chuckled and duckled——I bow'd and walked in;
Now I wur as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor lass! wur as bashful as me;
So I bowed, and she grinned, and let my hat fall;
Then I smiled——scratch'd my head—and said——

'I—I—I's cum'd'—'Yes, sur,' says she, 'I see ye's com'd, what's your business wi' I?' 'Why (says I) I hean't much business, I's com'd to—to—to'—'To what?' says she—'Why, (says I) to—to to'—'Dang it,' seys feyther, and he hits me a great drive ower't chops, 'tell her thou's com'd to make love till her at yance'—'Eees,' says I, 'Feyther says as how I's com'd to make—to make'—'To make what? says she, 'Why,' says I, 'to make
Nothing at all!

If bashful wur I, no less bashful the maid,
For she simper'd, and blush'd, wi' her apron strings play'd;
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that Kitty and I should be one.
In silence us young folks just nodded consent;
Hand in hand to the church to be married we went;
Where we answered the parson, in voices so small,
Love——honour——obey——and a——

Ecod, I shall never forget, it wur so comical. Parson turns to me wi' a face as grave as a church yard, and he says to me, Wull, says he to me, will tua hae this young woman to be thy wedded wife?—Ees, says I, I brought her here o' purpose. So he turns to Kitty, and he says, Kitty, will you hae this young man to be thy

wedded husband? Dang me, if Kitty warn't quite shocked, she blush'd, and she stammer'd, and she twitter'd, and wur quite in a state of conflammery gastuation, as a body may say; and so she says to the parson, says she, sur—I—I—

Nothing at all!

But mark what a change in the course of a week;
Now Kate left off blushing, and Wully could speak,
Could play wi' my deary, laugh loud at a jest,
She could coax too, and fondle as well as the best.
Now we laugh at past follies, and since we've declar'd
To encourage young folks who at wedlock are scar'd,
That if once to your aid some *insurance* you call,——
May kiss and get married, and get married, and——

Ecod, it wor nought when it wor over, just like hanging. But I shall never forget that day, there were sic fiddling, sic feasting, and sic dancing. But when it began to get rather late, I gi'es Kate a nudge, and says I, Brush! and then I made a bit of a speech to the company; says I, Nybours—bridemaids, bridegroom, —I'll thank you all to make a clean sweep; and I hope you'll all come again this day nine moths, when I will shew you a——Shew us what, says yan. Why, says I, I'll shew you—a—a—a—

Nothing at all!

The First Spree.—Niver vos drunk but vunce in the whole corse o' my life; niver means to be agin. The street seem'd to be wery steep, and I lifted my leg at ewery step as if I was gettin' up stairs; seweral cart veels vos makin' conwolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied my head vos a large carvin' and turnin' establishment, the lathes of vitch I vos keepin' in motion vith my feet. I couldn't conceive vot vos the reason town vos turn'd into sich an enormous high hill; and vot made it vorserer vos, that it seem'd all the time growin' higher, and threatenin' to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, tho't I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least it shan't head me; so I turned to go round, and go to the bottom, and hang me if the town didn't turn round vith me, headin' me all the time, and presentin' the high bluff right in front on me. Well, sure enough, the ground soon flew up and struck me in the forehead; and as soon as the stars clear'd away I commenced climbin' up with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw vos a big brick house come full split round the corner, and I believe it went right over me. but I don't remember any more.

KITCHEN CONUNDRUM.

'Come Thomas,' says Kitty, 'pray make us a pun,—
'You're good-natured and never refuse;'
'Ask coachee,' says Tom, '*he's* the fellow for Fun,—
'For *he* knows the way to *a-mews*.

Says coachee, 'Why, Thomas, you puzzle my brains,
'For you never can bridle your wit;
'But how comes it, that I, tho' exposed to the *reins*
'Ev'ry day, never *suffer a bit?*'

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.

I learnt French at the night-school one winter of our minister, Joshua Hopewell (he was the most learned man of the age, for he taught himself e'en almost every language in Europe); well, next spring, when I went to Boston, I met a Frenchman, and began to jabber away French to him.

"Polly woos a Frong say," says I.

"I don't understand Yankee yet," says he.

'You don't understand!' says I, 'why, it's French. I guess you didn't expect to hear such good French, did you, away down east here? but we speak it real well, and it's generally allowed we speak English, too, better than the British.'

'Oh!' says he, 'you one very droll Yankee; dat very good joke, sare; you talk Indgian and call it French.'

'But,' says I, 'Mr. Mountshear, it is French, I vow; real merchantable, without wainy edge or shakes—all clear stuff; it will pass survey in any market—it's ready stuck and seasoned.

'Oh! very like,' says he, bowin', as polite as a black waiter at New Orleans; 'very like, only I never heard it afore; oh! very good French, dat—clear stuff, no doubt, but I no understand—it s my fault, I dare say, sare.'

Thinks I to myself, a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I see how the cat jumps: minister knows so many languages he hasn't been particular enough to keep 'em in separate parcels, and mark 'em on the back, and they've got mixed; and sure enough I found my French was so overrun with other sorts, that it was better to lose the whole crop than to go to weedin', for, as fast as I pulled up any stranger seedin', it would grow right up agin as quick as wink, if there was the least bit of root in the world left in the ground, so I left it all to rot on the field.—*Sam Slick.*

DEAF AS A POST.—Maria Therese had often expressed a desire to see Madame de Bautru, wife of the celebrated wit of that name, but without effect. One day she told Bautru that she was resolved to see her. Bautru, finding he could no longer avoid complying, promised to introduce her after dinner. 'But is it fit,' said he, a droll thought entering his head, 'I inform your majesty that my wife has the misfortune to be deaf, insomuch that those who address her are obliged to shout with all their force.' 'Indeed!' said the queen. 'Well, well, I shall be careful.' Away went Bautru to inform his wife that the queen insisted upon seeing her; at the same time intimating, in order to effect his whimsical design, that her majesty was exceedingly deaf, and that she must talk very loud. In the evening he escorted her to the Louvre; the queen no sooner saw her than she began talking in her highest key; and Madam Bautru likewise commenced, if possible, an octave higher. The king, and some of the courtiers, who had been let into the secret, laughed to their heart's content.—At length, the queen, perceiving the joke, said to Madame Bautru, 'Prithee tell me, madam, did not Bautru lead you to imagine I was deaf?'—'Yes, your majesty, as deaf as a post!'—'Ah! the rogue,' continued the queen, 'he told me the very same thing of you!'

THE NEGRO AND THE SERPENT.

SOME time since, two negroes belonging to the estate of J. Hopkinson, Esq. were sent by their overseers to cut grass for the cattle, and were each of them supplied with a cutlass for that purpose. They proceeded till they came to a large savanna, where after cutting as much as they could carry, they fell asleep.

One of them, named Martin, was awoke from his slumber by a most extraordinary and painful sensation in his legs, which from their weight he was unable to move. He glanced at them, and to his astonishment and horror found them nearly as far as the thighs in the mouth of a tremendous serpent.

His shrieks and cries awoke his companion who, struck with terror at the monstrous reptile before him, fled. Martin felt himself absorbed more and more every instant, without a seeming possibility of escape, however, urged by despair, he caught up the cutlass that lay by his side, and resting himself on his hand, gave the serpent several severe cuts. The monster annoyed and alarmed at this assault, with a violent effort disgorged the courageous slave, but his legs were dreadfully lacerated and torn by the serpent's saw-like teeth in their passage out.

The reptile now perceiving his enemy more distinctly, folded himself up and prepared to dart at Martin. Aware of his intention the slave

though smarting with agony, got up and prepared to meet his adversary, who considerably weakened by the wounds he had received, dashed foward with a faint and languid spring. Martin stepped aside and his opponent fell without injuring him in the least. Before the serpent recovered himself, the gallant negro rushed round, and with one blow severed his tail off, and thereby mortally wounded him. The triumphant conqueror finished his feat by cutting off his antagonist's head.

Shortly after he was found by his runaway comrade, who had brought assistance, senseless by the side of the bleeding serpent. He had fainted with pain and the loss of blood, but medical assistance soon restored him to health, and healed his wounds.

In consideration of this wonderful preservation, Martin was presented with his freedom by Mr. Hopkinson, through whose exertions and kindness he is now in a good way of business as a trader, in Jamaica.

SAMBO'S SERMON.

'STRATE is de rode an narrer is de paff which leadeff to glory.' —'Brederen believers!—You semble dis nite to har de word, and hab it splained and monstrated to you; yes, an I tend for splain it clear as de lite ob de libin day. We're all wicked sinners har below—it's fac, my brederen, and I tell you how it cum. You see, my friends,

'Adam was de fus man,
Ebe was de todder,
Cane was a wicked man,
Kase he kill he brodder.

'Adam and Ebe were bofe black men, and so was Cane and Able. Now I spose it seem to strike you a understandin how de fus wite man cum. Why I let you no. Den you see when Cane kill de brodder de Massa cum, and he say, 'Cane, whar you a brodder Able?' Cane say, 'I don't know, Massa.' He cum gin an say, 'Cane, whar you a brodder Able?' Cane say, 'I don't know, Massa;' but de nigger noe'd all de time. Massa now git mad—cum gin—peak mity sharp dis time,—'Cane, whar your brodder Able, you nigger?' Cane now git friten, and he turn *wite:* and dis is de way de fus wite man cum pon dis arth! an if it had not been for dat dare nigger, Cane, we'd neba been troubled wid dese sassy wites pon de face ob dis circumlar globe. Now sing de forty lebenth hym, ticular meter.'

'How well he plays for one so young,' said Mrs. Partington, as the boy and his monkey performed near her door; 'and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure!'

ORIGIN OF LOVE.

CUPID one day, in luckless hour,
Observed a bee from flow'r to flow'r,
  Hurrying on busy wing:
Thinking to gain the honeyed prize,
He strove the insect to surprise,
  But quickly felt its sting.

Fired with revenge, he flew away
To where asleep my Julia lay
  On mossy bank reclin'd;
And while he sought relief to sip,
By kisses from her balmy lip,
  He left the sting behind.

Thus if I now, in hours of bliss,
From her sweet mouth should steal a kiss,
  I after feel the smart;
For when her rosy lips I've press'd,
And think myself supremely blest,
  I bear the sting at heart!

A CELEBRATED Comedian dining at a tavern in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, after asking the waiter several times for a glass of water without obtaining it, rang the bell violently, and swore 'He would knock his eye out, if he did not immediately bring some.' A gentleman present remonstrated, and said, 'He would be less likely of getting it, if he did so.' 'Oh dear, no, sir; for if you take eye (i) from waiter, you will get water directly.'

RETORTS ON BARRISTERS.—Sergeant Cockle, who was a rough blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right to a fishery, he asked the witness, 'Do'st thou love fish?' 'Ay,' replied the witness, with a grin, 'but I dunna like cockle sauce with it!' The roar of laughter which echoed through the court, rather disturbed the learned sergeant.

THE Rev. Paul Hamilton, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of Ayr; and not a little to the surprise of his fair auditry, gave out his text—'And they fell upon Paul's neck, and kissed him.'

A Strong Hint.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He made answer the next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:—

I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it,
It will last you long, if it's half as strong,
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.

Politely 'Cute.—A thin-faced, sable looking lady stepped into a store in Washington Street, a few days ago, to buy a steel reticule. The clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes, and prices—all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled, and commented upon; until at length, having made her selection of one, at two dollars and a half, she gave the clerk a ten-dollar note, to deduct that amount. The clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the lady her change. 'Why, here's but two dollars and a half,' says she. 'Exactly, madam,' replies the clerk. 'Well, but I gave you a ten-dollar bill, sir!' 'Precisely, madam,' said the polite clerk. 'This bag is two dollars and a half, is it not?' says the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule. 'Two dollars and a half is the price, madam.' 'Then why do you deduct seven dollars and a half, sir?' 'Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—' 'Very well, sir,' said the lady. 'And that one attached to your dress, beneath your cardinal, five dollars more!' said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal, and displaying a very handsome steel-bead reticule there secreted. The lady became quite agitated, but the humane clerk assured her that it was all perfectly right. 'You don't for a moment suppose, sir!' said the lady, in a low and husky voice, 'that I intended—' 'Oh! certainly not, madam!' said the clerk. 'Oh, it's all right, madam—perfectly correct,' continued the clerk. 'Good morning, sir!' said the lady, bowing and grinning a ghastly smile. 'Good morning!' responded the gentlemanly clerk, bowing the lady safely out of the premises. No fancy sketch this.

Fine Weather.—Hey, an al tell yo wot, there wor a chap at Bairnsla goin ta Lunnan, and they tell'd him, did his friends, at he must try ta tawk fine, and not sa vulgar az Bairnsla foaks did. Well, he thowt id tack ther advice, and when he gat az far az Rotherham, he wor foarst ta cum hoam agean, for they cuddant understand a word he sed, he clip't em sa fine.

SHARP SIGHT.—An American describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with, "They even fight with daggers in a room *pitch dark!*" "Is it possible?" was the reply. "Possible, sir?" returned the Yankee, "why I have seen them."

DR. RADCLIFFE.—The best anecdote told of this excellent physician is that which shows how well he could bear misfortune. When in a speculatian with Betleton the actor, he lost 6,000*l.*, while the latter suffered to the amount of 2,000*l.*, he condoled with his friend on his misfortune, but said for himself, 'he had only to trot up 6,000 pairs of stairs, and all would be right again."

MAN MADE OF MUD.—During an examination of a black servant in the Catechism, he was asked by the clergyman what he was made of. 'Of mud, massa,' was the reply. On being told he should say, 'Of dust,' he answered, 'No, massa, it no do, no tick togedder.'

DANGER OF TAPPING.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son, remarkable for his devotion to John Barleycorn, approached and exclaimed, 'Father! don't submit, for there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week.'

DEMISE OF A MUMMY.—An honest countryman, anxious to explore the wonders ot the British Museum, obtained a special holiday, a short time since. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of lady friends, he presented himself at the door for admittance; 'No admission to-day, sir!' said the keeper. 'No admission to-day! But I must come in—I've a holiday on purpose!' 'No matter—this is a close day, and the Museum is shut!' 'What!' said John, 'ain't this public property?' 'Yes, but one of the mummies died a few days ago, and we're going to bury him!' 'Oh, in that case, we won't intrude!' said John—and so he retired.

'Yer drunk again, hey?'—'No, my love (hiccup), not drunk, but slippery (hiccup). The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the bottom of my boots (hiccup) till they are so smooth as a dim pane of glass.'

An Obvious Inference.—An Iowa stump orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said, 'I have heard some persons hold the opinion, that just at the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *thar*, and I find that for some hours before he drew breath nobody died. Fellow-citizens, I leave you to draw the inference!'

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
'Avaunt, sir!' and off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with the *fiendishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her *off*.
She cried 'Don't!' and the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, 'Can't you?' the dear girl re-canted.

Then softly he whispered, 'How *could* you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come thou with me—to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?' and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
'See! here we can live with no longing to roam!'
He said, 'Sha'n't we, my dear?' so they shantied!

A country girl riding past a turn-pike gate without paying the usual fee, the toll-man hailed her and demanded it; she asked him by what authority he demanded toll of her. He answered, 'the sign would convince her that the law required threepence for a man and horse.' 'Well,' replied the girl, 'this is a *woman* and *mare*, therefore you have no claim!' and she rode off, leaving him the laughing-stock of the bystanders.

Gunology.—*Shillaber*, of the 'Carpet Bag,' tells us the following outrageous gun story:—Speaking to-day with the son of a gun regarding some gunning exploits, he told me of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire, which, were it not for his well-known veracity, I should feel disposed to doubt. He had snapped his gun at a grey squirrel, and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when, bringing it to his shoulder again, it went off and killed the squirrel!

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent, observed gravely, 'I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year.'

Mr. Ethan Spike's Speech for General Taylor.—'Who's Gineral Taler?' says I. 'He's one of the people,' says I 'He haint a loky foky,' says I, 'nor a Whig, nor a free syler, nor else,' says I. 'He can lick Mexicuns faster'n you can say Jack Robinson,' says I; 'an hates niggers more'n he does pison. I go for him,' says I, 'neck or nothin, now and henceforth, and if there's an individual in the saound of my voice as isn't a Taler man, an darst to own it,' says I, 'I'll lick him, darn him!' says I, When I got this off, the cheerin and stampin was dredful, an father—who was a leetle groggy—sung aout as laoud as he could ball,' Them's um! Go it, Ethan, give it to 'em! Hooray; Hooray!' An then he throwed off his hat an stomped on it, and kicked raound, an screech't an squalled in such an onairthly way, that they had to tie him an carry him hum.'

The following notification was published in the *Springfield* (Ohio) *Republican*, of the 26th October: 'To Dick Logan.—If you want my girl, why don't you come and ask me, like a gentleman, and not be making a fool of her? She can get plenty of better looking men then you. I want you to send back the landlady's trunk, for the landlady thinks hard of me about it. If my daughter, Lila Maclin, wants to marry as black a man as Dick, let her come home and do the thing right. Lila, your mother, feels very bad, after doing so much for you, to have you do this way. Do come home. There's a fellow in Zenia now nearly dying for you, and wants to marry you. He's a great deal better than Dick, and you'd better come home.—Eliza Macklin, Zenia, Ohio.'

RISIBLES.

THE latest Jonathanism is that of a New Orleans magistrate, much afflicted with corns, who got rid of his troublesome customers by summoning the whole lot before him, and fining them twenty-five dollars each, for shooting without a license!

Which are the four most corpulent letters in the alphabet?—O, B. C, T, (obesity).

The Rev. Sydnev Smith, in speaking of the prosy nature of some sermons, said, 'Thev are written as if sin were to be taken out of man like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep.'

'Did your fall hurt you?' said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two story house. 'Not in the laste, honey, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me.'

The Conversation at Holland House turning upon first love; Tom Moore compared it to a potatoe, 'because it shoots from the eyes.' 'Or rather (exclaimed Byron), because it becomes all the less by *paring*.'

Blessed is the man who has no money, as he is not obliged to mend the holes in his pockets.

An Irishman, recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year, without having calves: 'because,' said he, 'it runs in the breed, for she came of a cow that never had a calf!'

"WHOSE pigs are these, my lad?" "Whoy, they belong to that there big sow." "No! I mean who is their master?" "Whoy," again answered the lad, "that little 'un there · he's a rare 'un to feight."

'Say, Cæsar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ grinder?' 'Don't know, Mr. Sugarloaf; why is they?' 'Cos they carries a monkey about the streets.'

NONSENSE.—Dr. Johnson being asked to give a definition of nonsense, replied, "Sir, it is nonsense to bolt the door with a boiled carrot."

'Sambo, why is a chimley sweep one ob de happiest men alibe?'—'I 'spose, kase he knows de joys ob de fireside!'—'No! dat aint it. Do you gib it up? Well, den, kase he'es suited (sooted).'

A FLOWER FOR A LOVER'S BUTTON-HOLE.—A lady's cheek is described as the poetical abode of the rose; but we are not told what kind of rose. When the ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a 'cabbage-rose!

NOTHING LIKE PRUDENCE.

SCENE—*A Juvenile Party of Thirteeners.*

Maria—'My dear Charles, before we think of marrying, I must ask you what you have?'

Charles—'My dear Maria, I will tell you frankly that all I have in the world is a drum and a cricket-bat; but Papa has promised me a bow and arrows, and a pony, if I am a good boy.'

Maria—'Oh! my dear Charles, we could never live and keep house upon that!'

The *Cornovian* has the following joke on a farmer, who was accustomed to come home late at night in a '*barleycorn*' state, taking a cold bite, which was usually set for him by his kind and forgiving wife. One night, beside the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a wash-bowl filled with caps and starch. The lamp had long been extinguished when the staggering sot returned home, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps for some time, but, being unable to masticate them, he sang out to his wife, 'I say, old woman, where did you get your cabbages, they are so *stringy* I can't chew 'em?' 'Gracious me!' replied the good lady, 'if the stupid fellow isn't eating my caps, strings and all!'

ANECDOTE OF FORREST, THE AMERICAN ACTOR.—The following story is told of Forrest the American tragedian, and an eminent judge. When they were both young, and unknown to fame and each other, they met at a modern inn, by chance they were put to sleep in the same room. Both retired in the dark, each suspicious of the other. They slept pretty comfortably, so well that they refused to rise in the morning. They were lying, eyeing each other with ferocious looks until noon, when Forrest, making a desperate effort, called out, 'Stranger, why don't you get up?' 'What is that to you?' 'I have a particular reason for asking,' muttered Forrest, and plunged his head beneath the clothes. Presently the other raised his head and said, 'I say, my friend, perhaps you will answer me, if I put the question, to which I refused to reply to yourself?' 'Well, then,' said Forrest, rolling the clothes off slowly, and striking his heels upon the floor, 'I have no shirt, and did not care to expose my poverty.' 'Oh!' said the other, leaping with a greyhound-like bound into the middle of the apartment, 'why didn't you say that before?—that is just my predicament.'

SNEEZING MAL-APROPOS.—The following laughable incident is related in a New York Paper:—In the new melodrama, recently got up at the Chatham Theatre, a famous robber is taken and beheaded, and his head is exhibited to the audience by being placed on a table in the centre of the stage. To accomplish this to life, the robber's body is fixed to the table, and his neck fitted to a hole in the centre of a leaf, so that to the audience it looks precisely as though the man's head had been cut off and stood up in a pool of his own blood upon the table. On the fifth night of the exhibition, a wag got into the third tier of stand boxes, and by some unexplained manœuver, managed to blow a lot of Scotch snuff over the stage, just at the time the head was placed on the table. As soon as the snuff had begun to settle down the head commenced sneezing, to the no small amusement of the audience; and as the sneezing could not be stopped, the curtain fell amidst roars of laughter and confusion.

AN ALARMED TRIO.

A few months since, a son of Erin, about nine o'clock one evening, called at a country inn, and demanded lodgings for the night. It was evident from his appearance and actions that he and liquor had been quite jolly companions throughout the day.

The landlord was a lazy, good-natured soul, and had imbibed rather freely that day himself. 'If I give you a light, and tell you where the room is, you can find the place,' said the landlord.

'Och, an' it's meself that can do that most illegantly. Jist show me the way, an' I'll find it azy,' rejoined the Irishman.

The directions were given him, and also a candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house. By the time he had reached the top of the stairs his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he was to go. Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitered the inside of the room, and found it to contain a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling disinclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing and quietly crept into the back part of the bed.

He had been in the bed but a few minutes, when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. The Irishman eyed them closely. They seated themselves on chairs in close proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arm around her waist in a cousinly manner, and imprinted a kiss upon her tempting lips. There was a witchery in it which demanded a repetition. The scene amused the Irishman vastly, and being free from selfishness, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant with

him in the enjoyment of the scene, and to this end he nudged him; but his companion stirred not. He then put his hand upon him, and found that he was tightly locked in the cold embrace of death.

Synonymous with this discovery he bounded out of bed, exclaiming—"Murther! Murther! Howly saints of Hiven, pretect me!"

He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet, before the young lady and gentleman were making rapid strides towards the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs when the Irishman came dashing along as though all the fiends of Erebus were close at his heels, intent on making him their prey, and the whole three' went tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the foot of the stairs first

The landlord stood aghast as the Irishman rushed into the bar-room, with nothing on between him and nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eye-balls ready to start from their sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face from the day of his birth. Nothing could induce him to seek a bed that night again.

When the young lady and gentleman found that it was not the corpse that had so unceremoniously bounded from the bed, they returned to the room (they being the watchers for the night), and, doubtless, commenced their courting at a point where it was so suddenly broken off.

I LOVE TO SCAN THY ARTLESS FACE.

I love to scan thy artless face,
And watch those signs thou can'st not smother;
And fondly strive thy thoughts to trace
As smiles and tears o'ertake each other.

That look so strange, yet sweet to see,
That look on which I'm ever dwelling,
Imparts far deeper bliss to me
Than lips possess the gift of telling.

I love thee more—yes, more and more,
Each time I view those bright eyes beaming;
And muse, in gentle rapture, o'er
The tresses down thy fair neck streaming.

'Tis sweeter still to hear thy voice
Make music to that look of pleasure,
Which bids my throbbing heart rejoice,
And stamps thee mine—thou priceless treasure!

CHACHINATORS.

Are these *ship* letters?' asked a post-office clerk of a sailor, as he handed him a bundle, 'No, sir, they are *schooner* letters!'

Mrs. Partington says it is a curious provision of nature that hens never lay when eggs are dear, and always begin when they are cheap.

A high churchman was once asked, 'what made his library look so *thin?*' His reply was, 'My books all keep *Lent.*'

'Pray Miss C.,' said a gentleman the other evening, 'why are ladies so fond of officers?'—'How stupid!' replied Miss C.; 'is it not perfectly natural and proper that a lady should like a *good offer*, sir?'

A late writer wishes to know what more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first-love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight thousand three per cents. and fourteen three-story houses? We give it up. We know of nothing half so touching, or, in other words, anything that most people would sooner touch.

Miss Tucker says, it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but, when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

A worthy divine, having wearied the patience of a portion of his congregation by a somewhat lengthy sermon, and noticing persons stepping out of the church very quietly, sat down in the pulpit, saying—'I will now wait till the chaff is blown off.' This made the people quiet.

'This 'ere hanimal, my little dears,' obverved the keeper of a menagerie to a school, 'is a leopard. His complexion is yaller, and agreeably diwersified with black spots; It vos a wulgar herror of the hancients, that the critter vos incapable of changin' his spots, vitch vos disproved in modern times by obserwin' that he wery frequentley slept in one spot and next night changed to another!'

Woman, with all thy faults, I love thee *still*,—as the Quaker observed when he muzzled the scold.

'Father,' said a roguish boy, 'I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother.'—'Why not?'—'Because every time she drinks it she blows us up!'—'Go to bed sir, immediately.'

THE DANGER OF DELAY.—A son of the Emerald Isle was observed one morning to look exceedingly blank and perplexed. Pat, in answer to an inquiry, said he had had a dream. His friend interrogated him as to whether it was a good or a bad dream? Pat answered, 'It was a little of both. Faith, I'll tell you. I dreamed I was with the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district; and he axed me wad I drink? Thinks I, wad a duck swim; and seeing the Innishowen, and lemons, and sugar, on the sideboard, I told him I didn't care if I tuk a wee dhrap of punch! '*Cold or hot?*' axed the Pope. '*Hot*, your Holiness,' I replied; and be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the bilin' water; but before he got back I woke straight up! And now it's distressing me I didn't *take it cold?*

A NEWLY imported Irishman was one day standing, with his hook under his arm, at a shop window not thirty miles from Glasgow. The shopkeeper observed him from the door, accosts him thus:—'Well, Pat, what do you want in my line to-day?' 'What you have got to give me,' rejoins the Irishman. 'I'll wager a pound I have what suits you,' returned the former. The latter, pulling a pound from his rags, replies, 'It's done; table your dust. I want a sheath for my hook.' To poor Pat's astonishment and mortification the sheath was produced. Away he went to the harvest, however, leaving the pound with the shopkeeper. But not to be beat, he called on him on his way home, and in presence of a witness thus addressed him:—'Well Mr.——, what will you take for as much twist tobacco as will reach from my one ear to the other?' 'A penny,' was the reply. This being agreeed to, the grocer cut off about a foot of twist tobacco, and was about to apply its extremities to Pat's ears, when the latter, pointing his finger upwards, exulting exclaimed, 'There is one ear, but the other is nailed to the back of the gaol door in Dublin.' The duped grocer was obliged to give his ingenious antagonist forty pounds of tobacco before he could get quit of him.

SUITABLE PROFESSOR.—The following anecdote is related of Professor Humphries, of Amherst College, by a New York paper:—One morning before a recitation, some of our students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room, and discovered the new occupant of the chair, he turned on his heel, and coolly observed, 'gentlemen I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I therefore leave you to your studies.'

GREAZY.—A butcher, at Hull, let a sailor hev a shoolder a mutton a trust, an, in a day or two at after, getting to hear at he'd goan ta America, he sed, 'My word, but if ide a nawn at he nivver intended to a paid me for it. ide a charged him a haupeny a paand more than ah did.'

A JUST REPROOF.—A lady who had married a man of great good-nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision that she had coupled herself to a fool. 'So has my sister,' she replied, 'for no man of sense would endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband.'

HOW TO PAY THE SHOT.—An action being expected, one of his captains sent to Nelson, to remind his lordship that there were 750,000 dollars on board the Defiance, which he had brought out from England, and to inquire what was to be done with them. Lord Nelson answered, 'If the Spaniards come out, fire the dollars at them, and pay them off in their own coin.'

A Chartist was holding forth, and gratifying his audience with his notions of liberty and equality. 'Is not one man as good as another?' he exclaimed, coming to a point, and 'pausing for a reply,' as the saying is. 'Ay, coorse he is,' shouted an excited Irishman, 'and better!'

David Crockett, says the *Boston Transcript*, used to say of the late Philip Hone, with whom he was in Congress, that he was the *perlitest* man he ever knew—'Cause why?' said the colonel, 'he allers puts his bottle on the side-board before he asks you to drink, and then turns his back so as not to see how much you take! This,' adds the colonel, 'is what I call *real perliteness*.'

Mrs. Partington says she never received but one synonymous letter in her life, and that spoke paragorically of all her acquaintances.

When a young man steals a kiss from a Shropshire girl, she blushes like a 'new blown rose,' and says smartly, 'You darsn't do that twice more.'

A sailor attempted to kiss a lass he met on shore. She bristled up and declared he had insulted her; whereupon Jack exclaimed, 'Well, that beats all! I've been to sea twenty years, and never knew a salute called an insult afore!'

REASON SUFFICIENT.

A gentleman, furious with anger and hunger,
Thus address'd an itinerant Irish fishmonger—
"You knavish infernal imposter! pray how
Could you sell me such fish as I paid for just now?
Why, hang it, you rascal, they're spoiled—it is plain?'
Says Paddy, "Your honour, now do not complain—
Whate'er be the mack'rel, 'tis surely a shame
To blame me, when none but yourself is to blame;
Before your own door you allow'd me to cry them
Five days before you thought proper to buy them!

Turning the Grindstone—When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder: 'My pretty boy,' said he, 'has your father a grindstone?' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he, 'will you let me grind my axe on it?' Pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'O yes, Sir,' I answered it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my man,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get a little hot water?' How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. 'How old are you and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply 'I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen will you just turn a few minutes for me?' Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was tired to death. The School-bell rang, and I could not get away: my hands were blistered and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, 'Now you little rascal, you've played the truant, scud to school or you'll rue it.' Alas! thought I it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing the goods on the counter—thinks I that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people; that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit—without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas; methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn a grindstone for a booby.

A MAIDEN'S EXERCISE.—A young lady, when told to take exercise for her health, said she would *jump* at an offer and *run* her own risk.

An ancient impertinent rhyme, divides female beauty into four orders as follows.—

Long and lazy, little, and loud,
Fair and foolish, dark and proud.

Arrant scandal! The following is the true reading:—

Tall and splendid, little and neat,
Fair and pleasant, dark and sweet.

Or, the exact translation:

High and beauteous, little and witty,
Fair and lovely, and pretty.

HOW MR. SMITHSON WAS HOOKED.—*A Lesson for Despairing Spinsters.*—Mr Smithson (an improvement on the name of Smith) wished to take Miss Brownly (another improvement to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the female for about five years, but 'never spoke of love;' on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intentions of leading a bachelor life. One morning he put his hand on the bell handle and was admitted. 'Oh, James,' exclaimed Miss Jane,' where have you kept youreself so long?' this took Smithson a little aback for he had spent the preceeding evening with the family. Before he could answer. however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said,—'I have to ask you—, 'Not here, James—not now—oh!' 'That is,' stammered Smithson, 'if you are not engaged—' 'Oh, oh! water quick,' shrieked Jane. 'What's that?' inquired her father, 'who says she's engaged?' 'I didnt mean—' said Smithson, in confusion. 'Of course not,' continued Mr. Brownly, 'you couldn't suppose such a thing, when you have always been our favourite. Then advancing and taking poor Smithson by the hand, he said —Take her, my boy, she's a good girl, loves you to distraction.' May you both be as happy as the days are long.' Thereupon mother and children crowded upon Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

JOCUNDERS.

Chinese Sayings.—A drunkard's nose is said to be a 'light-house, warning us of the little water that passes underneath.

Economy of expression.—'In short, ladies and gentlemen,' said an overpowered orator, 'I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotions of my heart!" Vulgar boy in the gallery: 'Wouldn't a *pane* in your stomach do this time?'

A Positive Case.—The following cure for the gout is taken from an old work: 1st. The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition; 2nd. He must wash it in an honest miller's pond; 3rd. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous; 4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient; 5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; 6th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

'Ma, whereabouts in the map shall I find the State of Matrimony?' 'Oh, my dear, that is one of the *United* States.'

The Rising Generation.—*Young Lady.*—'Now, then, you tiresome boy, what is it you wish to say to me that so nearly concerns your happiness?'

Juvenile.—'Why, I love yer, and can't be 'appy without yer.

A Valentine.—'Dear Jem,—Missus says she won't let me go out. but I will, and no mistake; so if you'll have me I'll have you, and there's an end of that; and now it's all out, and so is the fire, and she may light it herself, and clean master's boots too, but don't forget the ring and my new bonnet.

Your loving Valentine, 'Betsy Snap.'

'Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil of Tom Cooke, the musician. 'An apothecary's shop,' answered the wag; 'because if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *vial in.*'

'Get away! get away!' said an embarrassed matron to houseless Pat, who was begging a night's lodging. 'this is no place for you. Go away, for shame! this is the lying-in-hospital.' 'Och, indeed, then,' replied the outcast, 'its the very place for me, for I've been lying out these three nights.'

'John,' screamed a country girl, seated by the side of her dull lover, 'leave me alone!' John, astonished, cried, 'Why, I aint a touching yer!' 'No,' replied she, 'but you might have done—if you liked.'

There is a boy 'down west' so exceedingly bright, that his father uses him instead of a looking-glass to shave by.

Changing a Name.—A western paper announces the marriage of Miss Polly Schrecongost. We unite in congratulating her. She did well to change her name. What a pity it is that John Ollenbaubengrapensteinershobenbicher (who it appears has got a letter in the Baltimore Post-office) could not get off his name by an equally agreeable process. The ladies have the advantage in this respect.

'Methinks your kindness freezes,' as the man said to the pump, one cold morning in January, when he came to take his breakfast and found it frozen up.

Tom Treddlehoyle, in a letter to a south country farmer, says—'Mun ye naw nowt abaght agricultur consarns e yor country like wot we do, noa nor hoaf, for we muk ar cloises here e Yorksher we *Johanna.*'

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'

A native of Washington has just invented a new system of short-hand, which has been tried with great success in the House of Representatives. In a speech of an hour's duration, the reporter was enabled to get twenty minutes a-head of the speaker.

A hatter told a customer once, when ordering a new hat, that the one he had previously supplied him with was a good one, a statement which the customer disputed. 'Why,' said the hatter, 'it must have been a good one, for you cannot deny that you have worn it above two (y) ears.'

'Three-and-sixpence per gal!' exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the *Price Current.* 'Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at only three-and-sixpence!' The old lady pulled off her spectacles, threw down the paper, and went into a brown study on the want of a proper appreciation of the true value of the feminine gender.

THE SAWING DOWN OF ANCIENT SAWS.—'There's no rose without a thorn.' Yes, there is; there's the *prim-rose.*

'It is not good for man to be alone.' Yes, it is; when he has only dinner enough for one.

'Delays are dangerous.' No, they're not; when a man thinks of marrying, or is going to be hanged.

'OUT of darkness cometh forth light,' as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink-keg.

MY uncle P——— was an awful snorer. He could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length, my uncle was required to attend assizes at some distance. The first night after his departure my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl—she took the *coffee-mill into my aunt's chamber and ground her to sleep at once!!*

A GHOST IN LOVE.—The *Abeille Cauchoise* tells the following story:—'A few nights ago a worthy farmer, living near Yvetot, who had lately become a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a horrid phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate, 'If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!'—'Wretch!' exclaimed the phantom, 'I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Marie A——, to whom you are making love. She is unworthy to share thy bed. The only woman to succeed me is Henriette B——. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom!' This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and, stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henriette B——herself, looking excessively foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has had the banns published for his marriage with her.'

Benefit of Advertising.—E. D. W. Clifford, a young gentleman living in Leavenworth, Indiana, recently advertised in the *Louisville Democrat* for a wife. He writes to the editor that he is thoroughly convinced of the advantages of advertising. He says he has received, in answer to the advertisement, 794 letters, thirteen daguerreotype likeness of ladies, two gold finger-rings, seventeen locks of hair, one copy of Ike Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' one thimble, and two dozen shirt buttons. He ought to be convinced.

A Witty Policeman Outwitted.—One Sunday, a few weeks ago, as one of the country policemen was on duty near the canal, a few miles from Preston, he saw three young men on the canal side playing at dominoes. One of them said to his companions: 'Tom! con ta come?' Tom said: 'No!' 'Bill! con ta come?' Bill answered, 'No!' But the policeman, jumping over the hedge, said: '*I* can come!' and seized the one who had been asking the question. The others decamped. The policeman took him along the canal side a short distance, when the captive asked him not to stick to him, as people would think he had been stealing. The policeman left loose, on the lad promising not to attempt to escape; but before they had gone many yards further, the captive plunged into the canal, to the dismay of the witty policeman, and swam to the opposite side of the water; when the swimmer coolly seated himself on the bank, and, laughing, said: 'Policeman! con ta come?' The man in *green* declined taking a cold bath, saying he could *not* come this time.

Western Eloquence.—A stump orator in the West uses the following appropriate language: 'If I'm elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or the night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet human society, clean all its parts, and screw them together again. I will correct abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese. My chief recommendations are, that at a public dinner given to——, I ate more than any two men at the table;—at the late election I put in three votes for the party;—I've just bought a new suit of clothes that will do to wear to Congress, and I've got the handsomest sister in old Kentuck.'

A Toast.—The Ladies! the only *incendiaries* that kindle a *flame* which *water* will not put out.

An Ayshire gentleman, whose wife has born him a round dozen of children, has got a circular letter printed, with blanks for hour date, and sex, that he may save himself, in future, a world of wri ting in apprising distant friends of accessions to his family. The printer, on receiving the order, disinterestedly suggested to him that Mrs. ——, having completed the dozen, would probably cease from her labours. 'Not at all,' said the doomed man: 'her mother was remarkably fond of strawberries, and she had nineteen children. Mrs. ——, is just as fond of strawberries. and she'll make the dozen a score. Like mother like daughter.' The printer, a bachelor, resolved to beware of women that had a passion for strawberries.

A Tolerable broad Hint.—Lady Isabel Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, having no silver, borrowed half-a-crown of her; he sent it her next day, with a gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that 'though he could not give her a *crown*, he could give her a *coronet*, and she was ready to accept of it.'

At the examination of the children of the Windsor Infant School, on Wednesday last, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of 'bearing false witness against your neighbour.' Hesitating a little, he said it was 'telling tales.' On which the worthy and reverend examiner said, 'That is not exactly an answer. What do you say? addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, 'It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it.' 'Quite right,' said the examiner, amidst irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceeding being completely upset

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Mr. Dunlop, of the Green Isle, having brought an action against Mrs. Wallace, formerly Miss Evans, for 'breach of promise,' she commenced a cross action, and gave proof that Mr. Dunlop failed to appear on the wedding-day; so she sent for Mr. Wallace, who came and married her 'like a man.' The lady won.

A reprobate once laid his worthy associate a bet of five shillings that he could not repeat the creed. It was accepted, and his friend repeated the Lord's Prayer. 'Confound you!' cried the former, who imagined that he had been listening to the creed, 'I had no idea you had such a memory. There's your money.'

Major Austin's Left Leg.—You desire to know how I lost my lower extremity. Did you never hear that it was snapped off by a crocodile? If you did not, neither did I. It was lost—no, how can it be lost, when I know where it is, or was? It was shot off thus:—We attacked the enemy early one morning; and after driving him before us, storming the village of Merxem, and continuing the pursuit till half-past two o'clock, and close up to the gates of Antwerp, my *left* leg happened to meet with a twenty-four pound ball, which came from the walls of the city, with sundry other iron confits; and the said cannon-ball having it all its own way, *left* me minus a *left* leg. I wish it had *left* it alone, for it *left* me only one leg to stand on; and yet I have a right leg and a *left* leg still. And now there is nothing *left* to say about it, except that the *left* limb was afterwards amputated by Staff-surgeon Halliday and Samuel Cooper, the author of the *Surgical Dictionary*, who *left* it, the *left* limb, to be buried with a dead rifleman (who was shot in the *left* lung), in the *left* side of a garden belonging to a chateau on the *left*-hand side of the road between Merxem and Breschet; and the said *left* limb has *left* its fertilising influence behind, for the spot where it lies buried has produced luxuriant crops ever since, and has *left* the proprietor nothing more to desire, except that he may be *left* in quiet possession of his inheritance. From this it will be seen that part of my *left* leg was *left* on the battle field, and part of it was *left* in the *left* side of a garden, behind a chateau at the *left* side of the road, in a country which the tide has *left* to the inhabitants, and which I *left* without regret; that is, all that was *left* of me, after bidding farewell to the parts *left* behind.

An extraordinary instance of the power of sleep on the animal economy occurred a few days since. A dissipated young man, who was a great sleeper, was thought by his family to be lying too long; and upon their going up to his room, they found nothing in the bed but his night-cap. From certain circumstances connected with physiology, a medical gentleman gave it as his opinion that he had slept himself out.

Two countrymen, observing the female figures with pitchers in their hands which support the porticoes of St. Pancras church, wondered what they represented. 'They must be the *foolish virgins*,' said one. 'They can't be neither,' replied the other: 'there's only four of 'em.' 'Oh, it's all right,' replied the friend; '*the other is gone for the oil*, you may depend on't.'

SETTLING A BILL.—Four sharpers having treated themselves to a sumptuous dinner at the Hotel Montreuil were at a loss how to settle for it, and hit on the following plan.—They called for the waiter, and asked for the bill. One thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to draw his purse; the second prevented him, declaring he would pay; the third did the same. The fourth forbade the waiter taking any money from either of them, but all three persisted. As none would yield, one said, 'The best way to decide is to blindfold the waiter, and whoever he first catches shall settle the bill.' This proposition was accepted, and while the waiter was groping his way around the room, they slipped out of the house, one after another.

AT breakfast one morning in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against monsieur by his moustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said, 'Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?' 'Vy,' replied the outside barbarian, 'you vouldn't hab me to eat de vite? De yolk is de shicken: de vite de fedders. Am I to make von bolster of my belly?' The farmer was dumbfoundered.

A SUFFOLK farmer, who had a goose stolen from him, complained to the curate, and begged of his reverence to assist him in getting back his goose. Accordingly, when the curate ascended the pulpit on the following Sunday, he desired all his congregation to sit down, and when they had obeyed, he said, 'Why sit ye not down?' They replied, 'We are already seated.' 'Nay,' rejoined the curate, 'he who stole the goose sitteth not.' 'Yes, that I do!' exclaimed the guilty party. 'Sayest thou that?' replied the curate; 'I charge thee, on pain of excommunication, to bring the goose back again.' The sequel need not be related.

AMERICAN SHREWDNESS.—'My child, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen, bring them back.' Jemmy went as directed, and came back again, saying, 'Mother, let me alone for a trade: they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em to ninepence.'

THE LAY OF A LOST BACHELOR.—A poor American bachelor, having sacrificed himself on the altar of Hymen, exclaims:—

Oh! when I think of what I ar,
And what I used to was,
I find I've flung myself away
Without sufficient cos.

CONFLICT OF WITS.—Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to his daughter Fanny, gives her an account of his encounter with a London hairdresser, June 26, 1833:—"Got a hairdresser to clip me—a great humourist: he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his haymaking in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other.'

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION.—'It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons; I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs,' said a lady, in the presence of a parson.

'But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons,' suggested the minister.

'Yes,' rejoined the lady, 'but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text.'

'Oh, if a text is all you want,' said the parson, 'I will furnish that. Take this from Solomon:—'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

'Do you mean *me*, sir?' inquired the lady, quickly.

'Oh, my good woman,' was the grave response, 'you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too quick in your *application*.'

THE PEER AND THE PAINTER.—The Duke of Somerset (a Seymour), commonly called the proud Duke, employed Seymour, the painter, to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth. One day at dinner the duke filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, 'Cousin Seymour, your health,' drank it off. 'My lord,' said the artist, 'I believe I have the honour of being related to your grace.' The proud peer rose from the table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ an humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring said, 'No man in England can compete with James Seymour.' The duke now condescended to recall his discarded cousin. 'My lord,' was the answer of Seymour, 'I will now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I won't come!' Upon receiving this laconic reply, the duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of £100. Seymour briefly replied that 'he would write to his grace;' he did so, but directed his letter, 'Opposite the Trunk-maker's, Charing Cross.' Enraged at this additional insult, the duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered his steward to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed that 'it was hasty in his grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note of £100, and that therefore they were now quits.'

A "STUMP SPEECH."—Americans, our republic is yet destined to re-annex South America, to occupy the Russian possessions, as well as those British colonies, which the old thirteen colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham—all rightfully ours to occupy. Faneuil Hall was the cradle of the republic, but whar, whar will be found timber enough for its coffin? Scoop all the water from out the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed would not afford sufficient for its corpse. And yet America is still in the gristle of its boyhood. Europe!—what is Europe? She is nowhar—nothing—a circumstance—a cypher—a land absolutely ideal. We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, better mill privileges, broader lakes, higher mountains, deeper cataracts, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, braver men, hansemmer weemen, more money than England dar have.

'You are writing my bill on very rough paper,' said a client to his attorney. 'Never mind,' replied the attorney, 'it has to be *filed* before it comes into court.'

A Clerical Error.—A Somersetshire couple, brother and sister, went lately to church as bridegroom and bridesmaid; and the parish-clerk, supposing them to be the 'happy pair' unattended, ushered them up to the parson, who got 'under way' immediately, first whispering to his colleague that 'he must give the bride away.' The young people, innocent of all previous knowledge of the marriage ceremony, concluded that his reverence was economically filling up the time until the bride and her friends arrived; but when the ring was demanded, a light broke in upon the bridegroom, an explanation ensued, the parson went off in a fume, the clerk was inclined to smile, and brother and sister, as soon as it was prudent, laughed outright.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

The female form is beautiful and elegant to see,
Array'd in silk and satinet, and muslin drapery;
Oh, when I see a lady fair dress'd in fashion's height,
I smile, as to myself I say, 'How exquisite a sight!'

But when I think upon the price of all those things a yard,
The pleasure of the spectacle is always sadly marr'd;
And whilst I add the items up, I sigh in deep distress,
And say, 'Oh, what a deal it costs to pay for such a dress!'

An Unbidden Guest.—We had an odd circumstance happen to us on Wednesday. Just as we were beginning our breakfast, a well-dressed woman, in a silk gown and muff, entered the room. 'I am come to take a little breakfast,' said she. Down she laid muff, took a chair, and sat down by the fire. We thought she was mad, but she looked so stupid that we soon found out that was not the case. Sure enough, breakfast she did. I was obliged once to go down and laugh. My mother and Edith behaved very well, but Margery could not come into the room. When the good lady had done, she rose, and asked what she had to pay? 'Nothing, ma'am,' said my mother. 'Nothing! Why, how is this?' 'I don't know how it is,' said my mother, and smiled, 'but so it is.' 'What, don't you keep a public house?' 'No, indeed, ma'am; so we had half a-hundred apologies, and the servant had a shilling. We had a good morning's laugh for ourselves, and a good story for our friends, and she had a very good breakfast.—*Southey's*

An Old Gentleman's Thought.—Methinks to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall on the paring, out of love they have to the apple.

Youth is a glorious invention. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away, "with down upon their feet." What a pity summer is so short!—before you know it, lovers become deacons, and romps, grandmothers.

In a lesson in parsing the sentence, 'Man courting in capacity of bliss,' &c. the word *courting* came to a young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, 'Very well, what does it agree with?' Ellen blushed, and held down her head. 'Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?' 'Ye—ye—yes, ma'am.' 'Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?' Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen at last said, 'It agrees with all the girls, ma'am!'

Mrs. Partington in Court.—'I took my knitting-work and went up into the gallery,' said Mrs. Partington, after visiting one of the New York courts: 'and after I had digested my specs, I looked down into the room; but I couldn't see any courting going on. An old gentleman seemed to be asking a good many impertinent questions—just like some old folks—and people were sitting round making minutes of the conversation. I don't see how they made out what was said, for they all told different stories. How much easier it would be to get along if they all told the same story. What a sight of trouble it would save the lawyers! The case, as they called it, was given to the jury, but I couldn't see it, and a gentleman with a long pole was made to swear that he'd keep an eye on 'em, and see that they didn't run away with it. Bimeby in they come agin, and then they said somebody was guilty of something, who had just said he was innocent, and didn't know nothing about it no more than the little baby that never had any subsistence. I come away soon afterward, but I couldn't help thinking how trying it must be to sit there all day, shut out from the blessed air!'

Ink is the Black Sea in which thought rides at anchor.

Hood gives this graphic picture of an irritable man:—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

WIDDERS.—A young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, I think he called her, was courted, and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on the way to her husband's funeral. 'She accepted, of course,' said Grossman. 'No, she didn't,' said Smith. 'Tootey, dear,' said she, 'y're too late; four waaks ago it was, I shook hands wi' Patty Sweeney upon it, that I would have him in a dacent time arter poor McPhee went anunderboord.' 'Well,' said Grossman, 'widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman, whose husband, Diedrick Van Pronk, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried on Copp's Hill. Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved, that looked very like her late husband, and placed it in her bed, and constantly kept it there for several months. In about half a year, she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied, in a very quiet way: Maype it ish vell enough now, to sphlit up old Van Pronk, vat ish up shtair.'

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—'Sally, don't I like you?'—'La Jim, I reckon so.'

'But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom-cat that dares to look at you for a second?'—'I s'spect you would.'

'Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I——' —'Now don't, Jim; you're too sudden.'

'And, Sally, I want you to——' —'Don't say anything more now; I will——'

'But it must be done immediately; I want you to——' —'Oh, hush! don't, don't say any more——'

'I want you to-night to get——' —'What! so soon? Oh, no—impossible! Father and mother would be angry at me.

'How? be mad for doing me such a favour as to m——' —'Yes, dear me! Oh, what a feeling!'

'But there is some mistake; for all I want to have you do, is to *mend my trowsers!*'

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and, screaming hysterically, fainted away as dead as a log.

THE BUTCHER AND THE FAT FRIARS.—There is a village between Niort and Rochefort, named Grip, belonging to the Count de Fois. One day, two Cordeliers coming from Niort arrived late at this place; they obtained hospitality from a worthy butcher and his wife, who, having given them supper, put them to sleep in a chamber next their own. As the partition was cracked, the two friars put their ears to a chink in order to know what the butcher and his wife talked about in bed. It so happened that the butcher began to talk about business and said, 'My dear, I must get up to-morrow very early to look after our cordeliers; one of them is so very fat that it is time he should be killed and salted, for pork bears a high price in the market,' The listeners, not aware that *cordelier* was in this part of the country, a cant name for pigs, were terribly frightened. The elder of the two, began to confess his sins to his companion; but the younger proposed that they should make their escape by the window, and opening it, sprung lightly to the ground. The fat monk attempting to follow, slipped, and so injured his leg that he could not stand, and deserted by his friend he sought some hiding-place, but could find no shelter except in the pig-stye, where he lay groaning the rest of the night. In the morning the butcher having sharpened his knife, went to the stye accompanied by his wife and servants, opening the door, he exclaimed, 'Come out, come out, my cordeliers, I must have black puddings for dinner to-day.' The terrified monk jumped out roaring for mercy, and the no less terrified butcher threw himself upon his knees demanding absolution for the sacrilege of mistaking for a pig a follower of St. Francis. This scene of cross purposes lasted more than a quarter of an hour, but at length mutual explanations turned their fear into merriment. A troop of horses sent to the rescue by the fugitive brother, came just in time to share the joke, which furnished laughter for all the country round.

MURPHY was going to his work early one morning, and was met by a friend who knew that Murphy's married sister, with whom he lodged, was expected to add a unit to the population, 'Well, is there any news of your sister this morning?' 'Oh, then, indeed there is, I'm glad to tell you; and all's nicely over; thanks to the same any how.' 'And is it a boy or a girl?' 'By the powers, now, and if I havn't forgotten to ask whether I am an uncle or an aunt!'

A STERN PREMONITION.—'I aint a going to live long, mammy. 'Why not, you sarpent?' ''Cause my trowsers is all tored out behind.'

The editor of the *Louisville Journal*, retorting a charge of personal ugliness against a contemporary, says:—'We are credibly informed, that after the birth of Harvey, none but handsome babies were born for several years; all the ugly material in the universe was used up in his creation.'

SEASONABLE DEFINITIONS.

Snow.—Winter's dressing gown.

Ice.—The sheet of the river's bed.

Icicles.—Nature's pendants manufactured from gems of the purest water.

Dew.—A bill drawn by Night and Co., taken up and accepted by the Sun.

Fog.—The cloud's embrace.

'Shall we take a *'bus* at Charing Cross?' said a young Cockney, who was showing the wonders of the metropolis to his country cousin. 'O dear, no!' said the alarmed maiden, 'I could not allow such a thing in so public a thoroughfare!'

Some days ago, a pretty bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa, was teazed a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family; he finally wound up by saying: 'Rosa, I don't love you.' 'Ah, but you've *got to love me*,' said the child. 'How so?' asked her tormentor. 'Why,' said Rosa, 'the Bible says you must love them that *hate* you, and I am sure I hate you!'

As a dandy was wending his way through a narrow passage, he met a pretty girl, and said to her, 'Pray, my dear, what do you call this passage?'—'Balaam's passage,' she replied,—'Ah, then (said he) I am like Balaam—stopped by an angel.'—'And I (rejoined the girl, as she pushed past him) am like the angel—stopped by an ass.'

Seasonable.—Bury berries; be chary of cherries; suspend the currency of currants; appease your hunger without peas; do not buy shell-fish of those who are selfish enough to sell fish; don't be among those who, at night, are out in the night air; and drink from the well if you wish to be among the well. Well!

THE TRIUMPH OF A TRAVELLING MESMERIST IN A DIFFICULTY.

THE Author of "Sam Slick," observes, in the course of a work he has just published, that the trials to which travelling mesmerists are put, are at times humiliating and painful enough, albeit they afford infinite sport to unbelievers. One poor fellow, on arriving at a town in Detroit to lecture, was surrounded by several citizens, who told him there was a rheumatic patient up stairs, who must be cured, or he himself would be escorted out of town astride of a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. We had better give the rest of the story as it was related by the disciple of Mesmer himself:

Up stairs I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you: first at being thought a humbug, and next, thut my individooal share of the American eagle should be compelled into a measure by thunder. I'd a gin 'em a fight, if it hadn't ben for the science, which would a suffered, anyhow, so I jest said to myself, "Let 'em bring on their rheumatiz—I felt as if I could a mesmerised a horse, and I *de*termined what*ever* the case might be, I'd make it squeal, by thunder!

"Here he is!" said they; and in we all bundled into a room, gathering round a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie-knife at the same time.

"That's your man!" said he. Well, there lay a miserable-looking critter, with his eye sot and his mouth opened—and his jaws got wider and wider as he saw the crowd and the bowie-knife, I tell you!

"That's the idea!" said old Big Ingin.

"Rise up in that bed!" said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadful—for up he jumped on eend, as if he'd jest got a streak of galvanic.

"Git out on this floor!" said I, with a wuss look, and I wish I may be shot if out he didn't come, lookin' wild, I tell ye!

"Now, cut dirt, drot you!" screamed I, and, Jehu General Jackson, if he didn't make a straight shirt tail for the door, may I never make another pass! After him I went, and after me they cum, and *per*haps there wasn't the ortullest stampede down three pair of stairs that ever occured in Michigan! Down cut old rheumatiz through the bar-room—out I cut after him—over went the stove in the rush after botn of us. I chased him round two squars—in the snow at that—then neaded him off—and chased him to hotel agin, where he landed in a fine sweat, begged for his life, and said he'd give up the property! Well, I wish I may be shot if he wasn't a feller that they were offerin a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself—cured of his rheumatiz—run it right out him; delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and established the science, by thunder!

Alcohol is the high priest of death; and Tobacco is his chief deacon.

NOT READING FAR ENOUGH.—A member of the Society of Friends happening one day to meet two Oxford Scholars, one of them remarked to his companion that they would have some sport with 'Broadbrim,' and immediately gave him a *slap* on the cheek, saying, 'Thou Quaker, it is written, 'If one smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."—'Thou hast not read far enough,' said our *friend;* 'turn thou over the other leaf, and there thou wilt find that 'with whatsoever measure thou metest, it shall be measured to thee again," at the same time giving the Oxonian a '*whack*' that sent him reeling to the other side of the road.

LOVE.

No—no—my love is no rose
That only in sunshine buds and grows,
And but to blue skies will its blooms unclose,
That withers away
In an autumn day,
And dies in a dream of drifting snows;
No—no—my love is no rose.

No—no—my love is no rose;
My love is the holly that ever is green,
Whether breezes are balmy or blasts are keen,
The same that is still
In days sullen and chill
As when snow'd with blossoms the orchards are seen;
No—no—my love is no rose.

I don't blame the people for complaining about the extravagance and costiveness of government,' said Mrs. Partington, as she was reading an ardent appeal to the people in a newspaper. 'I don t blame 'em a mite. Here they are now gwine to *canvassing* the state. Gracious me! as if the airth wasn't good enough for 'em to walk on. I wonder why they didn't have ile cloth or kidminster instead of canvass and have done with it.—'And I heard, aunt, yesterday,' said Ike, 'that some of 'em were going to scour the country to get voters.' Continued she, 'that would be better than throwing dust in people's eyes, that Paul used to tell about. *Canvassing* the state, indeed!' She fell into an abstraction upon the schemes of politicians, and took seven pinches of snuff in rapid succession to aid her deliberation.

Bachelor's Woes.—What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is with his cheerless house and rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow, when the earth is covered a foot with snow; when the fire is out, and in shivering dread he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, encased in yarn hose, and buries his nose beneath his chilly bed-clothes; that his nose and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, may not chance to get froze. Then he puffs and blows, and he swears he knows no mortal on earth ever sufferd such woes, and with ahs! and with ohs! and with limbs so disposed, that neither his toe! nor his nose may be froze, to his slumber he goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun has just rose, from beneath the bed-clothes pops the bachelors nose; and you may suppose, when he hears the wind blows, and sees the window all froze, why, back 'neath the covers pops the poor fellow's nose; for full well he knows, if from the bed he rose, to put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

Anecdote of George Stephenson.—The Rev. Dr. Stowell, of Cheshunt, late of Rotherham, in a speech recently delivered in Liverpool, gives the following story concerning George Stephenson:—After they had returned and had dinner, George Stephenson told them, when he was at Brussels, he was to be introduced to the King of the Belgians. There was one dandy fellow, a very fine gentleman, called upon him, and said he wanted to consult him in a matter of some importance. 'Well,' said Mr. Stephenson, 'what is it about?'—'Well, I understand from Lord so-and-so, I am to have the honour of a presentation to his Majesty the King of the Belgians.'—'Very well,' said George. 'And, Mr. Stephenson,' continued the dandy, 'I know you are a gentleman of very extensive experience, and I wish to consult you. What do you think is the most appropriate colour for gloves?'—'I tell you what,' said George; 'my mother gave me a pair of gloves when I was born, and I tell you, maister, I dunna mean to put any other gloves on; and if the King of the Belgians won't have George Stephenson with the gloves his mother gave him, clean washed, then good morning to the King of the Belgians.'

Nun.—A mystery to us from which we beg leave to decline the trouble of attempting to remove the veil.

Thieves of the New Hats.—An elegantly dressed gentleman ordered, some time ago, at a Parisian hatter's, twenty-five hats of an entirely new form. The maker, when they were finished, tried one on, and finding that it became him, made a twenty-sixth for his own personal use. The individual who had given the order called punctually for them, and paid cheerfully. The next Sunday, the hatter gave his new head-piece an airing in the Champs Elysees. When at the Road Point, he observed several persons adorned with the coverings he had made. One came up to him, and said, with a peculiar wink, 'A good day for booty this, and no police about!' Well, thought the hatter, I should not wonder if I had been making hats to serve as a rallying signal to members of a secret society. Rather concerned, he kept on his walk. Under the Arch of Triumph he saw other individuals sporting other specimens of his last new style. One came quickly behind him, and said, 'Here, put these in your pocket; and these, and these.' He handed him three watches with broken chains, two purses, and five handkerchiefs. The hatter now saw clearly enough the sort of society with which he was in league. He 'peached' to the nearest commissary of police, and the twenty-five pickpockets were speedily lodged in jail.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in his interesting work, 'Picturesque Sketches in Greece and Turkey,' relates the following anecdote of Abdul Medjid. An incident which occurred soon after his accession shows that, in some respects at least, he is not disposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign the ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day as he was praying, according to custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone, the words, 'I burn!' The next time that he prayed there, the same words assailed his ears. 'I burn!' was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the imans to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed that his father, though a great man, had also been,

unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard. One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of Mohammedan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words, 'I burn,' and all except the sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reprobating so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The sultan persisted; the tomb was laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left there was found—not a burning sultan, but a dervish. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and with great silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, 'You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus.' In a few minutes more the dervish was in a bag, and the bag was immediately in the Bosphorus; while the sultan rode back to his palace accompanied by his household and ministers.

THE VIOLIN TRICK.

A Short time ago, a young man, poorly clothed, presented himself before a dealer in curiosities, near the Palais Royal:

'Sir,' said he, showing a violin which he carried, 'I am a musical artist; this is the season of balls and *soirees;* I have just had a long illness,—which has exhausted my purse; my only black coat is in pawn—I will be much obliged if you will lend me ten francs to redeem it. I would leave as security one of the violins you see—for I have two: it is an excellent instrument. I shall return for it as soon as, thanks to my coat, I shall have earned enough money at some parties.'

The young man had such an honest bearing, that the dealer lent him ten francs, and kept the violin, which he hung up in the shop.

The next day but one a gentleman, well dressed, wearing at his button-hole, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, was choosing, from the dealer's stock of goods, some shell work. Seeing the violin, he took it up, examining it narrowly.

'What is the price of that instrument?' said he.

'It is not mine,' replied the shopkeeper; and he related how he came to possess it.

'This violin,' continued the unknown, 'is worth money; it is a Cremona. Perhaps its owner is ignorant of its value. If he returns, offer him two hundred francs for it; he is a needy artist, who will perhaps be obliged, and who can play just as well on another violin.'

Then, handing fifty francs to the shopman, the unknown said on taking his leave:

'You will keep that for yourself, if the affair succeeds. I will return in a few days.'

Two days after, the young man re-appeared, bringing the ten francs to redeem his violin—for which the dealer offered him two hundred. After some hesitation he agreed, pocketed the money, and withdrew, lamenting the sad necessity which compelled him to part with his favourite instrument. At the end of a week, the dealer, not having seen the decorated gentleman, became suspicious: he carried the violin to an instrument maker, who offered him three francs for it.

MRS. ADOLPHUS SMITH SPORTING THE "BLUE STOCKING."—Well, I think I'll finish that story for the editor of the 'Dutchman.' Let me see; where did I leave off? The setting sun was just gilding with his last ray—"Ma, I want some bread and molasses"—(yes, dear), gilding with his last ray the church spire—"Wife, where's my Sunday waistcoat?" (*Under the bed, dear*), the church spire of Inverness, when a—"There's nothing under the bed, dear, but your lace cap."—(Perhaps they are in the coal-hod in the closet), when a horseman was seen approaching—"Ma'am the *pertators* is out; not one for dinner"—(Take some turnips), approaching, covered with dust, and—"Wife! the baby has swallowed a button"—(*Reverse him*, dear,—take him by the heels), and waving in his hand a banner, on which was written—"Ma! I've torn my trousers"—liberty or death! The inhabitants rushed *en masse*—"Wife! WILL you leave off scribbling? (Don't be disagreeable, Smith, I'm just getting inspired), to the public square, where De Begnis, who had been secretly—"Butcher wants to see you, ma'am"—secretly informed of the traitors' "Forgot *which* you said, ma'am, sausages or mutton chop"—movements, gave orders to fire; not less than twenty—"My gracious! Smith, you haven't been *reversing* that child all this time? He's as black as your coat; and that boy of YOURS has torn up the first sheet of my manuscript. There! it's no use for a married woman to cultivate her intellect."—*Fern Leaves.*"

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straitlace to his master, a rich Quaker of Brotherly Love, "thou can'st not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide table to-day."—"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.—"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it; yea, and he hath eaten it up."—"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbour. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"—"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog; even Pinch'em."—"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to his neighbour's office. 'Friend Gripus,' said he, 'I want to ask thy opinion.'—'I am all attention,' replied the scribe, laying down his pen.—'Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into thy neighbour's pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?'—'Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer.'—'Know thou, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in the market this morning.'—'If it be so, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it;' and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.—'Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrim,' cried the lawyer. 'Of a verity I have yet farther to say unto thee. Thou owest me six-and-eightpence for advice.'—'Then verily I must pay thee; and it is my opinion I have touched pitch, and been defiled.'

PROFESSOR ANDERSON, THE "WIZARD OF THE NORTH."

Professor Anderson was playing in the Holyday-street Theatre, Baltimore, to crowded houses every evening. On the last night of his appearance in that city, the hall was numerously thronged, and the Professor took occasion to introduce some new feats of a more astonishing character than he had previously shown. Among the audience, and occupying a prominent position in the middle of the hall, sat a sallow-complexion, hatchet-faced, 'South Carolinian,' who regarded the performance very intently, but who never joined in the applause awarded to the Wizard by the rest of the company. He saw the Professor take a large trunk, two or three geese, and a live boy out of a portfolio about two inches thick, and he nodded as much as to say—'That's not quite so bad.' He watched the feat of producing an unlimited quantity of flowers, toys, and sweetmeats, out of an ordinary hat, and he nodded his head to that also; he witnessed another trick, and he nodded his head again. Then came the 'Inexhaustible Bottle.' The Professor's story about it was listened to, and the 'South Carolinian' nodded his head and smiled cynically at what he was told. Presently he broke silence for the first time, and asked for some gin out of the bottle—gin was given him; next for some rum—rum he had. Then he desired some lemonade. At his wish lemonade was poured for him out of the same bottle which had furnished the gin and the rum. He drank the lemonade, pulling his broad-brimmed hat over one of his eyes, and, folding one of his arms,

looked hard at the Professor with the other. The bottle feat was finished, the audience applauded, the Professor bowed, and was about to leave the stage for a moment. Suddenly the taciturn "South Carolinian" started to his feet, and beckoning to the Wizard, called to him in a loud voice to stop. Mr. Anderson obeyed and came to the front of the stage. Whereupon, to the intense amusement of all present, the following dialogue occurred:

"Well, I guess, stranger, you're a smart fellow," said our friend, addressing the Professor; "You are smart, anyhow, you are. I have been looking at you, I have. I'd say that you were some one that it's not civil to name right away, if you could do one trick."

"I have no ambition to be so regarded, I assure you," answered the Professor, with great good humour; "but you, perhaps, will oblige me by saying what you wish me to do."

"Well, you are smart; but you can't do it. Your machinery's good, and you have some well-made little engines on the stage there. You have a quick hand, and a clever way about you too, stranger; but you can't do what I want after all; and it's a kind of thing I'd like to see the smartest wizard going do."

"What is it? What do you want Mr. Anderson to do?" inquired fifty voices at once.

"Well, you can't turn a black nigger white—you can't do that, nohow," returned the querulous visitor, as he spat on the floor, put his hands deep in his pocket, and shook his shoulders with glee at having, as he thought, posed the Professor.

Mr. Anderson asked the company to be silent for a moment. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this is my last night of performance in Baltimore, I travel south. In six months I will return to this city, and if, on this night six months my friend will come to see me, and bring with him a black negro, I will turn him into a white one."

The people cheered. The "Carolinian" shook his head.

"Well, I guess you will when you do," said he, "but I will be here with the nigger. Mark me, Mr. Wizard, I am here with the nigger—I am;" and so saying, he left the theatre.

The performance was concluded. Mr. Anderson left the city next morning; and the following few months it was a subject of general conversation whether the Wizard would return and keep his word. At length his advertisements appeared, and the chief experiment in the programme was announced to be the "changing of a black negro into a white one." The evening of performance arrived. The theatre was thronged to suffocation.

"Well done, Anderson!" "Bravo, Anderson!" shouted the audience, as soon as the professor appeared.

"Hold on, thar, stranger!" cried a voice from the farther end; "I'm here, and here's the nigger." It was the "South Carolinian."

The company were informed that the transformation of the black man would be the last experiment of the evening. Every one waited with impatience, By and by the time for the performance of the feat arrived.

"Anderson will do it!" "Bravo, Anderson!" cheered the people.

The "Carolinian" shook his head. He was invited to let his negro come upon the stage. A large table was brought forward, together with an immense extinguisher, formed of wicker work, covered with cloth. Mr. Anderson explained that he would cause the negro to stand on the table, place the extinguisher over him, fire a pistol at it, and produce a white negro where there had been a black one. Everybody was on tiptoe as the

negro mounted the table. The extinguisher was placed over him—the pistol fired. On the removal of the extinguisher, a negro perfectly white-skinned, with white curling hair, and the thorough African face, stood before the audience.

"It's flour—he's floured my nigger," cried the "Carolinian."

The audience were invited to examine him. They found it was the proper colour of the skin; and it was remarked that in changing colour, the man appeared to have become a little taller. Round after round of applause greeted the Professor. The owner of the negro turned on his heel.

"Stop! if you please," said the Wizard, "allow me to make your negro black again before he leaves.

Once more the extinguisher and pistol were called into play. In two minutes the black negro stood again upon the table.

"I restore him to you as I had him," said Anderson, addressing the astonished sceptic.

The poor man shook his head. "I bought that nigger down south a month ago," said he, "I've brought him here, and he's promised not to run off, but to go through with me to Charleston, where I was to trade with him again. But I won't have him now. A nigger who's been done that to, I wouldn't own, any how."

Mr. Anderson turned to the audience, who were convulsed with laughter, and told them that, though he was not a planter or slave-owner, yet on this occasion, he wished to buy a negro. Then asking the trader what he would take for the slave to have no further claim upon him and receiving for answer 200 dollars, he paid the amount.

With reference to the transformation of black into white, we may as well mention that there are plenty of white negroes far up on the Mississippi. The Wizard had been that way. Whether he had brought one with him or not, we leave open to conjecture.

Mr. Anderson left Baltimore in the morning (having first obtained a pass for his negro). Philadelphia was the next city he had to visit. The travelling world knows that, going south, Maryland is the first slave state, the capital of which is Baltimore. Going north, Pennsylvania is the first free state, the great city of which is Philadelphia. Tae Susquehanah river divides the states, slave and free. The Wizard had to cross the Susquehanah with his negro. As soon as he arrived at the north side he whispered in the negro's ear that he was FREE! He burst into tears. Expression of feeling in such a place could not be indulged in. The news was in Philadelphia as soon as the Wizard. In that city of "brotherly love" the "Musical Fund Hall" was nightly crowded by the Abolitionists, who complimented the Wizard for this noble act. The curious came to see the negro who had been turned white. The negro whom Mr. Anderson had re-christened "The Wizard" is now the foreman of Mr. Anderson's estate in Pennsylvania.

A Little Man who Thought no Little of Himself.—'Why, Mr. B.,' said a tall youth to a little man in company with half a dozen huge men, 'I protest you are so small, I did not see you before.' 'Very likely,' replied the little gentleman, 'I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them!'

Poetry of African Languages.—Among the Mongwees thunder is called 'the sky's gun;' the morning 'the day's child;' and one who has become intoxicated is said to be 'taken captive by rum.' The Zulus call the twilight 'the eyelashes of the sun;' and they say of a man who has defrauded them, 'he has eaten me up.' The 'Missionary Advocate' tells of a native of Western Africa who visited America some years ago, and when asked what he would call ice, which he had never seen before, said, 'Him be water fast asleep;' and while riding in a railroad car, when asked what name he would give to the vehicle, replied, after some thought, 'Him be one thunder mill.'

Flogging the Wrong Man.—In his 'Reminiscences of Cambridge,' Mr. Gunning reproduces the following story respecting Sir Francis Whichcote, of Aswarby: 'As Sir Francis was dressing, one morning, he perceived the under-groom making free with his wall fruit. When breakfast was finished, he wrote a note addressed to the Keeper of the House of Correction, at Folkingham, which he ordered the culprit to take without delay. The note contained the following words: 'Give the bearer a dozen lashes: he will guess the reason.' This he signed with his initials. Whether the offender was conscience smitten, or what is still more probable, took advantage of the wet wafer to acquaint himself with the contents, I know not; but he bribed a helper in the stable, by the promise of a pot of beer and the loan of a horse, to take it for him. The governor, after reading the note, ordered the bearer to be tied up, and the directions were rather scrupulously obeyed, to the infinite surprise and consternation of the poor fellow, who had no idea of why he was thus treated until his return, when his account of what had taken place caused much merriment in the stable-yard. The tale soon came to the ears of the baronet, who laughed very heartily, and took no other notice of it than fining the delinquent half a-crown for the privilege of being flogged by deputy, and ordered it to be given to the suffering party"

Far Gone.—A rash and somewhat deluded young man has threatened to apply the Maine Law to his sweetheart—she intoxicates him so! Perhaps the Marriage Law would be more effectual.

Is it reasonable to suppose that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may reap?

Curiosities.—The chair in which the sun sets—A garment for the naked eye—The hammer which broke up the meeting—Bark peeled from off the North pole—Ore from the mine of knowledge—A buckle to fasten a laughing-stock—The animal that drew the inference—Eggs from a nest of thieves—A hair from the head of a river—A blanket from the bed of the ocean.

Best Right to the Bed.—One night a judge, military officer, and a priest, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called on to decide which had the better claims of the three. "I have lain fifteen years in the garrison of B.," said the officer.—"I have sat as judge twenty years at R.," said the judge.—"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N.," said the priest.—"That settles the question," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifty years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five and twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

The Maids and the Widows.—The following petition, signed by sixteen maids of Charleston, South Carolina, was presented to the governor of that province on March 1, 1733-4, "the day of the feast:"—"To his Excellency Governor Johnson. The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten: 'Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our more youthful charms thereby neglected; the consequence of this our request is, that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow will presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is, the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think they have merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will prevent any further insults. And we poor maids, as in duty bound, will ever pray. P.S.—I being the oldest maid, and therefore most concerned, do think it proper to be the messenger to your Excellency in behalf of my fellow-subscribers.'

Lord Howe, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, with great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the magazine.—"If that be the case," said he, leisurely putting on his clothes, "we shall soon know it."—The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger and again returned, exclaiming—"You need not be afraid; the fire is extinguished."—"Afraid," replied Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life;" and, looking at the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks.'

The Yankee in Texas.—Well, I put up with a first-rate, good-natured fellow, that I met at a billiard-table. I went in and was introduced to his wife; a fine, fat woman—looking as though she lived on laffin', her face was so full of fun. After awhile—after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden, and about the weather—in come three or four children, laffin' and skipping as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine-looking fellows, and I started for my saddle-bags, in which I put a lot of sugar-candy for the children as I went along. "Come here," said I, "you little rogue; come here and tell me what your name is." The oldest came to me and says, "My name is Peter Smith."—"And what's your name, sir?"—"Bob Smith." The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar-candy, and Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much. "Why," says I, "Mrs. S., I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly." "No," said she, laffin', "I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much." "No, no," says I, 'they're rale well-behaved children; and by gracious,' says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, 'I never did see anything equal to it,' says I; 'your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of hair, sir,' tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin' at that, her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house laffin'.—'Do you think so, Colonel Jones?' said she, looking towards Mr. Smith, and I thought she'd go off in a fit.—'Yes,' says I, 'I do rally.'—'Haw, haw, haw!' says Mr. Smith, kind o' half laffin, 'you are too hard on me now with your jokes.'—'I ain't jokin' at all,' says I, 'they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you.'—Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em! and their heads was curly all over! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and they sort of petted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things, I could a got over it; but kissing 'em showed I was in airnest.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
Enough of sprightliness to cure dejection,
Of modest diffidence to claim protection,
A docile mind, subservient to correction,
Yet stored with sense, with reason, and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection—
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
When such I find, I'll make her my election.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Of beauty, just enough to bear inspection,
Of candour, sense, and wit, a good collection;
Enough of love for one who needs protection,
To scorn the words—"I'll keep her in subjection;"
Wisdom to keep him right in each direction,
Nor claim a weaker vessel's imperfection.
Should I e'er meet with such in my connection,
Let him propose, I'll offer no objection.

CHARLIE AND HIS DOG.

Some time ago, a boy name Charlie had a large dog, which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived. One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog carry him across the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they had gone; but when Charlie looked for his clothes, he could find nothing but his shoes! The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go the string, by making believe to bite him, he dashed into the river, and brought up first his coat, and then all the rest in succession. Charlie dressed, and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had. His mother told him that he had done very wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had let go in the river he would most likely have sunk and been drowned. Little Charlie said, 'Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he knelt down at his mother's knee and thanked God; then, getting up again, he threw his arms around his dog's neck, saying, 'I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go.' Little Charlie is now 'Admiral Sir Charles Napier.'

"Pomp, was yer ever drunk?"—"No, I was intoxicated wid ardent spirits once, and dat's nuff for dis darkie. De Lord bless you, Cæsar, my head felt as if it was an outhouse, while all de niggers in de world appeared to be splittin' wood in it."

Mrs. Partington on Education.—For my part I can't deceive what on airth eddication is comin' to. When I was young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common denominator, and knew all about the rivers and their obituaries, the covenants and their dormitories, the provinces and the umpires, they had eddication enough. But now they have to study bottomy, algerbay, and have to demonstrate suppositions about the sycophants of circusstangents and diagonies of parallelograms, to say nothing of oxhides, asheads, cowsticks, and abstruse triangles. (And here the old lady was so confused with the technical names that she was forced to stop.)

Moral Suasion.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left his bed and board, which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself 'in,' whenever anybody should 'stand treat.'

Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavoured to get her husband home again. We shall see how she succeeded.

'Now, Patrick, me honey, will ye come back?'

'No, Margaret, I won't come back.'

'An' won't ye come back for the love of the children?'

'Not for the love of the children, Margaret.

'Will ye come for the love of meself?'

'Niver at all. Way wid ye!'

'An' Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back?'

'The church to the divil, and then I won't come back.'

Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whisky from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said—

'Will ye come for the drap o' whisky?'

'Ah, me darlin',' answered Pat, unable to withstand such a temptation, 'it's yerself that will always bring me home again—*ye has sich a winning way wid ye*!'

Margaret declares that Patrick was 'reclaimed' by moral suasion!

WOMEN.—It is seldom that Julius Cæsar Hannibal says anything worth quoting, but the following is not bad:

'Dey may rail against women as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best and last, in de sick room. What would we poor debbils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arms am open to receibe us. She it am who gibs us our first dose ob castor oil, and puts cloze upon our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner baskets wid doenuts and apples as we start to skool, and licks us when we tear our trowsis.'

AN UNTOWARD EVENT.

An old gentleman, a merchant, had an only daughter possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary. She was engaged, and devotedly attached, to a young man of her own rank of life, and in every respect well worthy of her choice. All preliminaries were arranged; and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18——. On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £20,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was prospect he soon would,) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party. The 'tiff' arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightingly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married: and that he thought she had adopted a certain portion of male attire 'a little too soon.' After supper, both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work; and leave was taken by the bridegroom IN POSSE, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings. On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and on the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and as a part of the AMENDE HONORABLE, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—'Dearest ———,—I have been unable to close my eyes all night,

in consequence of thinking of our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your affectionate————.' Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel. But as a pair of his nether garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road. The reader foresees the inevitable CONTRE-TEMPS. Yes! the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robe to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined but deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present; but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her unlucky lover.

SAM AND DOLLY,

Or the Hen-pecked Husband surprised by his loving spouse at the Tavern.

'See thee, Jack, my wife is coming,
Stamping mad, adown the lane;
I shall get a bonny drumming
If she catch me here again."

"Stand like a rock, says Jack to Sam,
Don't be such a hen-pecked fool;
Let her see thou art a man,—
Women were not made to rule.
Tell her of the good advice
Given by the learned Paul,—
Women should be still as mice,—
No foul names their husband call."

"Prithee, Jack, do drop thy talking;—
Hark! she's lifting up the latch:
Now it's time that I were walking,
Unless I would a Tartar catch."

"Landlord! is ar Sam in here?
Oh I see thee, villain, now!
Ar ta coming? dus ta hear,
Or else I soon will lug thee hair."

"Nay my lass, don't show such airs,
Think of the advice of Paul;
Though women have domestic cares,
They but increase with noise and brawl."

What care I for Paul's advice
He'd no troubles like to mine.
Quoting Paul in language nice,
Doth ill beseem such lips as thine.
Lousy, idle, drunken brute,
Provoke not thus a woman's ire;
Sup up, or, by my stars. I'll thro'it,
Thy ale and thee into the fire."

Awed by Dolly's clapper tongue,
Sam, like a thief did sneak away;
But still her voice most awful rung,
As she pushed him on the way.
But storms, you know, may soon subside;
Wedlock storms can't last for ever.
And Sam and Dolly, side by side,
Slept friends that night together.

HARD CASE.

It will be remembered that some two months ago the steamer *Enterprise* blew up in the Rio Grande, killed several persons, and severely wounded others. The correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* says, after the *Whiteville* came along side and took off the wounded, he looked around to see what havoc was made in human life. While passing through the crowd of sufferers my attention was directed to one whom I thought must certainly be dead. He was swathed in bandages from head to foot—the blood oozed from his numerous wounds in thick, muddy streams, and his face was actually burned to a crisp. At first view I thought his eyes were scalded out—but I was mistaken. For a moment I stopped to view this awful spectacle of human agony, and just as I was about to attend to some other duty, I heard a voice saying in a feeble yet resolute tone,—'Hello; old feller—what are you got in that tin cup?' Thinking the question proceeded from some person further aft, I turned in that direction, when the same person indignantly said—'Yes, that's allers the way! A feller gits a little hurt, and jist like a porpoise that's wounded, his fellow-creatures tries to kill him." To my utter astonishment I found that this was addressed to me by the person described in the above as having been so terribly wounded. 'What can I do for you, my friend?'

—'What are you got in that are tin cup? Is it rot-gut or melasses!'—'It is whisky. Will you have some?'—'You're the feller. Jest open my teeth and pour a little down. I can't see well, but I think bitters will do me good." I did as I was directed, and he drank the whole contents of the cup—about a half pint of raw whisky, and then said—'Thankee, old feller. Ye see I was asleep, and when the burst up took place I was on the biler deck, and I believe *I was blowed through one of the flues*—but never mind I ain't much hurt, and I'm more used to it than a good many. *I've been blowed up four times afore.*' That man was decidedly the hardest case I ever met with.

MATRIMONIAL MEASURE.

Two Polkas	make	One Flirtation.
Three Flirtations	„	One squeeze of the Hand.
Four Squeezes	„	One kiss.
Five Kisses	„	One Moonlight Meeting.
Two Moonlight Meetings	„	One Wedding.
Two Weddings	„	Four Fools.

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The Envious Man, who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The Jealous Man, who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.

3. The Proud Man, who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The Litigious Man, who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. The Extravagant Man, who buys a herring and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The Angry Man, who learns the ophecleide, because he is annoyed with the playing of his neighbour's piano.

7. The Ostentatious Man, who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside the dark.

'There are tricks in all trades but ours,' as the lawyer said to his client. An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings were demanded. He offered twenty shillings. 'As I live,' said the Quaker, 'I cannot afford to give it thee at that price.' 'As you live,' exclaimed the countryman, 'then live more moderately, and be hanged to you!' 'Friend!' said the Quaker, 'thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out till now.'

The Rev. W. Jay, of Bath in one of his letters writes:—'Just as I was concluding my sermon last night, (in London) there was a general consternation and out-cry. All was confusion, the people treading on one another, &c. It was rather dark, and the pulpit candles only were lighted. I saw something moving up the aisle towards the vestry. It was a bull! we presume driven in by pick-pockets, or persons who wished to disturb us. We were talking on the affairs of the nation, and John Bull very seasonably came in. But imagine what followed:—the bull could not be made to go backwards, nor could he be turned round: five or six persons, therefore, held him by the horns; while the clerk, as if bewitched, gave out, in order to appease the noise—

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him *all creatures* here below,' &c.

O that the bull could but have *roared* here in compliance with the exhortation! I looked down from the pulpit, and seeing the gentlemen who held him singing with their faces lighted up, as if returning thanks for this unexpected blessing, I was obliged to put my hand before my face while I dismissed the congregation.

A Yankee Preacher on Predestination.—Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned in the river at Smith's ferry, next Thursday morning, at twenty minutes after ten o'clock; and suppose I know it; and suppose I am a free, moral, voluntary, accountable agent—do you think I am going to be drowned? I should rather guess not! I should stay at home; and you'll never ketch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's ferry nohow, nor near the river neither.

An Unexpected Threat.—Some years ago the clergyman of the parish, accompanied by his staunch ally the clerk, called on a Quaker on clerical business. They found him about to sit down to dinner, and presented their demand. "Oh, I see it is for the Easter offering, as thee terms it. Well, wilt thee walk in, friend, and take a bit of dinner?" The invitation was gladly accepted. After dinner they partook of a glass of genuine home-brewed, and a pipe of excellent returns; but when all was over, and they were about to separate, the gentleman of the black robe reminded their kind entertainer once more of the Easter offering. To which Obadiah somewhat drily replied, "Friend, I have given thee a meat-offering, a drink-offering, and a burnt-offering; and if thou art not speedily gone, I will verily be tempted to give thee a heave-offering."

FUNNY FRAGMENTS.

EQUALITY: *A Cabman's Argument.*—'Lord, sir, them as torks about hequality don't no nothink about it,' said the driver. S'pose we was all equal at this here minite; why we shed be jest like old Rhodes's cows—a grazing; we shed all on us get a good feed; and jest as we'd done, some precious thief or other would quietly drop in and milk us!'

'Charles,' said a young lady to her lover, 'there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?'—'No, love, but I hope there will, one day, when we both shall be interested.' The lady blushed, and said, of course, 'For shame, Charles!'

'Ma,' said a little girl, 'I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was.—'Why, my dear, what makes you think so?'—'Because he slept with his fathers; and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own to sleep in.'

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarrelling, 'and yet,' says he, 'with all our differences, we never *fall out!*'

The coats of the Irish reapers have been described as '*a parcel of holes sewed together.*'

A teague, who had but one eye, met, early in the morning, one who had a crooked back, and said to him, 'Friend, you are loaded betimes.' 'It is early, indeed,' replied the other, 'for you have but one of your windows open.'

'I would advise you to put your head in a dry-tub, it's rather red,' said a joker to a sandy-haired girl. 'In return, sir, I would advise you to put yours into an oven, for it's rather soft,' was the prompt reply.

'You should never let the young men kiss you,' said a venerable uncle to his pretty niece. 'I know it, uncle,' returned she penitently,' and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that when one has been kissed there is no undoing it.'

When Dr. Goodenough was made Bishop of C——, a certain dignitary whom the public had expected to get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new bishop, replied, "Because I was not Good-enough."

'Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?' 'I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me.'

ANCESTRY.—When one of Lord Thurlow's friends was endeavouring to make out his relationship to the Secretary, Cromwell, whose family had been settled in the county adjoining Suffolk; he replied, Sir, there were two Cromwells in that part of the country —Cromwell the Secretary, and Cromwell the Carrier; I am descended from the latter.' We have read of a man who, in prospect of his promotion, being asked concerning his pedigree, answered that 'he was not particularly sure, but had been credibly informed that he had three brothers in the ark!' but one of our most distinguished poets of obscure origin surpasses this in this epitaph:—

"Princes and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,—
Can Nassau or Bourbon go higher?

Lord Bacon has remarked that they who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble 'potatoes, the most valuable part of which is under the ground.'

THE BASHFUL YOUTH.

They call me a bashful man, and they do not call me wrong,
For I really am so shame-faced, I cannot use my tongue;
Yet my father and my mother were not so, I'm told,
They were unlike their chicken son—they were quite bland and bold.

They say I shall get over it, but I fear I never can,
It is a sad, a dreadful thing, to be a bashful man;
I—I,—oh dear! I quite forgot what I was going to say,
But would the ladies be so good as look another way.

I have a fortune large, but I'd give it all away,
Could I look a lady in the face, and tell what to say.
O dear me! when my eyes meet hers, I am in such a flutter
I soon look down upon my shoes, and then begin to stutter.

I merit public sympathy—mine is a woeful case,
Yes, 'tis a fact; I cannot look a lady in the face,
I'd rather face—I would indeed—I'm such a bashful fool,
I'd rather face a crocodile, than meet a ladies' school.

At parties when a lady is assigned me in the dance,
I blush and fidget with my gloves, and seem as in a trance;
And while I blush and stammer, and hang down my poppy head,
Some sandy whiskered coxcomb leads the lady out instead.

On Sunday night I went to church, Miss Brown accosted me,
Her pretty face and riglets I never dared to see;
She put her arm in mine,— O I was in such a stew!
I hobbled and I stumbled, I could not walk—but flew.

By chance I touch'd a lady's hand, last night in a quadrille,
Oh goodness! how this heart did beat, I feel it flutter still;
While my young brother fresh from school—right glad to see me teas'd,
Said, Tom; why what a "muff you are,—girls like their fingers squeezed."

How am I to get married! where's my courage for a wife?
I cannot raise the steam to pop the question, for my life,
Ah! I never shall be bold enough to take the lover's leap.
For, see; I have no pluck at all, I'm such a bashful sheep.

And then the courting of the lady,—how should I carry it on?
Should I have to use some lollypops?—I'll ask my brother John.
I should be all of a tremble—her presence would confound,
I could neither talk, touch, or look, but fall right to the ground.

And then the sisters,—how they'd quiz! and what questions by mamma!
And the rigid inquisition in the study of papa!
And then the wedding-day, and the appearance at the church!
O I never could go through it—I'd rather have the birch.

And then the bride's apartment;—I should hear the lady say,
"Why do you stay so long below! pray do be bold and gay."
O fie; the very thought of it takes away my breath!
I never dare be married—I should blush myself to death!

Death of a man-of-War's Man;— Reminiscences of his Marriage.—Mr. Alexander Brown, mariner, a native of Scotland, died at Hartley, near Tynemouth, on Sunday, aged 73. He served his apprenticeship on board the *Maxwell*, of Seaton Sluice, and at the expiration of his indenture found himself in the midst of the revolutionary war. A full share of the hardships and hazards of that great conflict fell to his lot. Man-of-war (floating-prison,) and French prison kept him from Seaton Sluice until the peace; when having escaped the perils of the sea, he fell a victim to a peril of the land. He was one day taking a walk from Shields to Hartley, and fell in with a group of merry damsels near the stile at Whiteley Park corner. Some jokes were exchanged; until, at length, one of the girls, going beyond a joke, asked him if he did not want a wife. "To be sure I do," was his reply. Following

up her advantage, she popped the question, 'Then which of us will you have?' This was a poser. The English tar was no Turk, or he would have had them all. He must make a choice; and really, they were so equally attractive that he knew not which to prefer. In this extremity he did what Man is fond of doing—he threw his fate upon the decision of chance. 'I'll marry the girl,' said he, 'who jumps the farthest!' The humour of the thing tickled the fancy of the maidens, and the next moment they were jumping for a husband!' Nanny Nesbitt was the victor: and Alick bought a license forthwith; they were married on the following morning; and they lived long and happily together, and brought up a large family. For the last 29 years, the deceased had sailed in the *Gratitude*, of Seaton Sluice.

Too Many Stockings.—Widow Quiggles looked over her fence into Mrs. Struggles' yard, and discovered five pair of stockings hanging on the line. 'Du tell,' says she, 'where on airth did that *other* pair of stockings, cum from?—and I vow thur jest like the rest on'em. Thair ain't but four in the family, no heow, and where that other odd tew cum from ee'n a most puzzles me. I didn't see no one go in, as I know's on—heow on airth could they git it 'thout me seein' on 'em? They couldn't hev bought it, 'cause the hull lot on'em is poor as pison. Got 'em gin tew'em, mabbe, but that aint possible nither, for they ain't got no rich relations. Well, I du wish one of the gals 'ud come eout, I'd ask her. Ah! there is Sally. Sally, *dear*, I see you have been a increasin' your wardrobe." 'How so, Mrs. Quiggles?' inquired Sally. 'Why, you hev got a addition of stockings on your line, dear,' answered Mrs. Quiggles. Oh, yes,' says Sally, 'I have been knitting a pair for the *Parson*, ma'am.' '*Indeed!* said Mrs. Quiggles, turning away in high dudgeon; 'the pesked, nasty, good-furnuthin' chit thinks tu begin at the parson's feet and knit upwards tu his affections, but I reckon I'll spile that; I'll gin him a hull suit of woollen to kiver his *reverence*. I know'd them stockings had no good purpose—I know'd it!'

Once when Admiral Pakenham landed at Portsmouth, a friend asked him how he had left the crew of his ship. 'O,' said he, 'I left them all, to a man, the merriest fellows in the world.' 'How so? asked his friend. 'Why,' replied the admiral, I flogged seventeen of them, and they are happy it is over, and all the rest are happy because they have escaped."

MATRIMONIAL MODE OF PROVING INNOCENCE.—All who know young Sniffkins, (of New York, of course,) know that he married old Miss Betty Blotchett for her money, that he cannot touch it till she dies, and that he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her 'unjustifiable longevity.' The other day Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and, in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man, declared her belief that she was 'poisoned,' and that he (Sniffkins) 'had done it!' 'I didn't do it!' shouted Sniffkins. 'It's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it doctor, open her upon the spot,—I'm willing.'

BE MERRY AND WISE.

A smile on the face and kind word on the tongue,
Will serve you as passports all nations among;
A heart that is cheerful, a spirit that's free,
Will carry you bravely o'er life's stormy sea.

Talk not of fortune, talk not of fate—
We make our own troubles, however we prate!
This world would be honey where now it is gall,
Were we but contented, and merry withal!

In the midst of our song, in the midst of our cheer,
We gratefully will our Creator revere;
And for ever and aye we'll the grand secret prize,
That unless we are merry we cannot be wise!

CHEESE FOR CANNON SHOT.

The queerest ammunition that we have heard of lately was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevidian navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers. 'What shall we do, sir?' asked his first lieutenant. We've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, cannister, and double-headed are all gone.' 'Powder gone, eh?' asked Coe. 'No, sir, got lots of that yet.' 'We had a darn'd hard cheese—a round Dutch one, for dessert at dinner to-day—do you remember it?' said Coe. 'I ought to—I broke the carving-knife in trying to cut it, sir.' 'Are there any more, aboard?' 'About two dozen. We took them from a droger.' 'Will they go into the eighteen pounders?' 'By thunder, commodore, but that's the idea; I'll try 'em!' cried the first lieutenant. And in a

few minutes the fire of the old *Santa Maria* (Coe's ship), which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his main-mast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction. 'What the devil is that which the enemy is firing?' asked Brown. But nobody could tell. Directly another came in through a port and killed two men who were near him, and then, striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into flinders. 'By Jove, this is too much! This is some new-fangled paixhan or other. I don't like 'em,' cried Brown; and then, as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the orders to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheeses. This is an actual fact; our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship.

Agricultural Repartee.—A farmer in the west recently meeting a certain agricultural chemist, took occasion to sneer at the advantages of science to agriculture. 'I am told, sir,' said the farmer, 'that you can carry enough manure in your coat pocket for an acre of ground.' Mr. —— bowed assent. 'And,' continued the farmer, 'we farmers, I suppose, may bring home the produce in our waistcoat pockets?' 'Perfectly correct, sir,' was the reply; 'for although the proximate produce be turnips, yet the ultimate produce is gold, with which precious metal I shall be most happy, if you will permit me, to fill your capacious waistcoat pockets every market-day.'

'Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?'—'It is the rain, sir.'

'Why do not men grow?'—'Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain.'

'What makes a young man and woman fall in love?'—'Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other has a heart of flint, and when they come's together they strike fire, and that is love.'

'That's right. Now you may go and plague the gals."

Western orators have said a great many smart things, but it was a homesick Irishman who said—'Sir, I was born at a very early period of life, and if ever I live till the day of my death,—and the Lord only knows whether I will or not,—my soul shall see swate Ireland before it laves Ameriky.'

A GOOD ONE.

William and John occupied separate beds in the same room. John was honest, but lazy. On entering their room to retire for the night, John, with his usual alacrity, undressed and jumped into bed, while William was pulling off his boots and deciding which side of the bed would most likely prove the softest.

After a few minutes' delay, William sprang into bed, placed his head upon two pillows, and doubled himself up, preparatory for a comfortable snooze, when what should he discover, when just ready to 'drop off,' but that he had carelessly left the fluid lamp burning. The discovery gave rise to the following soliloquy:

'Twont do to leave that lamp burning, but it's so very cold that I hate most awfully to get out on the floor; but still that lamp must be blown out. I wonder if I can't make John get out. I'll try. John!'

'Hollo!'

'Did you ever know Daniel Hoskins, foreman of engine thirty-seven?'

'No. Why?'

'Nothing; only I didn't know but that you knew him. I saw by the papers that his death was caused, last week, by inhaling the oxharogon fluidal vapors from a lamp that he accidentally left burning in the room. After the fluid was all consumed, the chemist said the oxidal suction of the wick so consumed the onitrogen of the lungs, that the fluidical vapors suddenly stopped the inspiration, and the heart ceased to beat.'

John raised himself up in bed, gazed with a sternness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed:

'Why, in thunder, don't you blow out that lamp?'

'Well, sure enough,' was the reply; 'it ain't out, is it? Well, never mind, John, it'll go out itself in a little while.'

'No it wont go out itself in a room where I sleep.' And in a twinkling of a cat's tail, John had extinguished the light and returned to his bed, muttering as he did so, 'I'd rather get up a dozen times, than to die as Daniel Hoskins did.'

In the morning, John wanted to know all the particulars about the death of Mr. Hoskins; but William had no recollection of ever speaking of it, and accused the honest fellow of dreaming.—

GEOLOGY—'I never neard of secondary formations without pleasure—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formations, for they were formed after the man.'

BITS OF THE LIVELY.

The man who attempted to "cloak his sins," could not find a garment large enough.

A member of the Peace Society is said to have objected to live on the earth because it is a *revolver*.

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give a man riches without brains, and he is a fool.

The bank where the wild thyme grows, has declared a dividend of ten *scents* on the share.

The young lady who "fell in love," has just been pulled out by the daring fellow who "successfully struggled with the world."

A love-sick swain in describing a kiss says it is a draught that passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs.

Sydney Smith's definition of the Popish Ritual: 'Posture and imposture, flections and genuflections, bowing to the right, curtseying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery.'

The man who minds his own business has obtained steady employment.

"I know every rock on the coast," cried an Irish pilot, when the ship then bumped—"and *that's* one of them."

They say there are fleas enough in Turkey to dam up the Bosphorous. The Turks wear them as lining for their shirts.

A mesmerised druggist, on having his organ of adhesivness touched, immediately rose and said he would spread a plaister.

Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls in the town.

A militia officer wanted to compliment a negro by drinking with him. "Well, captain," said Cuff, "I'se very dry, so I wont be ugly about it. Some niggers are too proud to drink with a malishy ossifer, but I think a malishy ossifer, when he is sober, is just as good as a nigga—'specially when the nigga is dry."

Barnum offers five hundred dollars for the hen that "laid a wager." One hundred dollars for the cat that was "let out of the bag." Two hundred for the cow that "chowed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." And three hundred and sixty for the horse that lives upon the "wild oats" sowed by a "fast" young man.

TERRIFIC BALLOON ADVENTURE.

"You are about to witness Monsieur G.'s ascension," said a gentleman to me, as I entered the enclosure devoted to the aeronautic display. He was an entire stranger to me; but not being superstitious in matters of etiquette, as we might suppose "a gentleman of distinction" to be, I did not object to this brusque mode of introduction, and so civilly answered "Yes."

"But I shall go farther to see it than you will," continued the gentleman; "I intend to ascend with Monsieur G."

"You may go farther and fare worse," said I.

"You are pleased to be witty," said he; "but I intend to make some examination of those upper regions for myself—to ascertain whether the stars celestial are on duty during the day, or whether theirs is as much a sinecure as the office of our 'stars' terrestrial. Would you like to ascend with us?"

"No, thank you kindly," said I; in getting into the clouds one might lose oneself—the way is likely to be MIST! Every one to his taste; the earth has such charms for me that I would not change a spadeful of it for cubic miles of the blue empyrean. I'm no poet."

Vain declaration! How little did I imagine the horrors that awaited me! How little did I foresee my dreadful fate in hanging between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle to laughing men, giggling women, and insensate hooting boys!

We entered the enclosure, there was the vast silken bubble, puffing out its hollow cheeks like the face of a fat clown when laughing, and rising and tugging away at the ropes, as if impatient to leave our society.

"You will not accompany me?" said my friend; to which I replied in the negative.

"Perhaps the gentleman would assist in cutting the ropes," said the aeronaut, in French, which, singularly enough, I understood at that moment, though I never before or since ventured to exhibit my knowledge.

"Certainly," said I, "with pleasure."

"Thank you, said the aeronaut; "please take your station."

He and my friend entered the car. I grasped one of the ropes and awaited the order. In a moment more it came.

"Cut!" said one voice.—"No, hold on," said another.

I was bewildered, and did both. When the others cut, I did the same, and with the direction to hold on, I grasped the end of the rope still near me, and "held on." In a moment more I was fifty feet from the ground.

Imagine my SUSPENSE! There was I, like a freshly caught fish, dangling at the end of a line, with the balloon representing the float. I cried out to my friend and the aeronaut, but in vain. The spectators below, thinking I was some aerial acrobat, who was about to turn fifty double somersets and then alight upon his feet before them, cheered sufficiently to drown my voice. The parties in the car could not see me. But, by the hat swung occasionally over the side, I knew they were bowing to the crowd below. Meanwhile, I was swinging like a pendulum below them, with only ten fingers to sustain the weight of one hundred and eighty pounds, (I'm rather stout), and to preserve me from being thinly spread over the ground beneath, from "larding the lean earth" with my human form divine. What an age of terror! The dome of St. Paul's became a parasol; men became nine-pins; and fine gothic churches began to look like so many chicken-coops.

In the meantime my fingers stiffened, but I clutched the rope with the energy of despair. I had long ceased calling; I had exhausted myself. Suddenly a cold perspiration broke out upon me; I knew my hour had come. My fingers were slowly slipping down the rope! Oh! those agonising moments! Inch by inch I approached my doom. First the left hand lost its hold; and then, as I felt the end slipping by the little finger of the right, I gave one brief prayer and fell——OUT OF BED!

Being, as I before observed, a corpulent man, my fall had shaken the whole house, and the alarmed inmates, aroused from "sweet slumbers," were knocking violently at the door, which had the effect of restoring me to consciousness, when I discovered that my "terrific balloon ascent" was nothing more than a nightmare, superinduced, I am led to believe, by the festivities usual on Christmas day, in which I may say I indulged somewhat on Monday last, in——No! I will not betray my friends; but allow me to tell you, dear reader, that such a Christmas dinner as they gave is not to be sneezed at.

An old soldier, whose nose had been lopped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return:

"God preserve your eyesight!"

"Why so?" inquired the veteran.

"Becanse, sir," was the reply, "if your eyes should grow weak, you couldn't keep spectacles before them!"

"How has it happened," asked a conceited youngster of Dr. Parr, "that you never wrote a book? Suppose we write one together."

"In that way," replied the doctor, "we might make a very thick one, indeed."

"How?"

"Why, by putting in all that I know and all that you do not know."

'Massa,' said a black steward of a Marblehead captain, as they fell in with a homeward bound vessel, 'I wish you'd write a few lines for me, to send to the old woman, because I can't write.'

'Certainly,' said the good-natured skipper, taking his writing materials, 'now, what shall I say?'

Pompey told the story which he wished his wife to know, which his amanuensis faithfully recorded.

'Is that all, Pomp?' asked the captain, preparing to seal the letter.

'Yes, massa,' replied he, showing his ivory. 'Thank you, but 'fore you close him, jist say, please 'scuse bad spelling and writing, will ye?'

Quizzing a Quizzer.—A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine, large, coloured engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass. Not long since a friend of his dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazed intently on it for a few moments, and then sung out abruptly, and, as he imagined, very wittily:

'Hollo, doctor, is that your portrait?'

'O, no,' replied the doctor, 'that's simply a looking-glass.

The 'anxious inquirer' suddenly discovered that he had some business down the street and departed.

KEEP AT WORK.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work—
You may undermine it yet,
If you stand and thump its base:
Sorrow bruises you may get.
Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work;
She may smile again some day:
If you pull your hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way.
Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work,
Whether they are wrong or right.
May be you must bide your time,
If for victory you fight;
Keep at work.

If the devil growls at you,
Keep at work;
That's the best way to resist.
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist.
Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified?
Keep at work;
Greater men than you are hated.
If you are right, then go ahead,
Grit will be appreciated.
Keep at Work.

Every thing is done by labour—
Keep at Work,
If you would improve your station;
They have help from Providence
Who work out their own salvation:
Keep at Work.

'Jack,' said one sailor to another, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings, but shiver my timbers if I don't believe you stole my watch.'

Don't despair. If you slip down, just get up. A stout heart is as sure finally to weather the gale, as a pretty girl is to bring down the man of her choice.

When the Princess Helena was born, it is said that the Princess Royal on hearing that she was now blessed with another little sister, exclaimed with the most charming simplicity, 'O how delighted I am! do let me go and tell mamma!'

A "SINE QUA NON."

A writer in Harper's Magazine says Mr. Clay related the following anecdote in a speech at Syracuse, New York, many years ago:

"When I was abroad," says he, "laboring to arrange the terms of the treaty of Ghent, there appeared a report of the negotiation, or letters relative thereto, and several quotations from my remarks in letters touching certain stipulations in the treaty reached Kentucky, and were read by my constituents. Among them was an odd fellow, who went by the name of old Sandusky, and he was reading one of those letters one evening, at a near resort to a small collection of neighbours. As he read on, he came across the sentence, 'This must be a *sine qua non*.'

"What's a *sine qua non*?" said a half dozen bystanders.

'Old Sandusky was a little bothered at first, but his natural shrewdness was fully equal to a 'mastery of the latin'

"'*Sine—qua—non*,' said old Sandusky, repeating the question very slowly; 'why Sine Qua Non is three islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Harry Clay is the last man to give them up! No Sine Qua Non, no treaty, he says; and he'll stick to it.'"

You should have seen the sanguine eye and the change in the speaker's voice and manner, said the narrator, to understand the electric effect the story had upon the audience.

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" said Mousieur Melemots to his friend Sniffins, "my sweetheart have give me de mitten."

"Indeed?—how did that happen?"

"Vell I tought I must go to make her von viseet, before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room, and dare I behold her beautifool pairson stretch out on von *lazy*."

"A *lounge*, you mean."

"Ah, yes—on von lounge. And den I say I vas very sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You said *what*?"

"I said she would be *rotten*, if—"

"That's enough. You *have* 'put your foot in it,' to be sure."

"No, sare. I put my foot out of it, for she says she would call her *sacre* big brudder, and keek me out, *begar!* I had intention to say *mortified*, but I could not tink of de vird, and *mortify* and *rot* is all same as von, in my *dictionaire*.'

'James, who was the oldest man?'—'Doesn't know, sir.' 'Well, who was the oldest woman, then?'—'Ann Tiquity, sir.'

A THRUE SARMINT.

The other morning as Father O'Neil mounted the rostrum of the chapel of Rathfryland, having just come over from Ballygraddy on his one-eyed, minus-tailed shelty, which was tied to a post behind the chapel, he thus addressed his assembled congregation:—"My frinds, turn wid me, if you plase, as the subject of our morning's meditations, to Paal's Episle to the Romans. But I may as well tell you that some of yez knows as little about what an episle manes as a Connaught cow knows about plaiting a shurt-front. But an episle, let me inform yez, is neither more nor less than a lether; and that Paal wrote this lether and addhressed it is evident to uz all: but whether he saled the lether, or meerely stuck a wafer into it, all the commentators I have consulted have not being able to inform me. Howsumever, my frinds, he did not address it to them durty Episcopalians, nor to them scurvy Presbytarians, nor to them theivin' Unitarians, or any o' them hereticinarians. No! he addhressed it to you, my frinds—the Romans. I intind to divide my discoorse this morning into three heads. The furst will thrate on something that I know meeself, and that never a one of yez knows a haporth about. In the second place, I am going to spake about something yourselves knows all about, and I know nothing about meeself; and in the thurd place, I mane to spake to yez about something that naither you nor I knows any thing about at all at all. In the furst place, then, as I was mounting my nag this morning to come over to praiche to yez here, I tore a thumping big hole in the knay of my black throusers, and you knew nothing about that. In the second place, you know when yez going to give me a new pair, and I *don't*. And, thurdly, we don't know what that durty Prottistant tailor oover the way will be afther charging us for them."

THE DRUNKARD'S LIBERTY.—Drink promised me liberty, and I got it. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots —the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and out at my heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—and I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off.

DECEAT.—A grave digger, meetin a man ats poarly, an he tells him at he hope's he's gettin better.

A sarvant lass goin aght a doors at neet, we a pretence to fetch sum coils, when, at the same time, its nobbut ta see if't sweetheart's onny where abaght.

A nabor axin anuther ta sit daan, when, at the same time, they want em ta wauk abaght ther biznass.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—The *Chicago Democrat* says that the Yankee traveller who saw the live Hoosier, has again written to his mother, telling her his experience, as follows:—

"Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbours in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper!'

"Says he, 'Lie there, stranger!' And in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear.

"Upon another occasion, said I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?'

"Says he, 'You are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?'—'Very much,' says I.

"'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honour of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols'—which he held cocked in his hands—'shall cure you of that disorder entirely. So don't fear, stranger!'

"So I knelt down and politely apologised. I admire this western country much; but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me unawares."

THE MAIDEN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

As Kate went tripping up the town
(No lassie e'er look'd prettier,)
An "unco chiel," in cap and gown
(No mortal e'er like look'd grittier,)
Accosted Kitty in the street,
As she was going to cross over,
And robb'd her of a kiss—the cheat—
Saying "I am a *philosopher!*'
"A what?" said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over,
"Are you? Oh, *phi!*"—and off she sped,
While he bewail'd the—*loss-oph-her!*

One day last week we sent a Bohemian girl, who does not understand English very well, to Fulton for a fresh cod. She came back without one, and said the fisher-man told her they had all the 'head-ache,' and he could not let her have any. We afterwards learnt upon inquiry, that he told her they were all 'haddock,' and he had no cod!

'Pray, Miss Primrose, do you like steam boats!' inquired a gentleman of a fair friend to whom he was paying his addresses.—'Oh! pretty well,' replied the lady, 'but I'm exceedingly fond of a *smack*.' The lover took the hint, and impressed a chaste salute on the lips of the blushing damsel.

A wealthy Quaker in Indiana, whose four beautiful horses were the admiration of the place, was asked to aid pecuniarily in the formation of a regiment of cavalry. He replied, "Friend, thou knowest that I cannot give thee money or horses for war—war is wicked—but as for my four horses, it is true that two will serve my needs; and, friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable door is not locked; and if I see thee on one of my horses, and thy friend James on another, I will keep the peace towards both." The stable door was found unlocked, and the Quaker did not go before the magistrate when two of his fine horses were missing.

Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texan ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. "Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres onest," said old Joe mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots."—"For a pair of boots!" I cried out. "Yes, for a pair of boots for each league."—"But why on earth didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?"—"Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two leagues of land.

Once Coloured, always Coloured.—A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of colour, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of colour asked her, "Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"—"Oh, get out! you 'spose I go in de kitchen when I was dar!" This reminds us of the anecdote of a coloured man who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labour was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work, eben ef he go to Hebben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was "Oh you g'way, massa, I know better. If dares no work for cullerd folks up dar, dey'll make some fur'em; and if dere's nuffin better to do, dey'll make 'em shub de clouds along. You can't fool this chile, massa."

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